THE CASKET OF Sunday-School Melodies COMPLETE.

BY

ASA HULL.

BOSTON: OLIVER DITSON & CO., 277 WASHINGTON ST.
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THE CASKET

OF

SUNDAY-SCHOOL MELODIES,

COMPLETE.

COMPILED FROM "CASKETS" NOS. 1 AND 2, WITH SEVERAL ADDITIONAL PIECES, BY

ASA HULL,

AUTHOR OF "VESTRY CHIMES," "CASKETS," NO. 1 AND NO. 2, "PILGRIM'S HARP," ETC.

BOSTON:

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PREFACE.

In the original plan of publishing the "CASKET" in numbers was included the final consolidation of the two books, No. 1 and No. 2, into one volume; and the experiment of binding both together, under the title of the "DOUBLE CASKET," has been received with so much favor, that it is thought best to perfect the arrangement at once, and at the same time to arrange a scale of prices so low as to place the perfected edition within the reach of every Sunday School in the land, even those of the most limited means.

"CASKET No. 1," "CASKET No. 2," and the "DOUBLE CASKET," will be published as heretofore; and those wishing to match either book can do so without trouble, if proper care is exercised in making the order,—naming the particular book and style of binding wanted.

It is believed that the "CASKET COMPLETE" will supply the demand for good, standard, Sunday-School music, which will not wear out in using a few times, but will improve by more intimate acquaintance. Thus the "CASKET COMPLETE" is most respectfully submitted for consideration and use to Sunday Schools everywhere.

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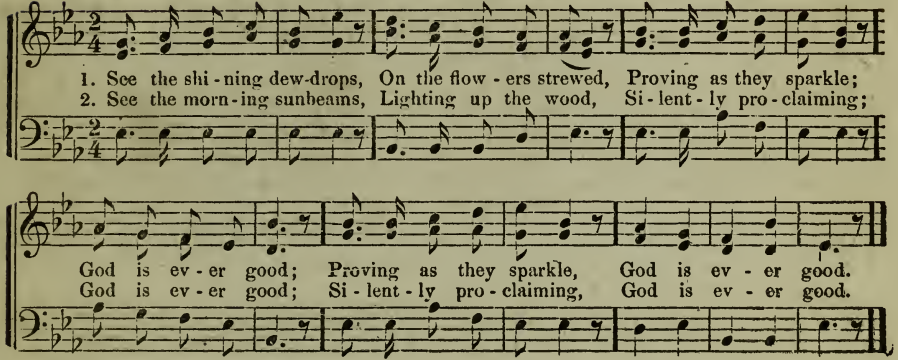
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THE

CASKET COMPLETE.

INFINITE GOODNESS.

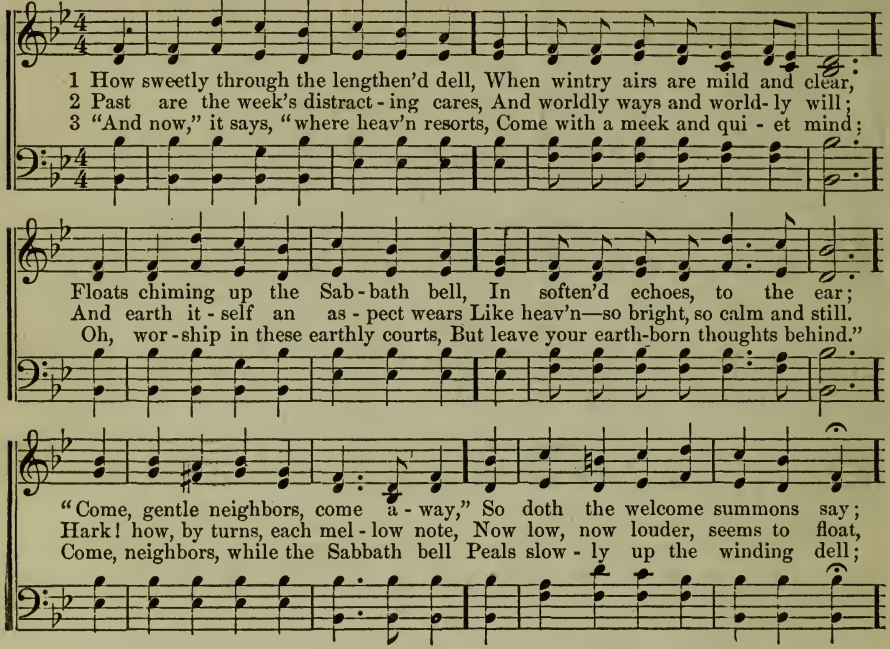


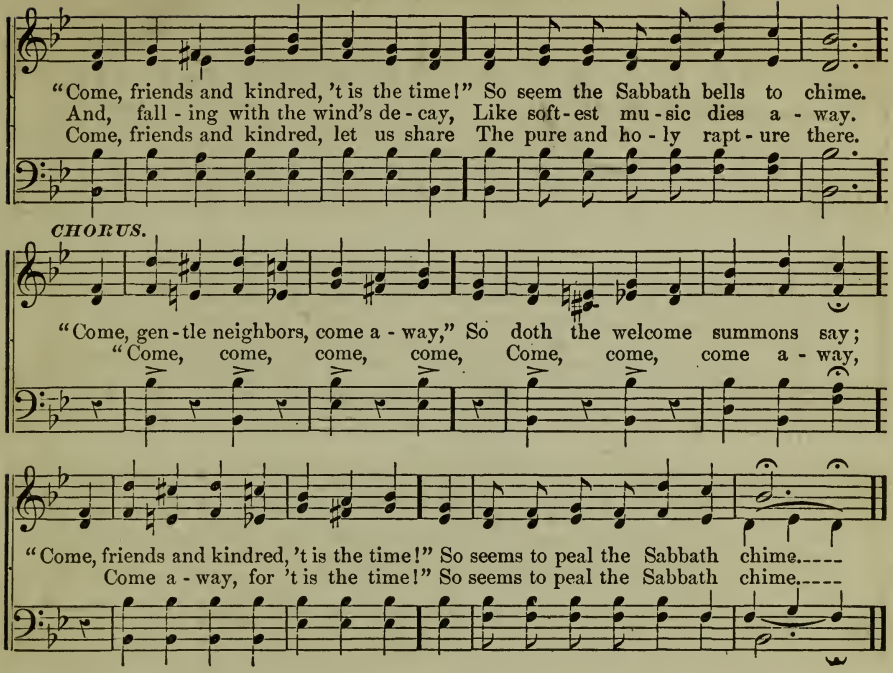
3. Hear the mountain streamlet,
In the solitude,
With its rippling saying;
God is ever good.

4. In the lofty treetops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing;
God is ever good.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

Words by J. C. HASSON. Music by A. B. HOAG.

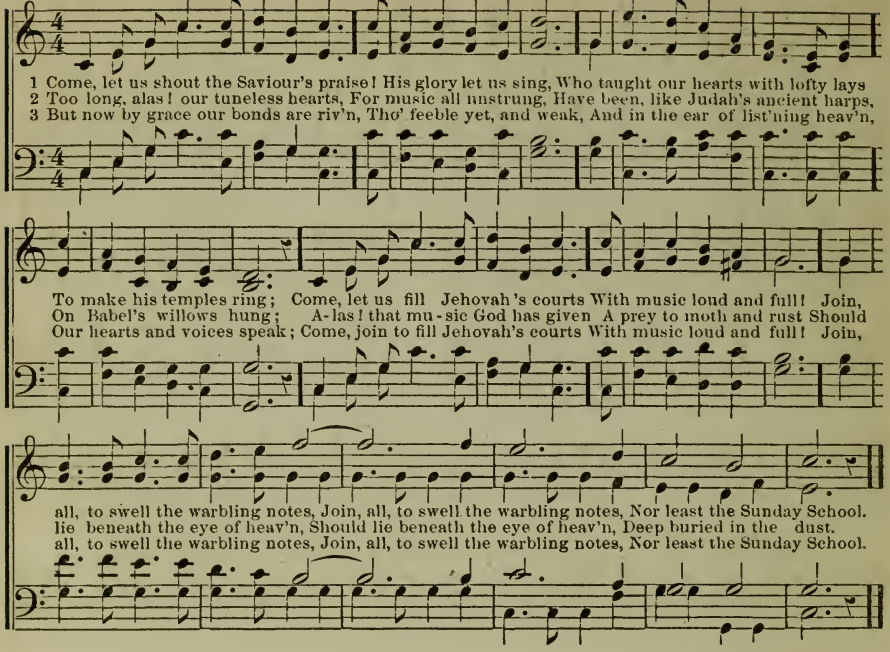



"Come, friends and kindred, 't is the time!" So seem the Sabbath bells to chime.
And, fall - ing with the wind's de - cay, Like soft - est mu - sic dies a - way.
Come, friends and kindred, let us share The pure and ho - ly rapt - ure there.
CHORUS.
"Come, gen - tle neighbors, come a - way," So doth the welcome summons say;
"Come, come, come, come, Come, come, come a - way,
"Come, friends and kindred, 't is the time!" So seems to peal the Sabbath chime.----
Come a - way, for 't is the time!" So seems to peal the Sabbath chime.----

COME, LET US SHOUT.

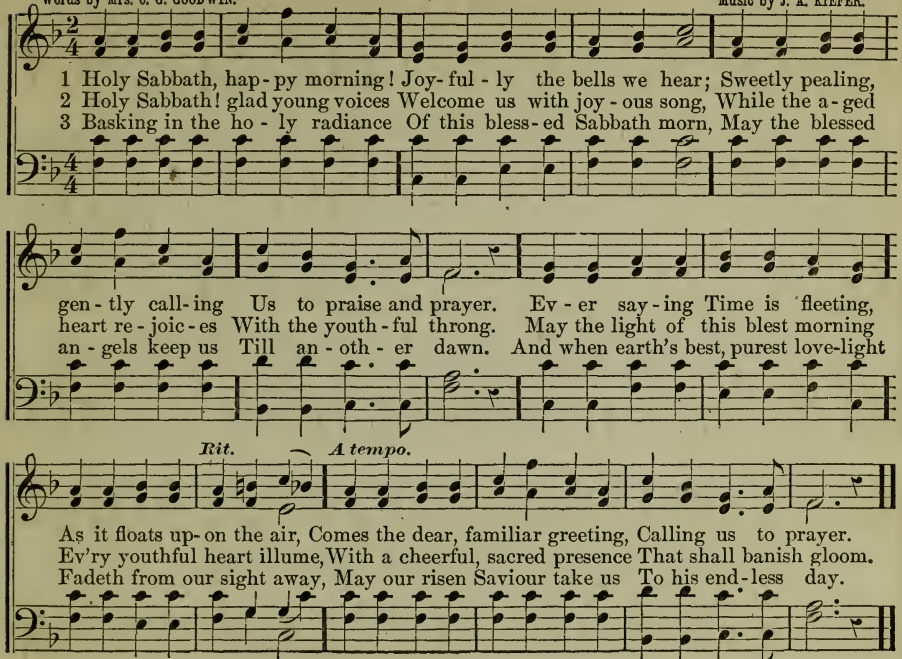
Allegro.

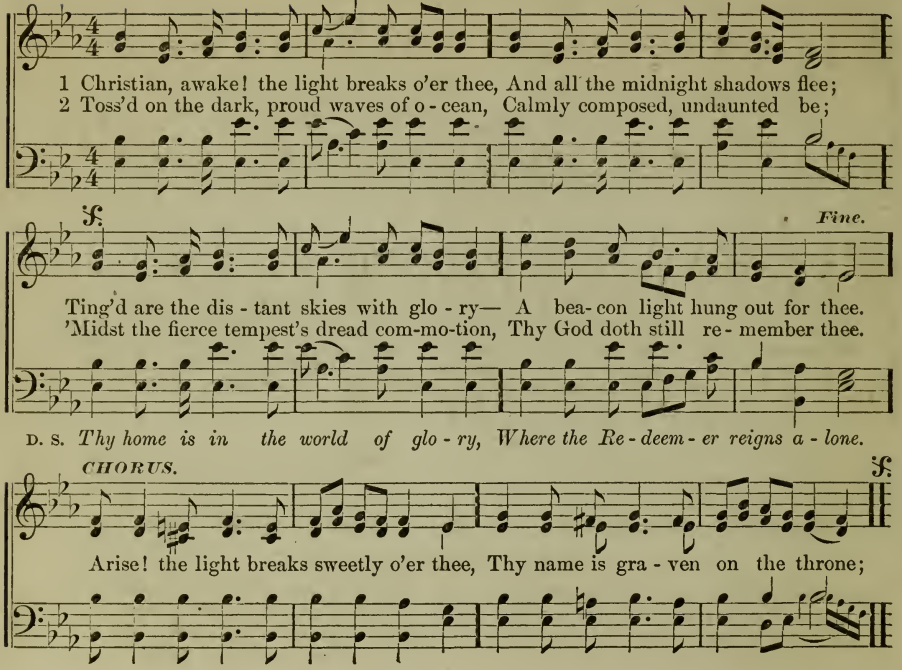
A. B. HOAG.

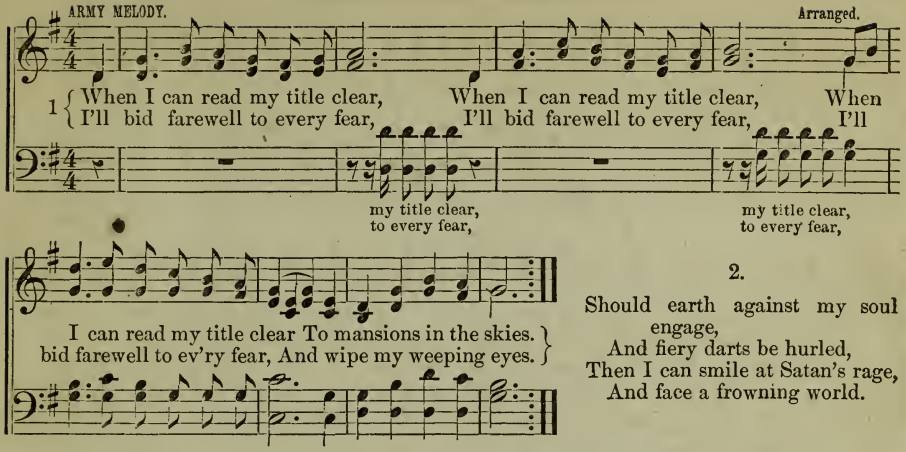


SABBATH MORNING BELLS.

Words by Mrs. C. G. GOODWIN. Music by J. A. KIEFER.




1 Christian, awake! the light breaks o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee;
2 Toss'd on the dark, proud waves of o - cean, Calmly composed, undaunted be;
Ting'd are the dis - tant skies with glo - ry— A bea - con light hung out for thee.
'Midst the fierce tempest's dread com-mo-tion, Thy God doth still re - member thee.
Fine.
D. S. Thy home is in the world of glo - ry, Where the Re - deem - er reigns a - lone.
CHORUS.
Arise! the light breaks sweetly o'er thee, Thy name is gra - ven on the throne;



2.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

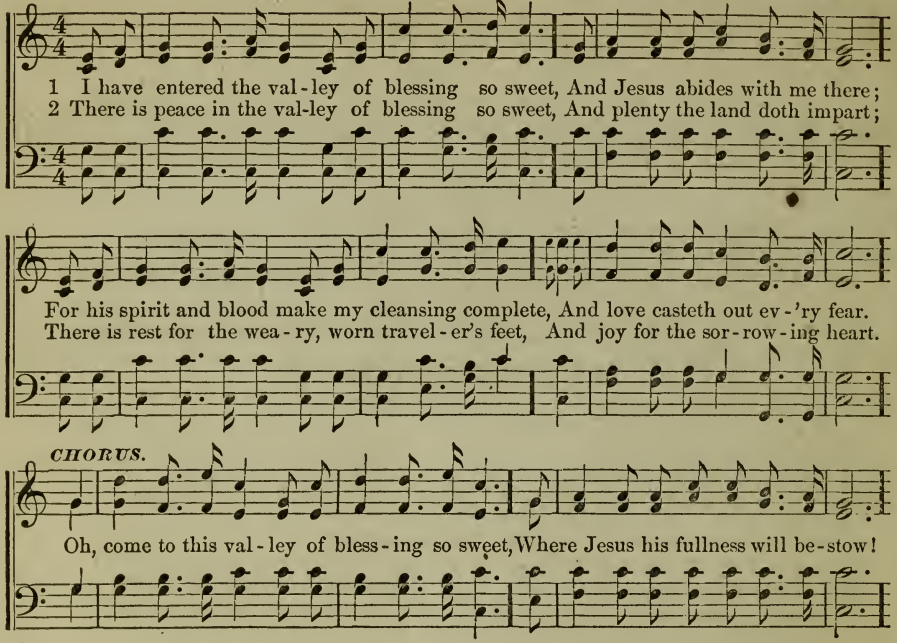
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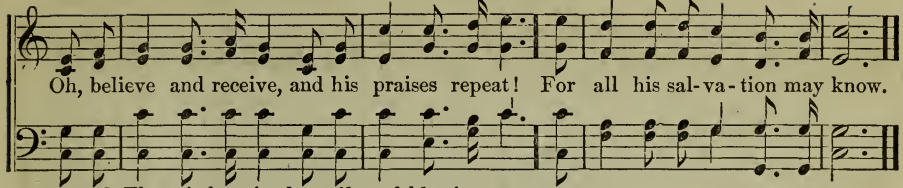
3 Christian, behold! the land is nearing,
And the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
List! to the heavenly host now cheering;
See! in what throngs they range the shore.—*Cho.*

4 Cheer up! cheer up! the light breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's mid-day ray;
A starry crown in realms of glory
Invites the happy soul away.—*Cho.*

THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

Words arranged from ANNIE WITTENMYER.





3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such love but the blood-washed may feel,
When the heavens come down the redeemed to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal.—Oh, come to this valley, etc.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain,
As with rupturous praises we bow at his feet,
Crying, Worthy the Lamb that was slain!—Oh, come to this valley, etc.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Cho.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy livelong day.—*Cho.*

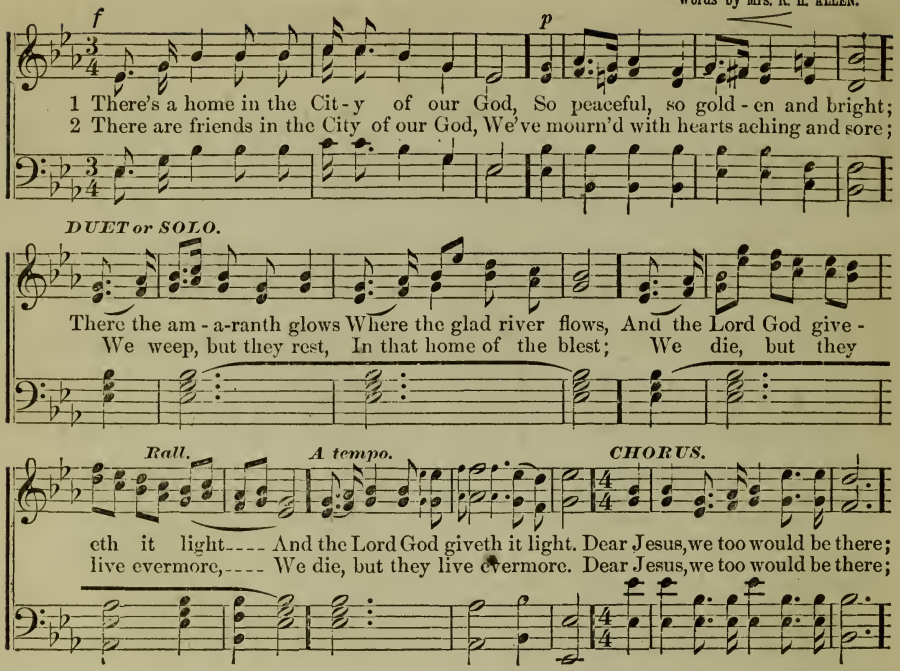
3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—*Cho.*

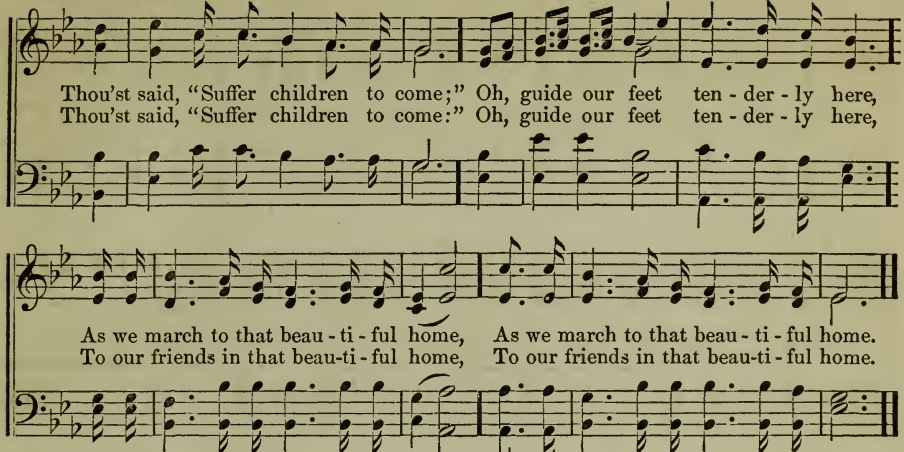
4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their song of saving grace.—*Cho.*

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river;
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.—*Cho.*

THE CITY OF GOD.

Words by Mrs. R. H. ALLEN.



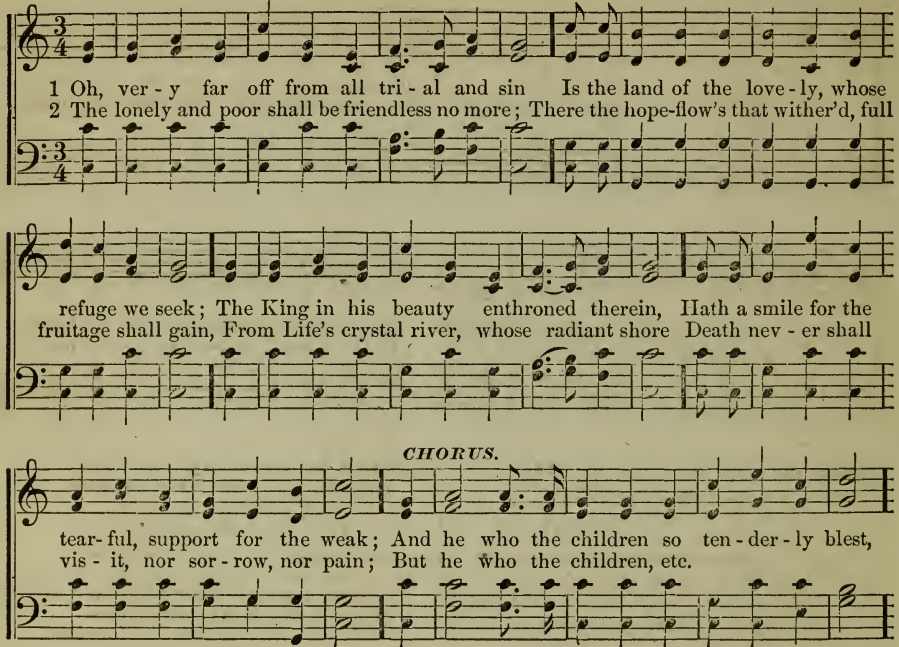


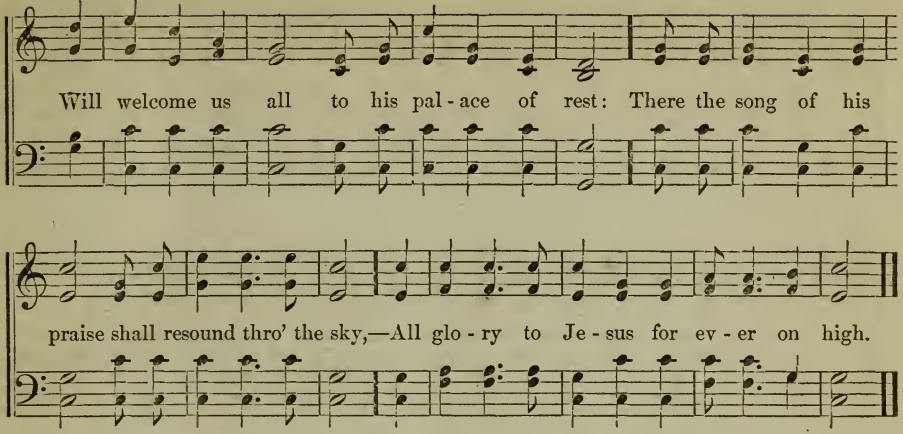
3 There are songs in the City of our God,
And music triumphant and sweet;
With grateful accord,
The redeem'd of the Lord
Sing anthems of praise at his feet.
Cho.—Dear Jesus, we too would be there;
Thou'st said, "Suffer children to come;"
Oh, guide our feet tenderly here,
Till we sing in that beautiful home.

4 There is joy in the City of our God;
It swells like a broad summer sea;
Each face brightly glows
With bliss that o'erflows,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee.
Cho.—Dear Jesus, we too would be there;
Thou'st said, "Suffer children to come;"
Oh, guide our feet tenderly here
To the joy of that beautiful home.

ALL GLORY TO JESUS.

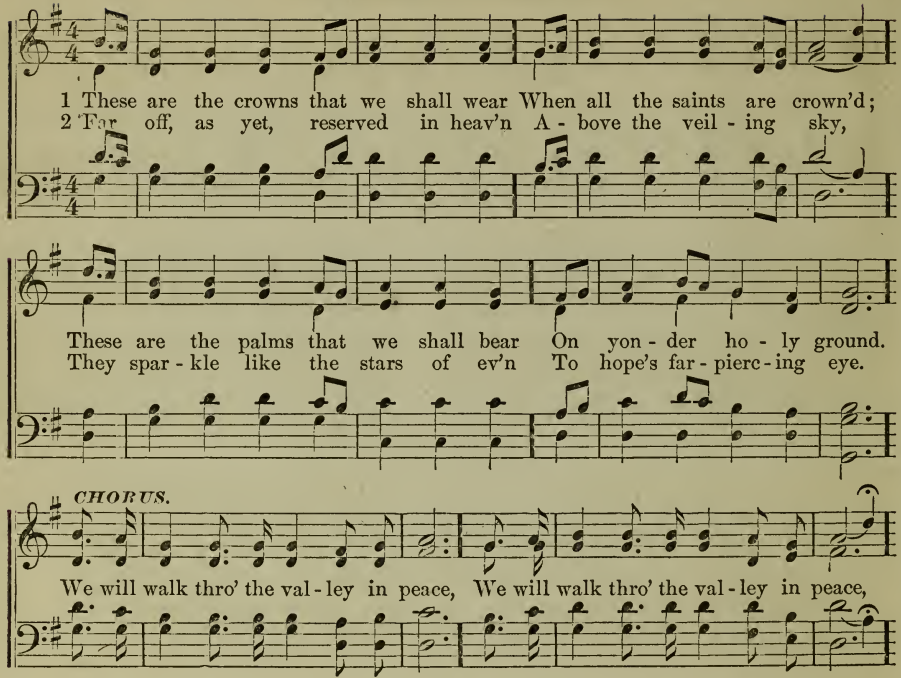
Words by H. J. ANGELL. Music by J. P. TRUITT.

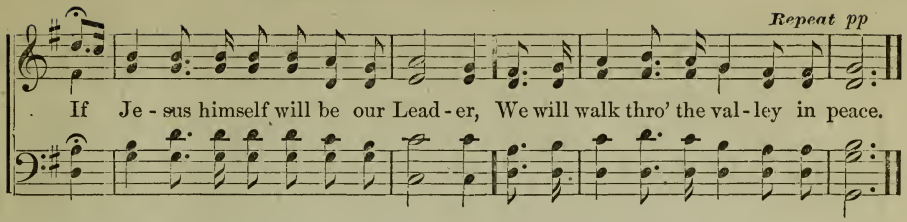




3 We shall not be weary, we can not grow old,
In the land whence the Holy hath banished the night;
There the King in his beauty our eyes shall behold:
'T is the smile of the Saviour that leads us aright.

Cho.—Yes, he who the children so tenderly blest
Shall welcome us all to his palace of rest.
Then the song of his praise shall resonnd through the sky,—
All glory to Jesus forever on high.


1 These are the crowns that we shall wear When all the saints are crown'd;
2 Far off, as yet, reserved in heav'n A - bove the veil - ing sky,
These are the palms that we shall bear On yon - der ho - ly ground.
They spar - kle like the stars of ev'n To hope's far - pierc - ing eye.
CHORUS.
We will walk thro' the val - ley in peace, We will walk thro' the val - ley in peace,



3 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which there we shall put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.—*Cho.*

4 With these in view, how poor appear
The world's most winning smiles!
Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,
And weak his varied wiles.—*Cho.*

5 Then welcome toil, and care and pain!
And welcome sorrow, too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.—*Cho.*

6 Come, crown and throne, and robe and palm!
Burst forth, glad streams of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!—*Cho.*

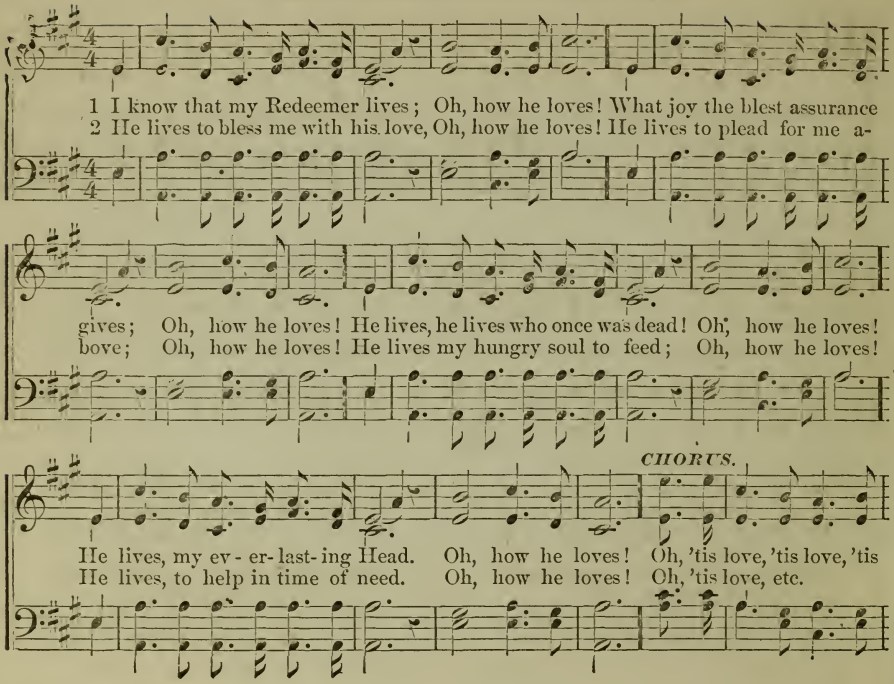
SECOND HYMN.

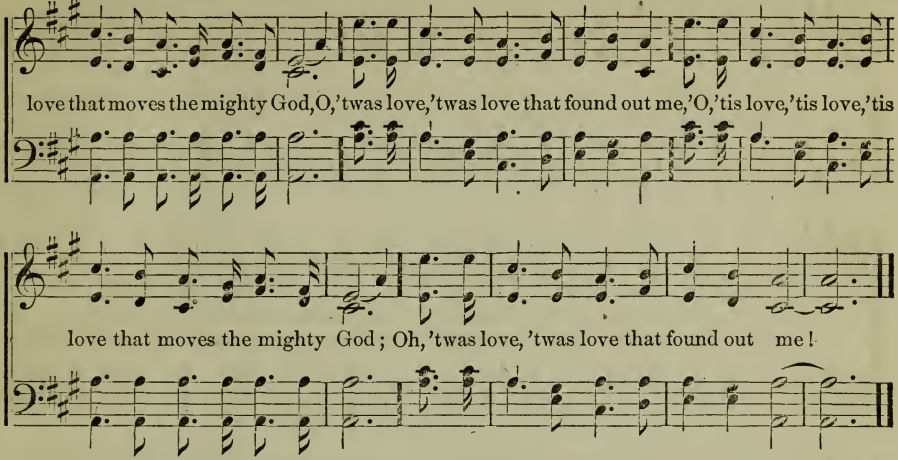
1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.—*Cho.*

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.—*Cho.*

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.—*Cho.*

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.


1 I know that my Redeemer lives; Oh, how he loves! What joy the blest assurance
2 He lives to bless me with his love, Oh, how he loves! He lives to plead for me a-
gives; Oh, how he loves! He lives, he lives who once was dead! Oh, how he loves!
bove; Oh, how he loves! He lives my hungry soul to feed; Oh, how he loves!
CHORUS.
He lives, my ev - er- last- ing Head. Oh, how he loves! Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis
He lives, to help in time of need. Oh, how he loves! Oh, 'tis love, etc.



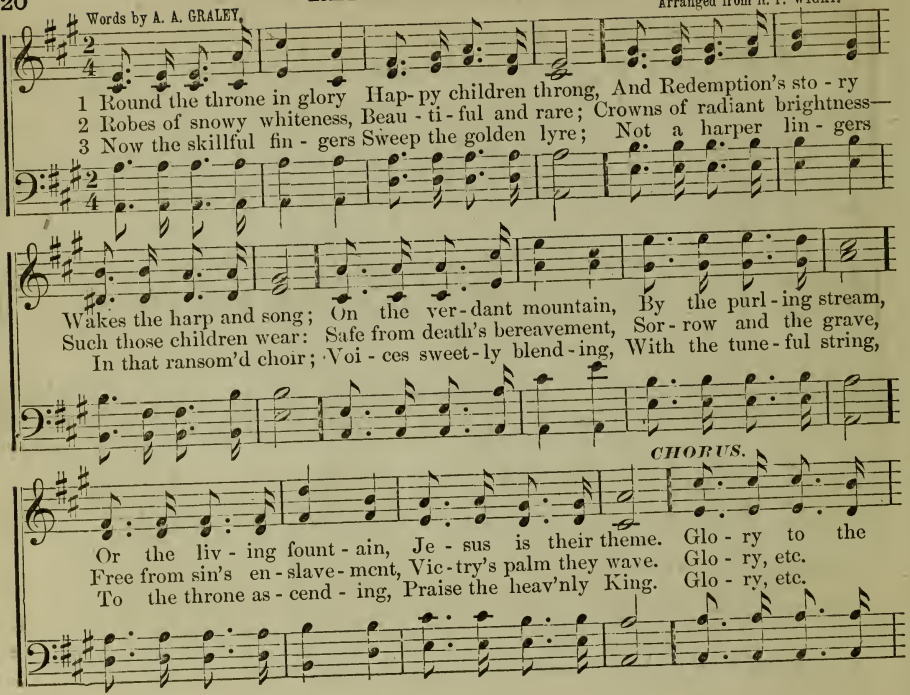
3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
Oh, how he loves!
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
Oh, how he loves!
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
Oh, how he loves!
He lives, to bring me safely there.
Oh, how he loves.—*Cho.*

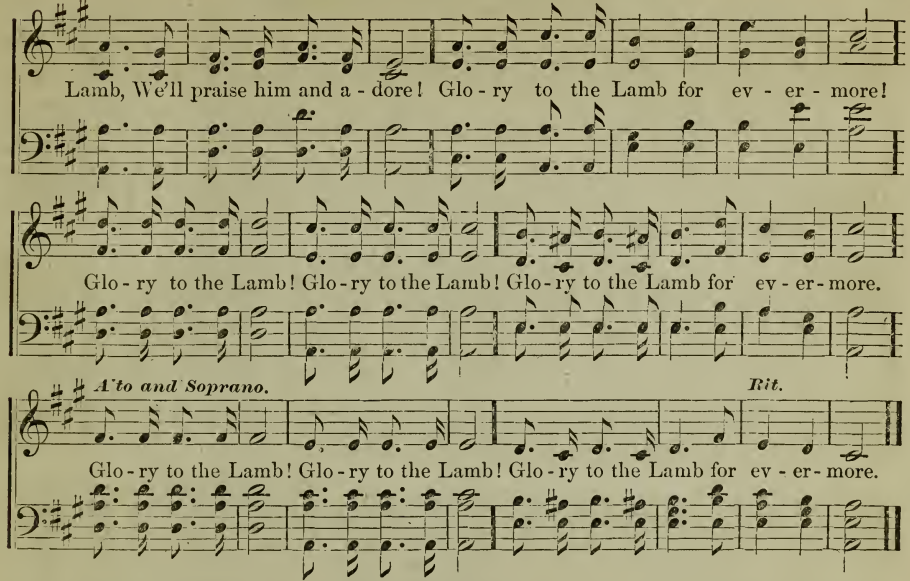
4 He lives—all glory to his name!
Oh, how he loves!
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
Oh, how he loves!
What joy the blest assurance gives,—
Oh, how he loves!
I know that my Redeemer lives!
Oh, how he loves!—*Cho.*

* The hymn may be sung by a single voice; "Oh, how he loves" as a response, by four voices.

REDEMPTION'S SONG.

Words by A. A. GRALEY. Arranged from H. F. WIGHT.

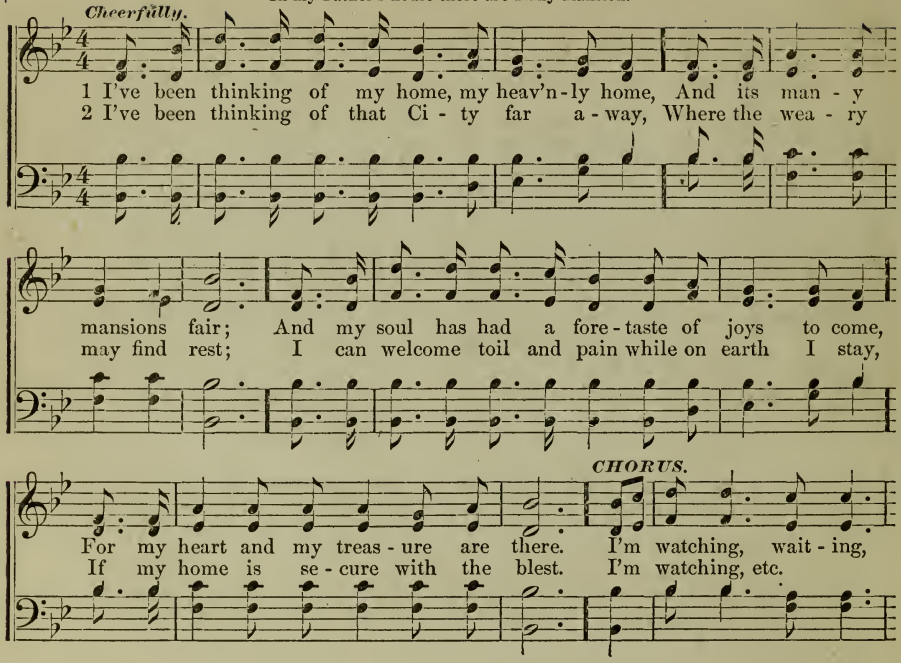


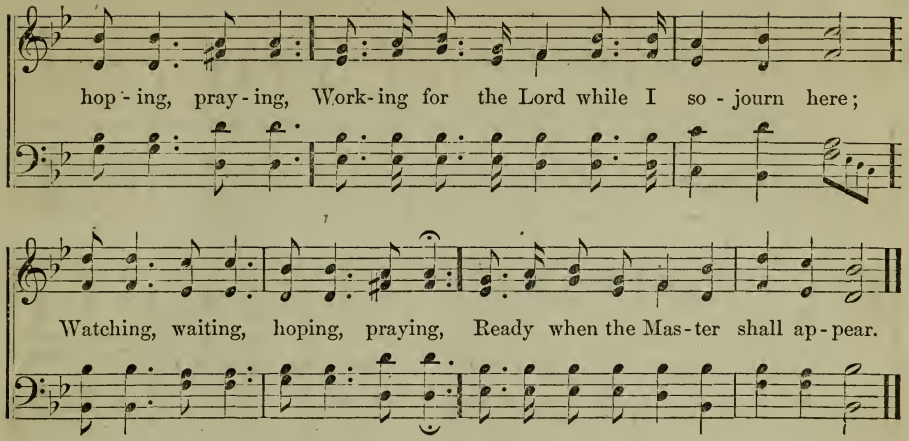


4 Children now sojourning
In a world of sin,
From your follies turning,
Strive to enter in;
Let your young affections
Round the Saviour twine,
And 'mid heav'n's attractions
You shall sing and shine.
Glory to the Lamb! etc.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

"In my Father's house there are many mansion."





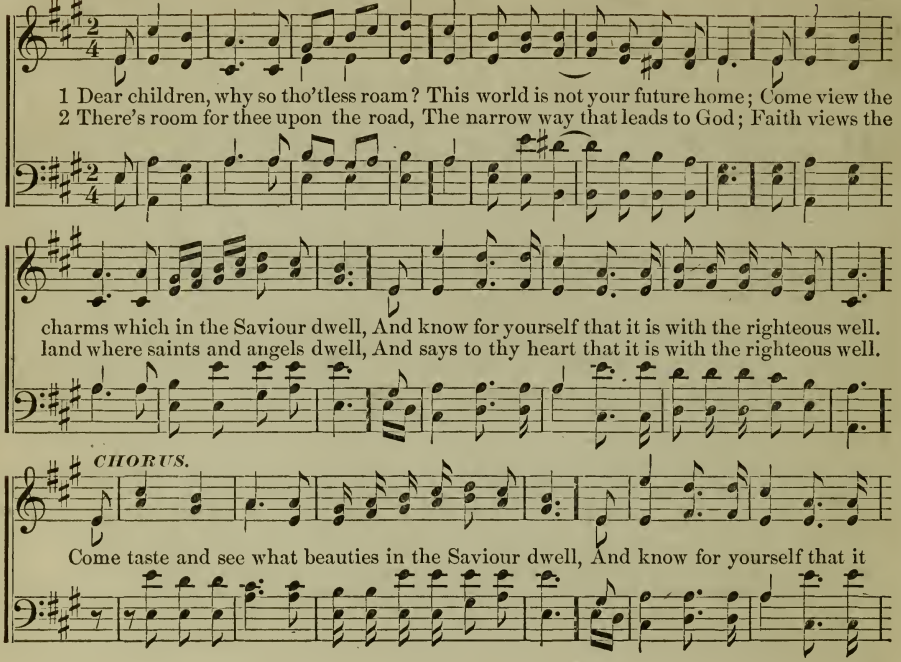
3 I've been thinking of the crowns, the robes, the palms,
Which the glorified shall wear;
Of those streets of shining gold and their jasper walls,
And I long in their glories to share.—I'm watching, etc.

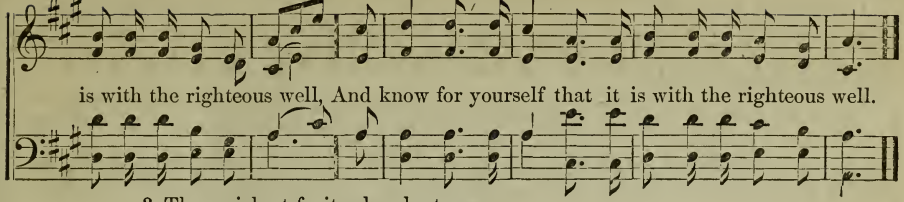
4 I've been thinking of that home and loved ones there,—
Those with whom I've walked below;
They are beck'ning me away to those mansions fair,
And my spirit's impatient to go.—I'm watching, etc.

"COME TASTE AND SEE."

(Say unto the righteous it shall be well with them.)

Moderato.





3 There richest fruits abundant grow;
There living streams forever flow
For all who in those blissful regions dwell;
And there you shall know that it is with the righteous well—*Cho.*

4 Repent, believe, and sin no more;
And seek with us that radiant shore,
Where souls redeemed their earthly triumphs tell,
And then you shall know that it is with the righteous well.—*Cho.*

LAND OF BEULAH.

1 My latest sun is sinking fast;
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,—
My triumph is begun.

Cho.—Oh, come, angel band,
Come and around me stand;
‖: Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home. :‖

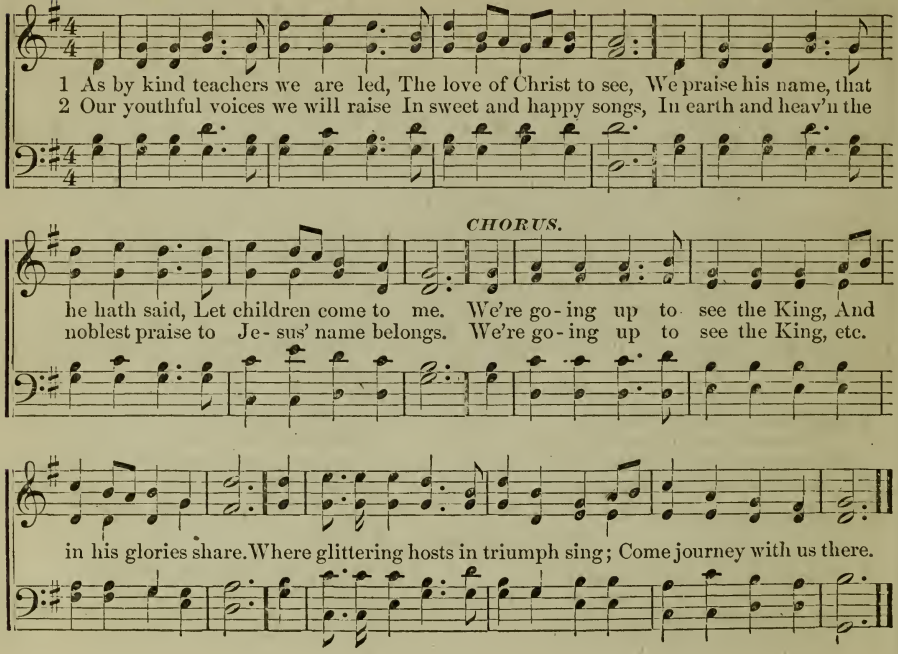
2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks;
The crossing must be near.—*Cho.*

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.—*Cho.*

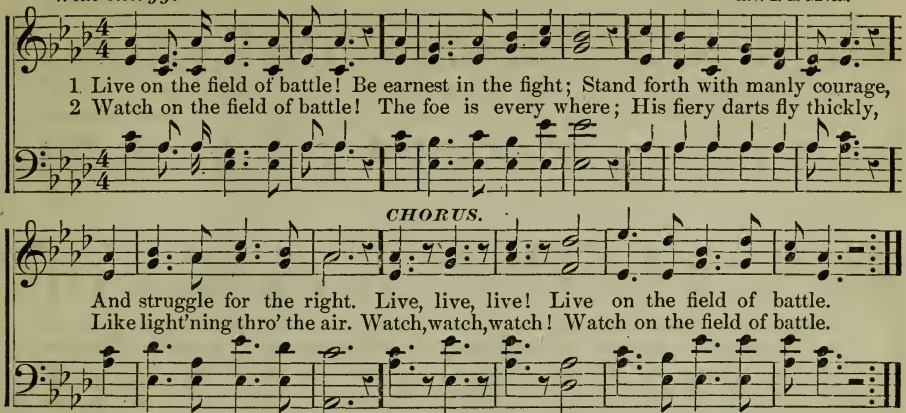
4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.—*Cho.*

COME JOURNEY WITH US THERE.

Words by JAMES NICHOLSON. Music by WM. G FISCHER.



With energy. Rev. E. H. NEVIN.



3 Pray on the field of battle!
God works with those who pray;
His mighty arm can nerve us,
And make us win the day.
Pray, pray, pray! Pray on the field of battle.

4 Die on the field of battle!
'T is noble thus to die;
God smiles on valiant soldiers,
Their record is on high.
Die, die, die! Die on the field of battle.

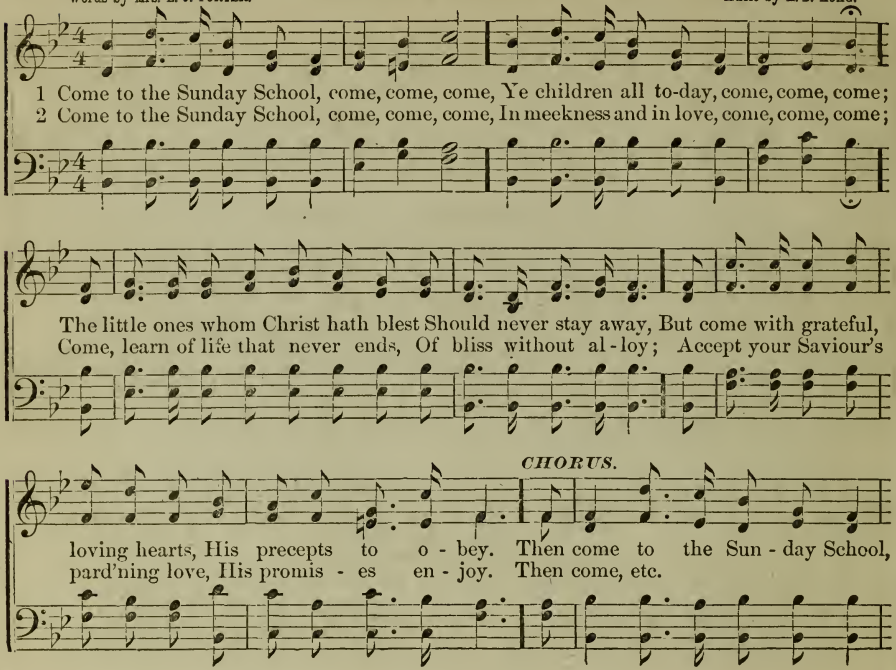
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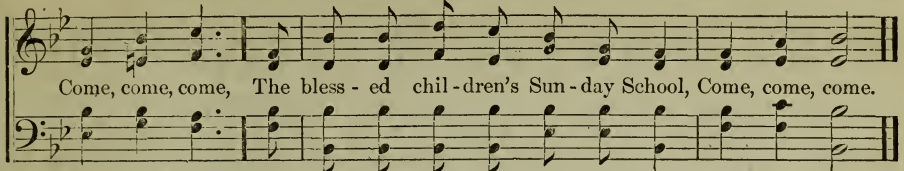
3 On earth his work was doing good
To people every where;
And when he fed the multitude,
The children had their share.—*Cho.*

4 Let old and young with us unite,
While of his love we sing;
His service yields supreme delight,
And choicest pleasures bring.—*Cho.*

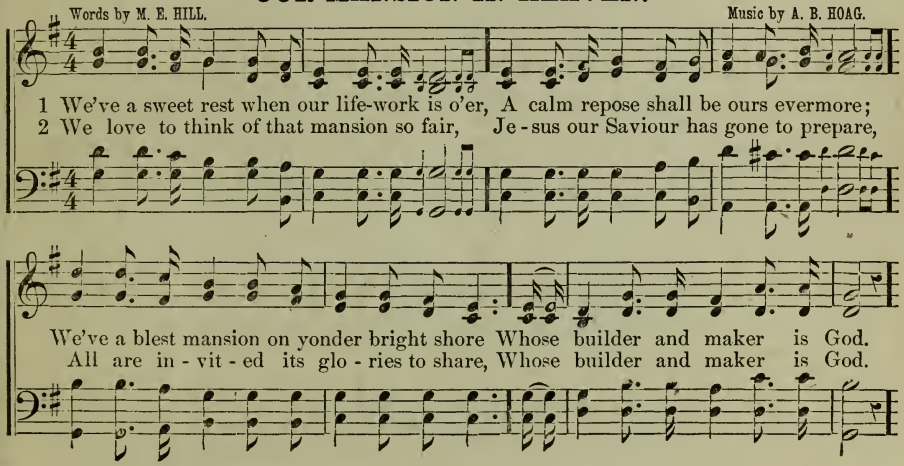
COME TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

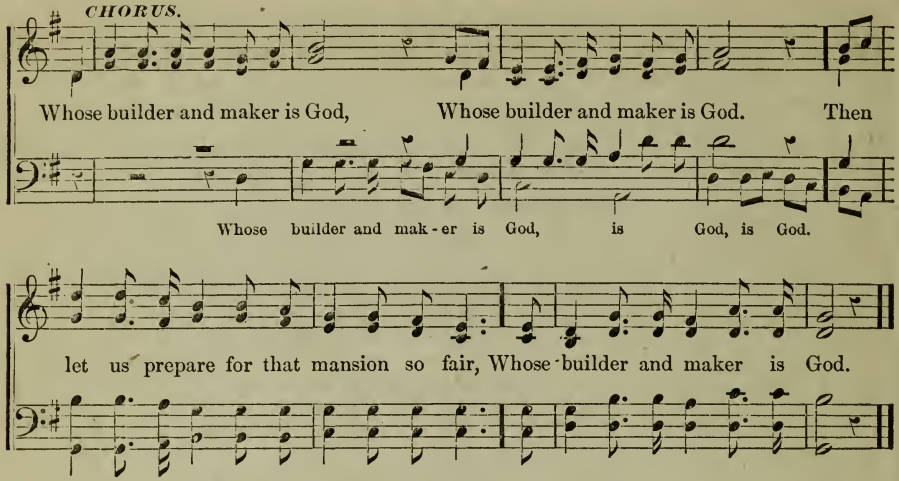
Words by Mrs. E. J. PORTER. Music by A. B. HOAG.





OUR MANSION IN HEAVEN.

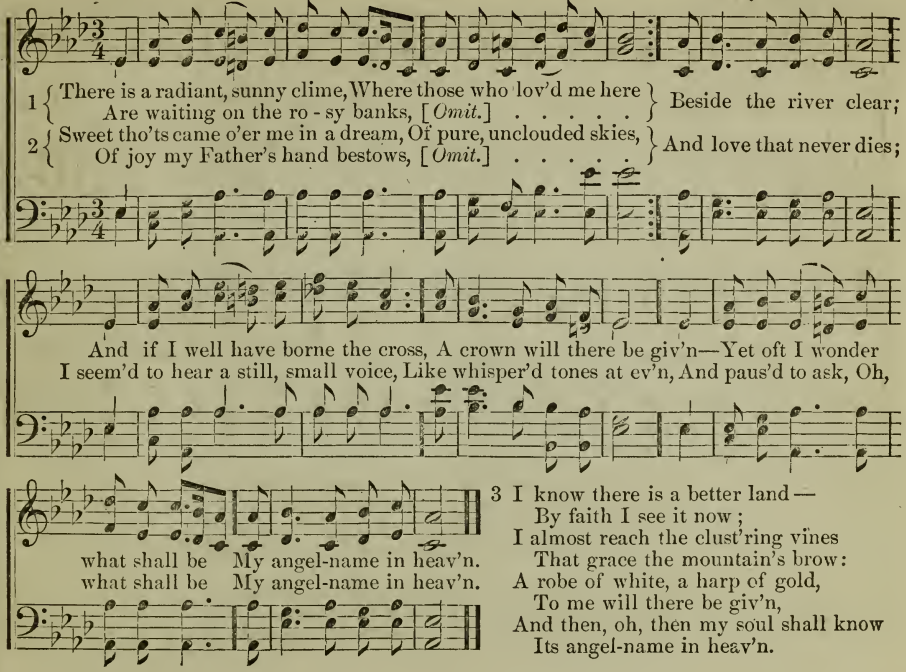




3 We'll find a home when life's journey is done,
When toil is o'er, and our vict'ry is won;
In that bright home there 's no need of a sun,
For its builder and maker is God.—Its builder, etc.

4 The loved and lost who have gone on before,
Have waited long on that glorified shore;
From that dear home they shall wander no more,
For its builder and maker is God.—Its builder, etc.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

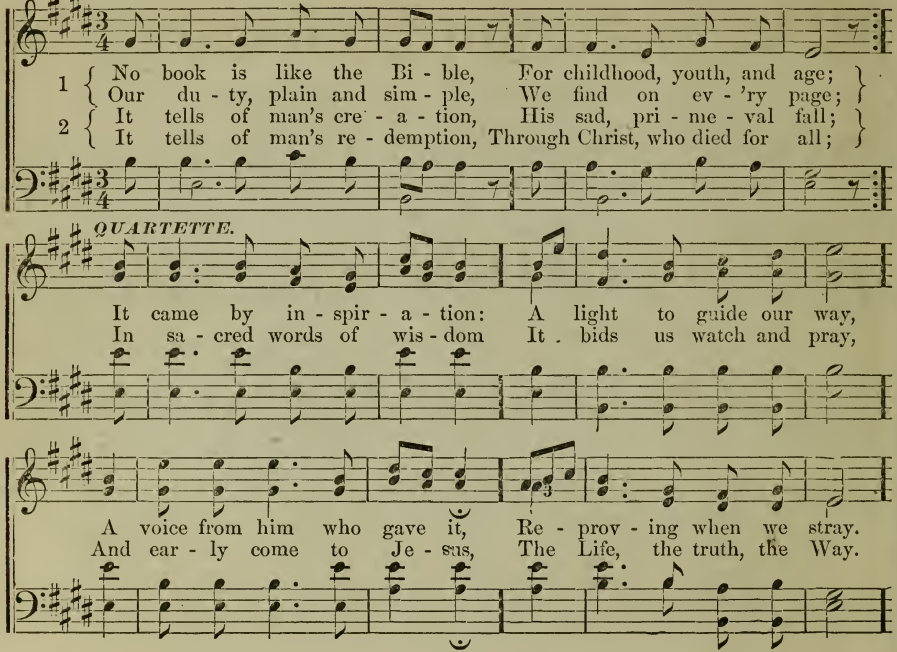


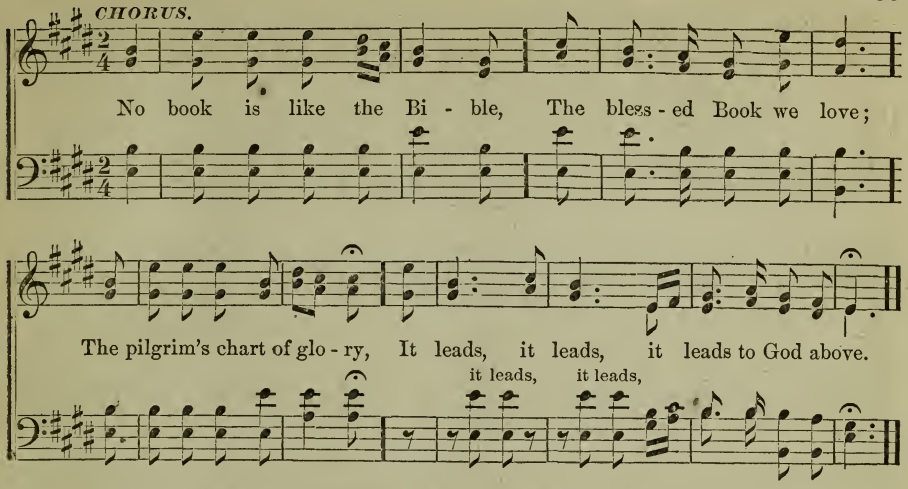
3 I know there is a better land—
By faith I see it now;
I almost reach the clust'ring vines
That grace the mountain's brow:
A robe of white, a harp of gold,
To me will there be giv'n,
And then, oh, then my soul shall know
Its angel-name in heav'n.

NO BOOK IS LIKE THE BIBLE.

DUET (Alto and Tenor).

Words by FANNY CROSBY.





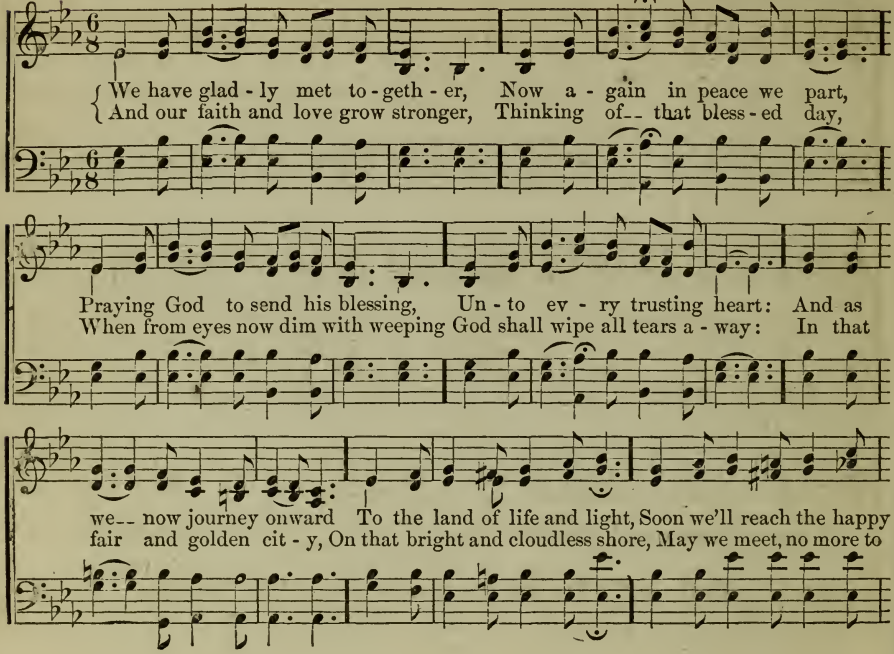
3 Love God, our Lord and Saviour,
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Our neighors we must love;
For on these great commandments
To Christians here below
Hang all the law and prophets;
The Bible tells us so.—*Cho.*

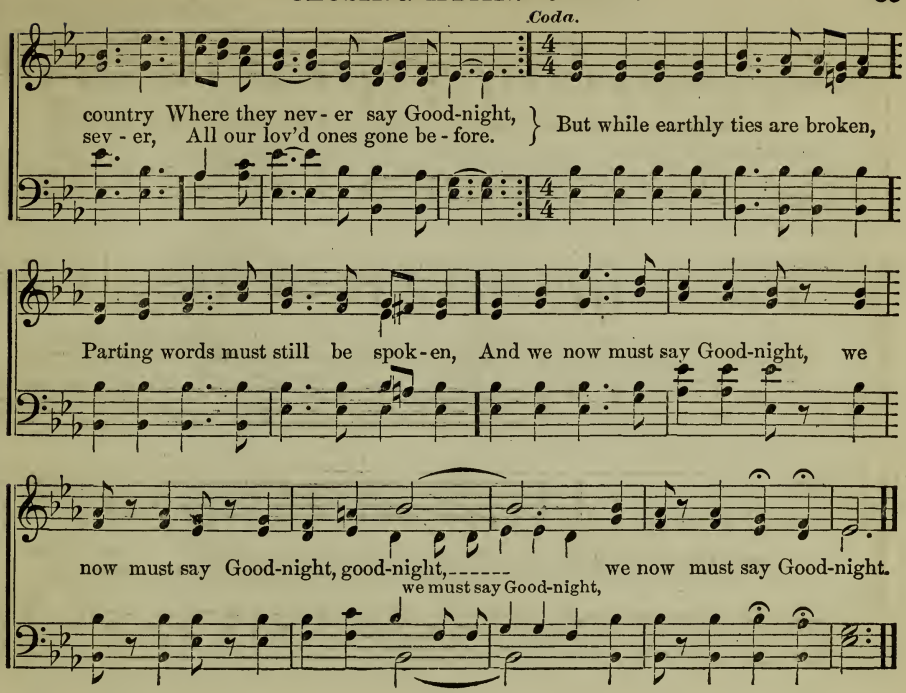
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CLOSING HYMN.

Sostenuto.

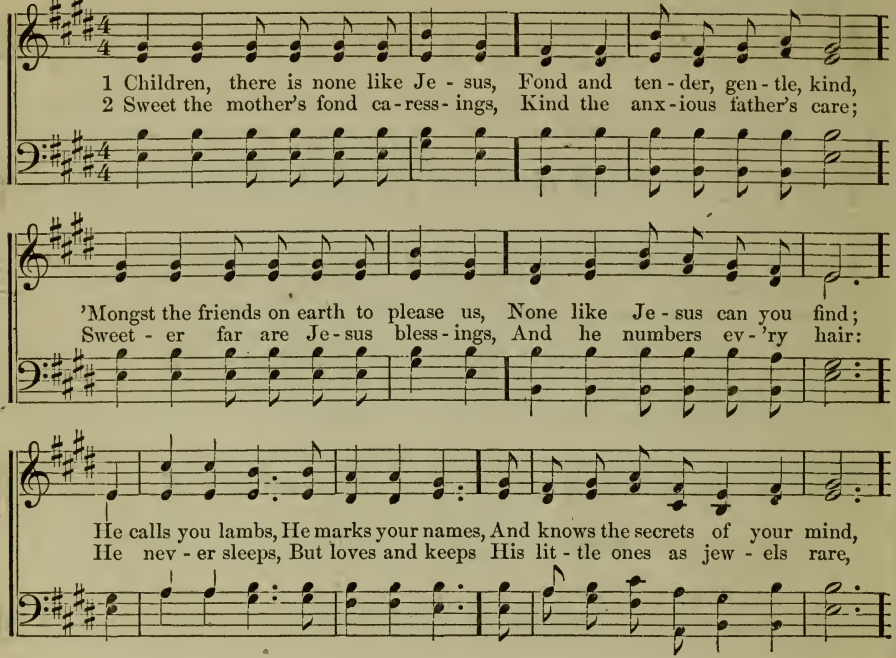
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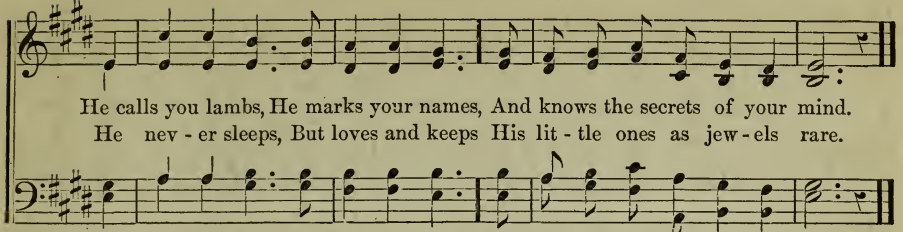



Coda.
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But while earthly ties are broken,
Parting words must still be spok - en, And we now must say Good-night, we
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NONE LIKE JESUS.

Arranged from H. F. WIGHT.





3 Tend'rest mother may forsake you,
Pitying father be unkind;
Then it is that Christ will take you,
And to his fond bosom bind:
‖: He 'll never leave
His lambs to grieve,
Forgotten, helpless, weak, and blind. :‖

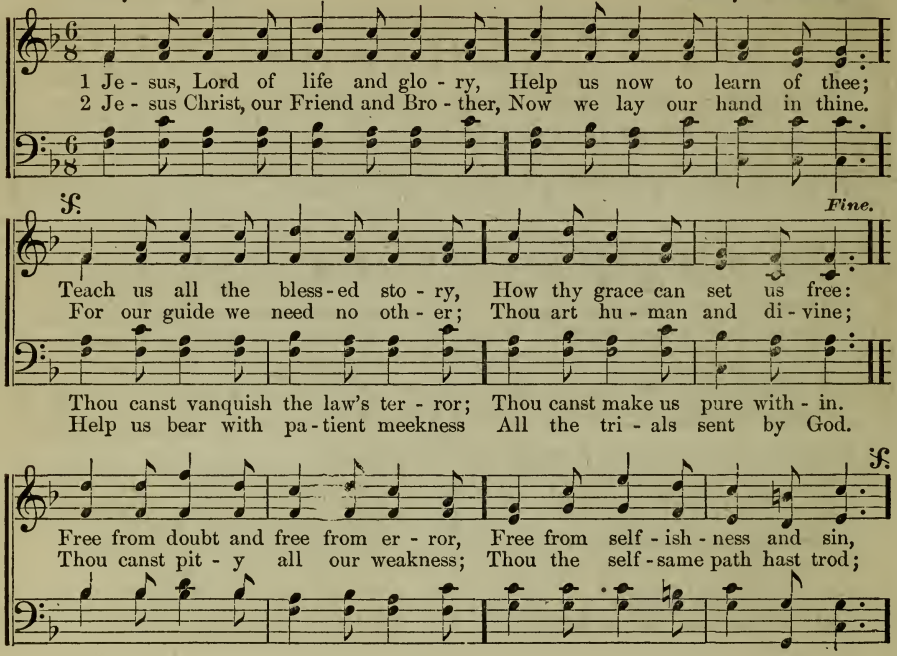
4 When you from his fold are straying,
To the wolf's or lion's den,
He is to his Father praying—
For he loves you even then:
‖: Goes forth to see
Where you may be,
And yearns to bring you back again. :‖

5 Spake the Lord to those around him,—
"Heaven's kingdom is of such;"
Men, not children, sold and bound him,
Children lov'd and prais'd him much;
‖: They ran to meet,
To sing and greet,
And gain the Son of David's touch. :‖

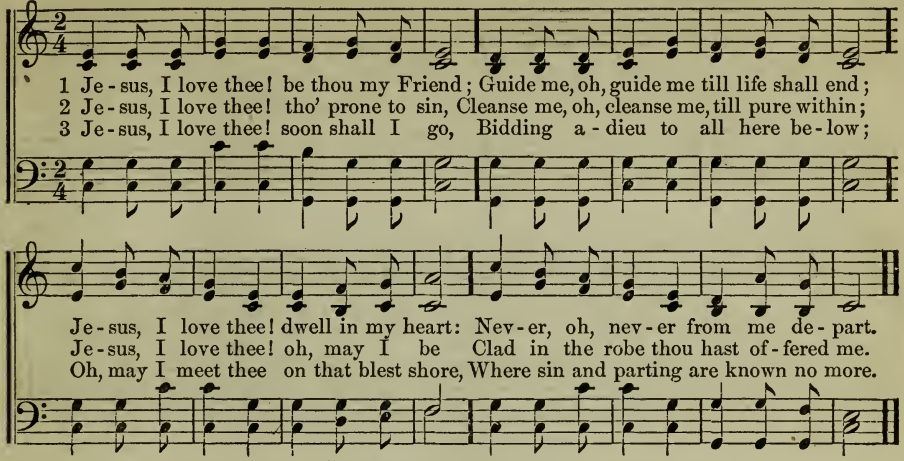
6 Ready thus for Christ's appearing,
Lambs he 'll gather to his rest,
And be seen to heaven, bearing
All his children to his breast:
‖: No sin, nor blight,
Nor cheerless night,
But day eternal—joys the best. :‖

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

Words by KATE CAMERON. Music by WM. G. FISCHER.



Music and 1st V. by MARY GILLETTE. (Aged 9 yrs.)



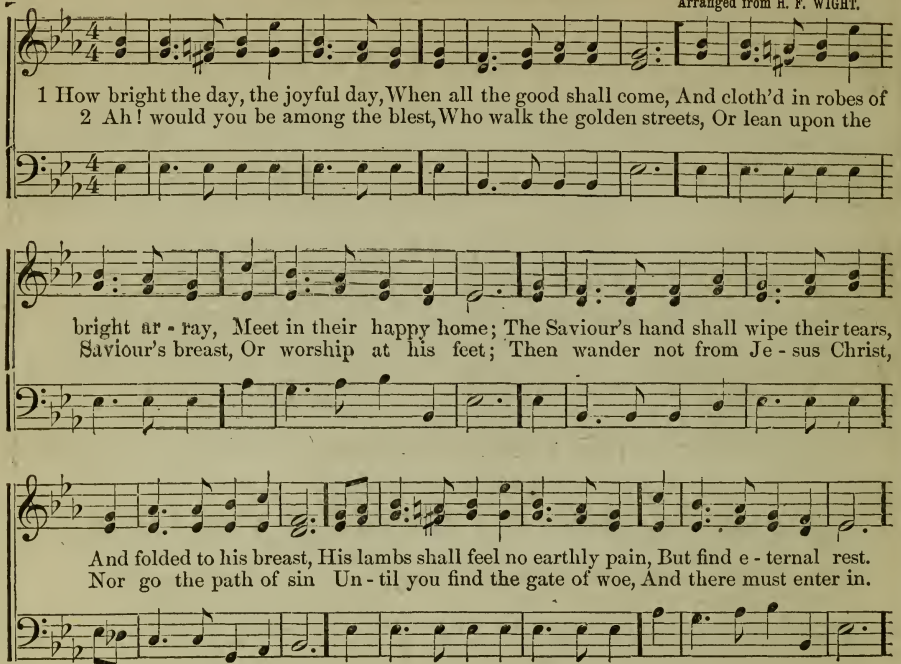
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3 Jesus, our own gracious Saviour,
All our hope is fixed on thee,
And 't is only by thy favor
We at last can heaven see:
May our faith in thee grow stronger,
As we feel thy precious love;
When we dwell on earth no longer,
May we live with thee above.

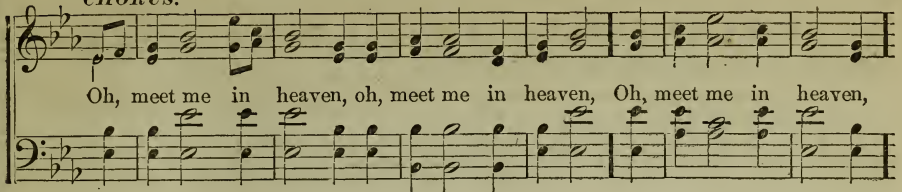
4 Jesus, blessed Mediator!
Thou before the throne dost plead;
Between man and his Creator
Thou alone canst intercede:
Trusting in thy free salvation,
We at last shall ransom'd be;
The redeemed of every nation
Shall unite to worship thee.

MEET ME IN HEAVEN.

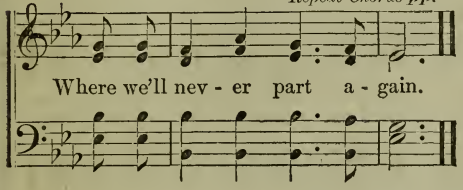
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CHORUS.

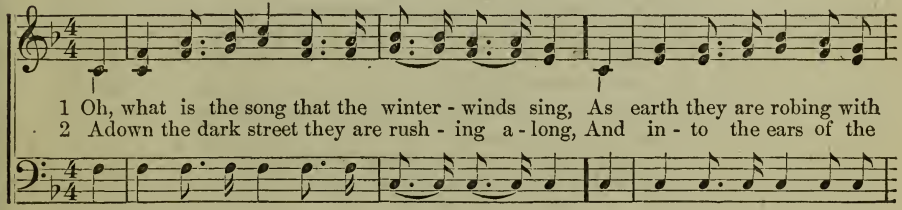


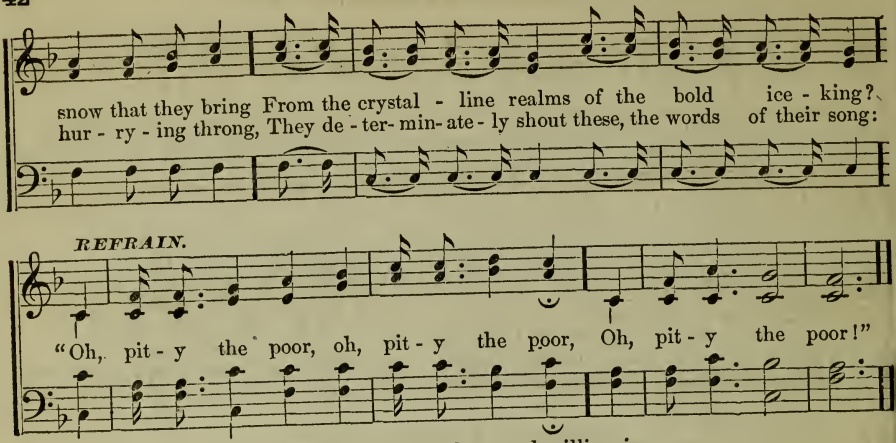
Repeat Chorus pp.



3 Your teacher can not bear to think
Those little feet shall slide
Upon the dark and fearful brink
Of Ruin's sweeping tide:
Come to the Saviour, little ones,
And join his own dear flock;
He'll hide you, when temptations come,
Beneath the cloven rock.—*Cho.*

OH, PITY THE POOR.

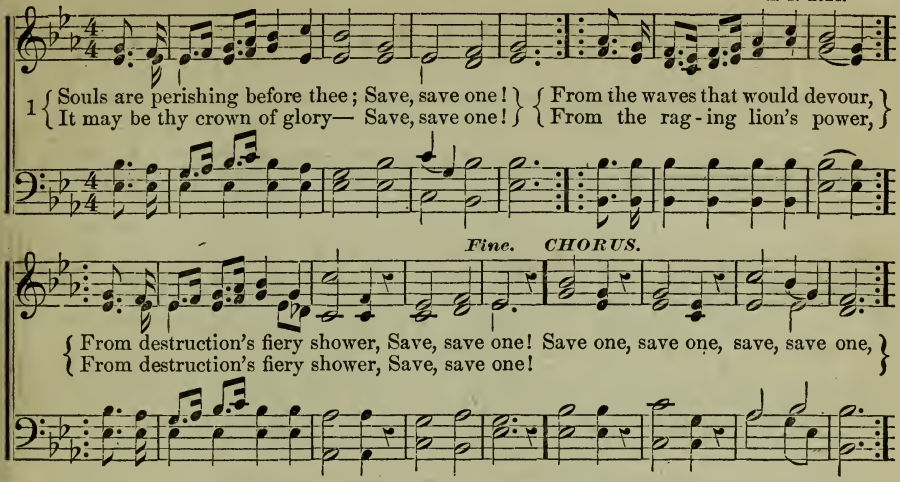




3 They rattle the doors of the proud millionaire,
To knock for the mendicant shivering there,
And are whispering through on the cold, cold air,
"Oh, pity the poor, oh, pity the poor,
Oh, pity the poor!"

4 Oh! have you not heard it—this song born of love,
As sung by His messengers, sent from above
To tell us our duty and our stewardship prove;
Then pity the poor, oh, pity the poor,
Oh, pity the poor!

A. B. HOAG.

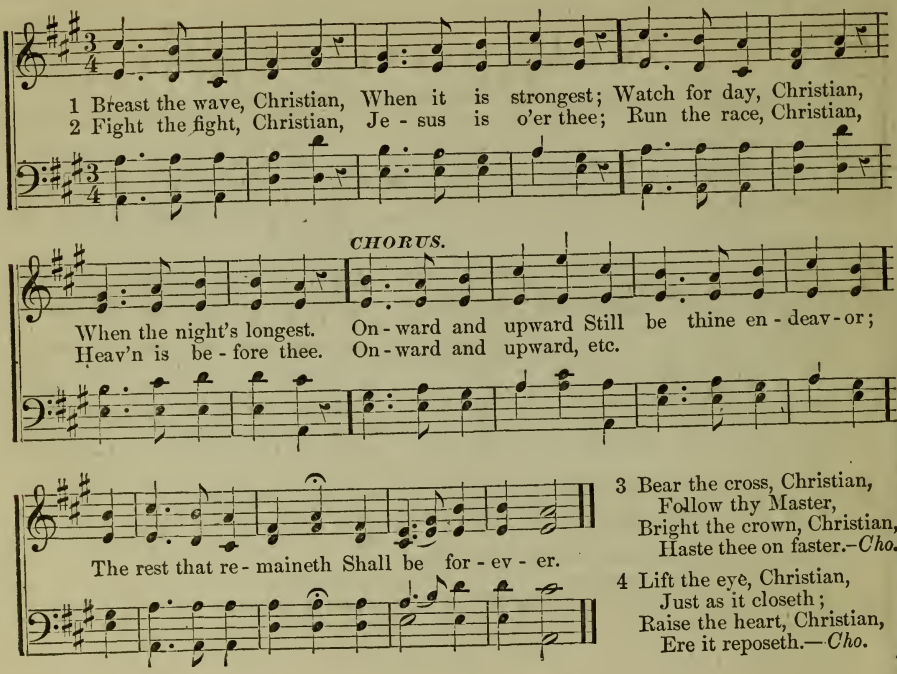


2 Who the worth of souls can measure? Save, save one!
Who can count the priceless treasure? Save, save one!
Like the stars shall shine forever
Those who faithfully endeavor
Dying sinners to deliver. Save, save one!

Cho.—Save one, save one, save, save one!
Dying sinners, oh, deliver!—
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ONWARD AND UPWARD.

Arr. from MS. of Rev. G. ROBBINS.

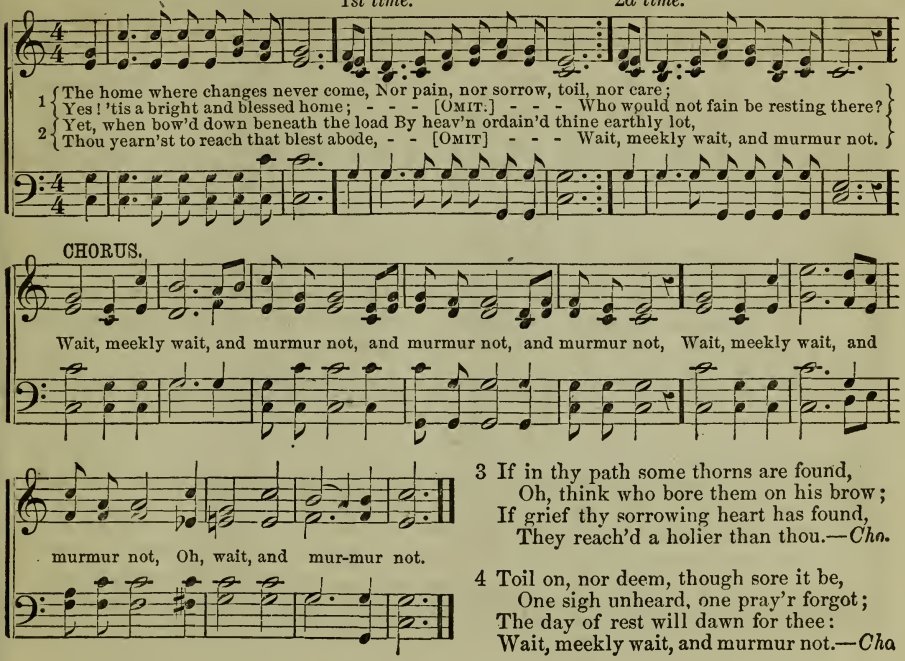


3 Bear the cross, Christian,
Follow thy Master,
Bright the crown, Christian,
Haste thee on faster.—*Cho.*

4 Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth.—*Cho.*

WAIT AND MURMUR NOT.

Words by W. H. BELLAMY, Esq. Music by J. P. TRUITT.



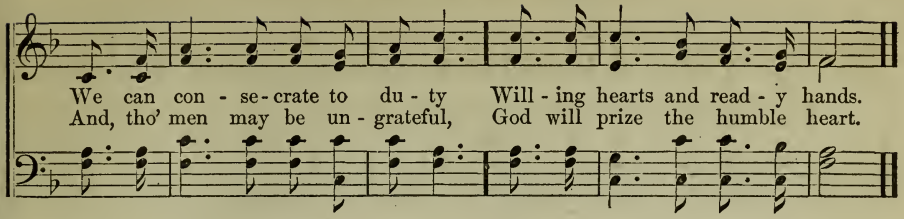
3 If in thy path some thorns are found,
Oh, think who bore them on his brow;
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
They reach'd a holier than thou.—*Cho.*

4 Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot;
The day of rest will dawn for thee:
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.—*Cho.*

OUR MISSION.

Words by D. D. BUCK, D.D.





3 If we can not cease from sorrow,
Mingling prayer with sighing breath,
If we can not keep our loved ones
From the greedy grasp of death,—
We can smile amid the weeping,
As we fully trust in God,
And, still leaning on the Saviour,
Meekly kiss the chastening rod.

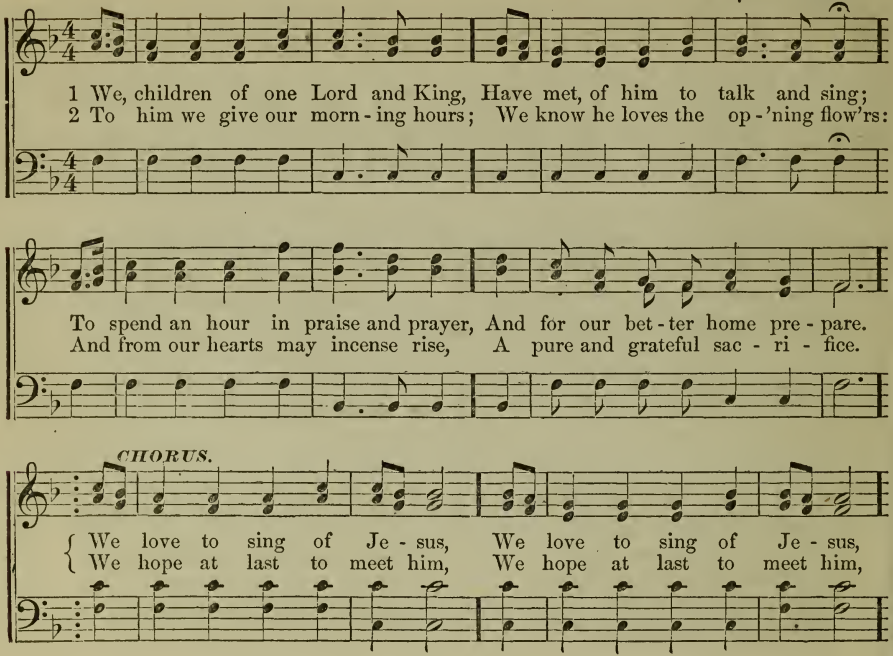
4 If we cannot mount the heavens,
Where no cloud its shadow flings,
Ranging through the bright Elysian,
Soaring on angelic wings,—
We with pilgrim-step can journey,
Onward pressing day by day,
Looking for our Leader's footprints
All along the toilsome way.

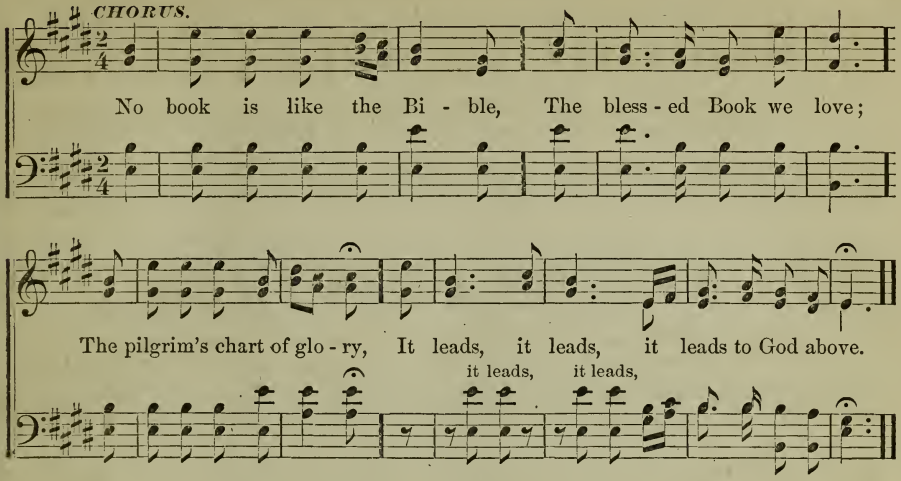
5 If we can not read the future,
Whether weal or woe betide,
If within the veil of darkness
Mercy from our vision hide,—
We can understand our mission,
What is here to do or bear;
We can love and help each other,
And the cross with Jesus share.

6 Let us, then, be ever doing;
Day declineth, night is near;
Short the time of toil and suff'ring;
Jesus numbers every tear.
See! the pearly gates are opening;
Lo! the splendor from above;
List to lov'd ones, yonder singing:
Welcome to the land of love!

WE LOVE TO SING OF JESUS.

Words by KATE CAMERON.





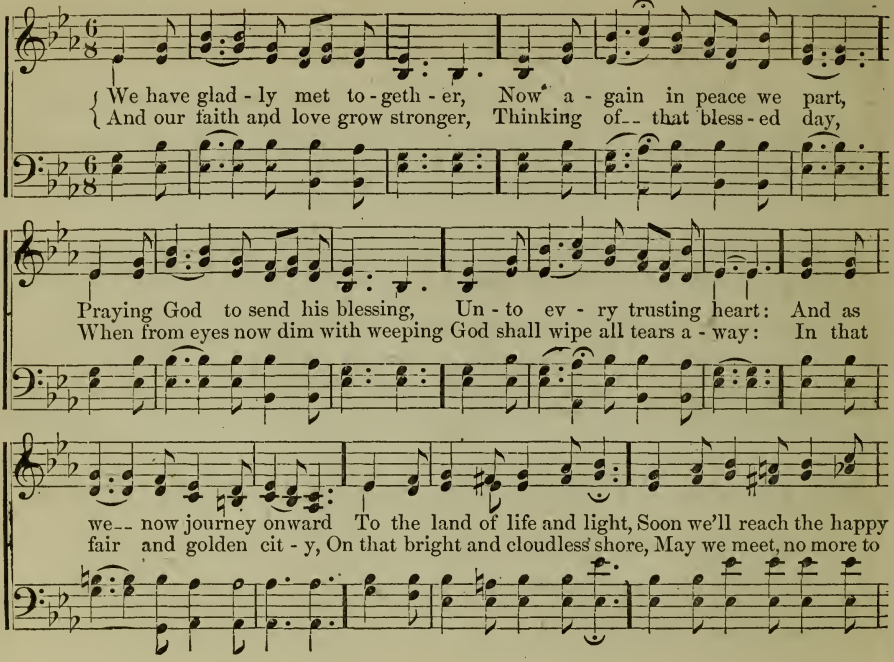
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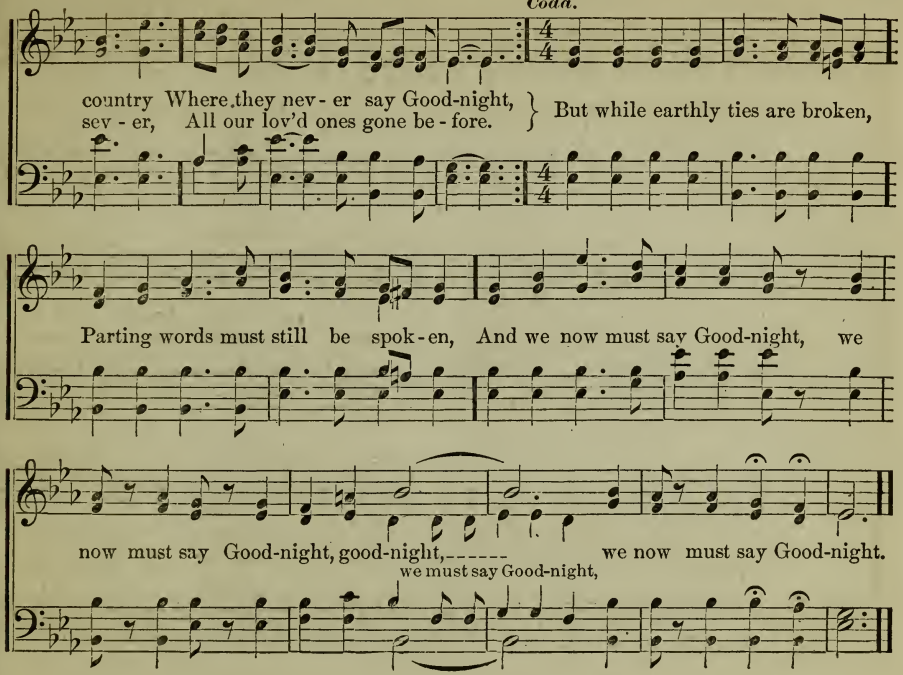
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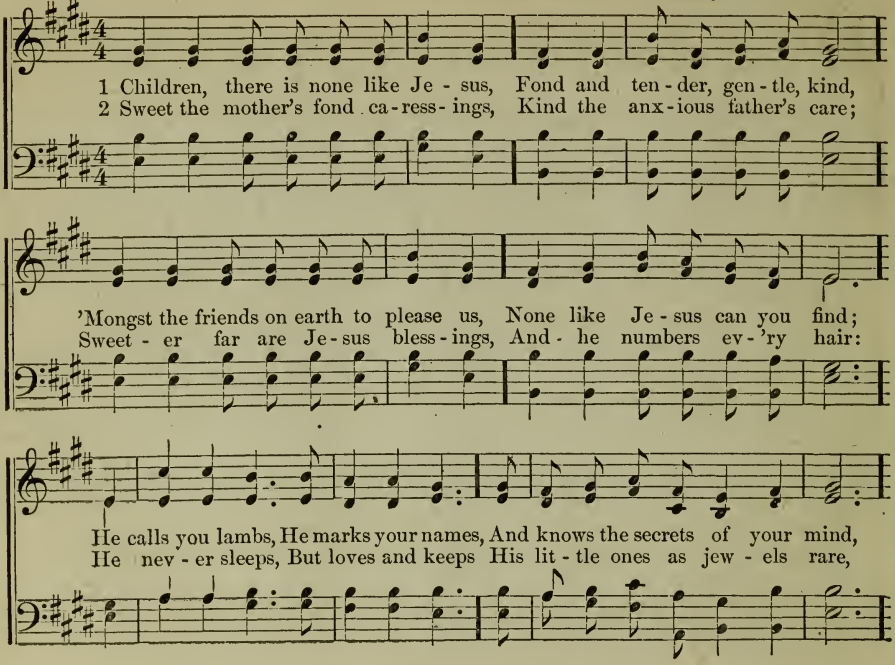
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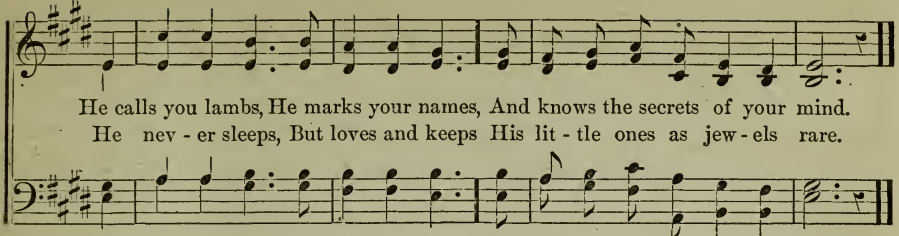



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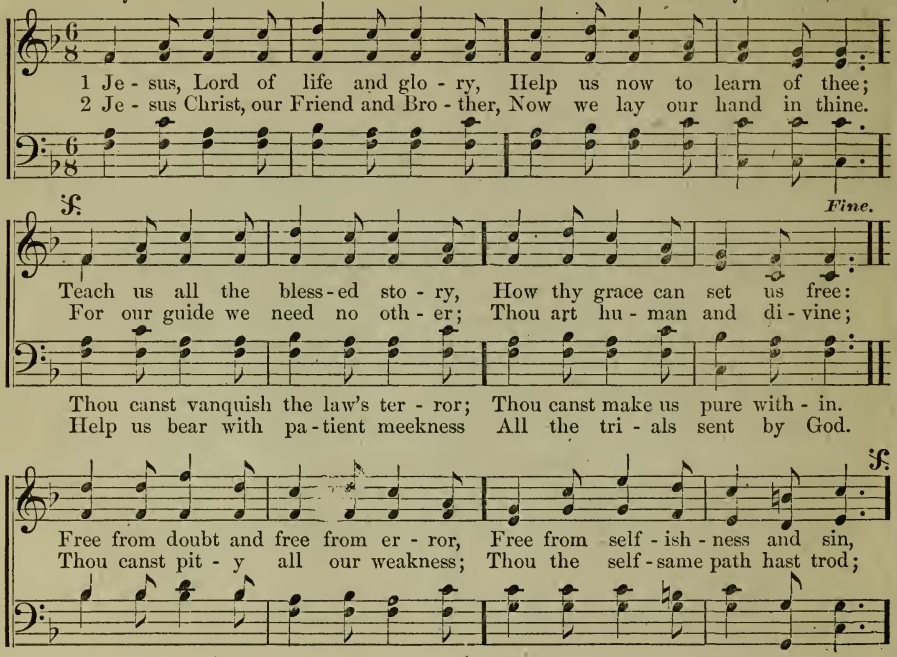
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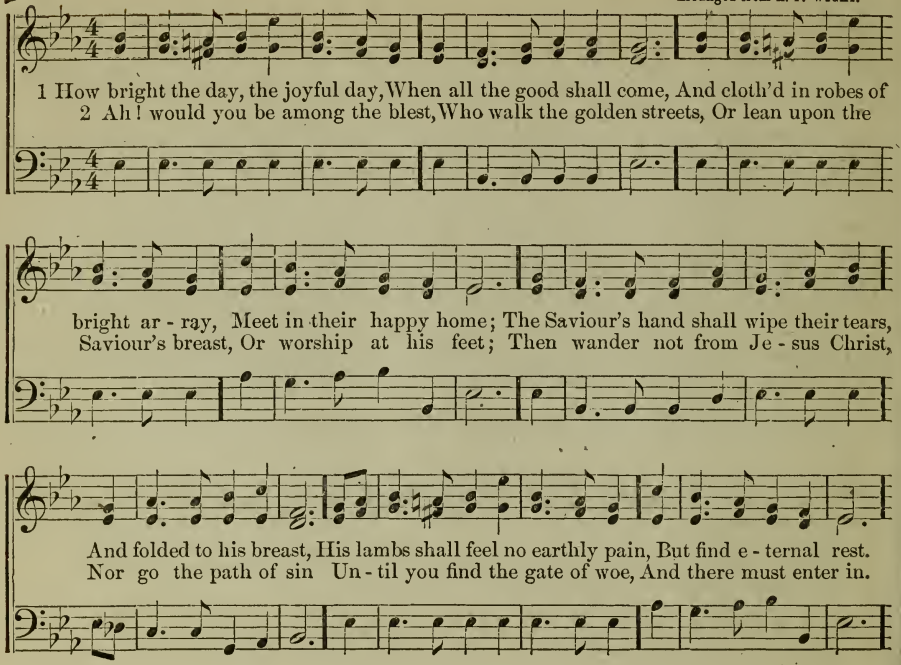
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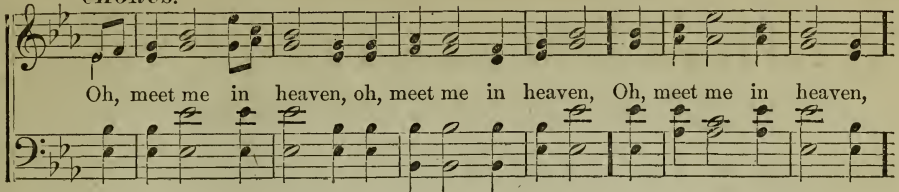
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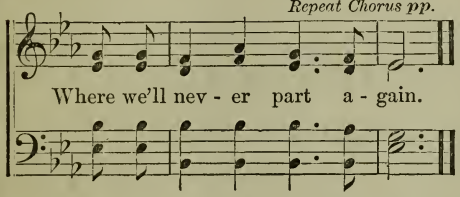
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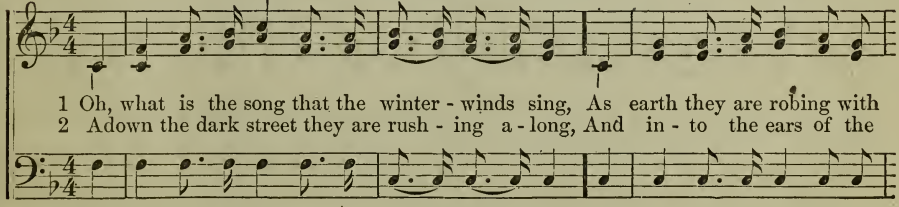


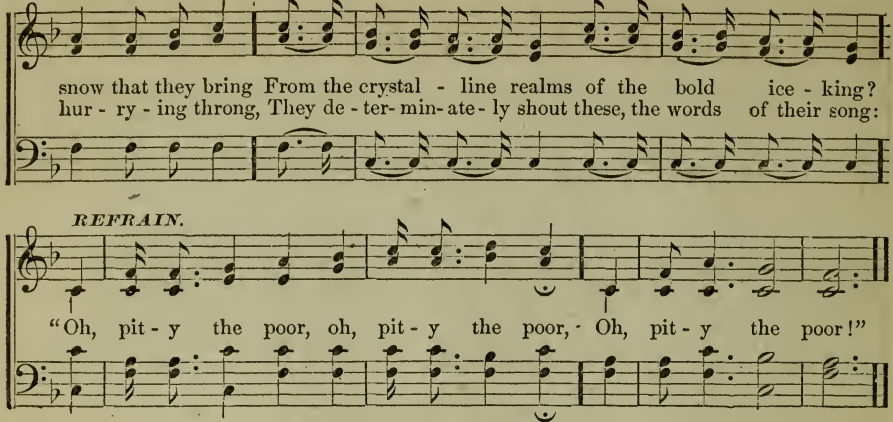
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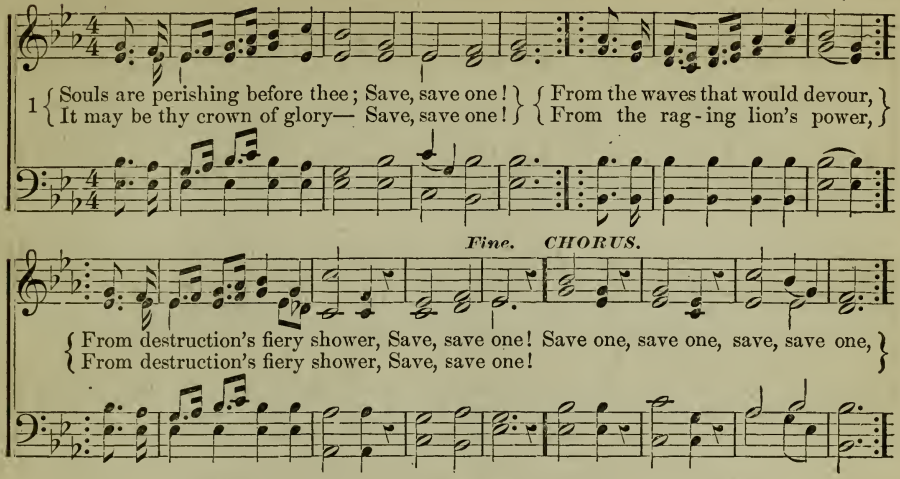




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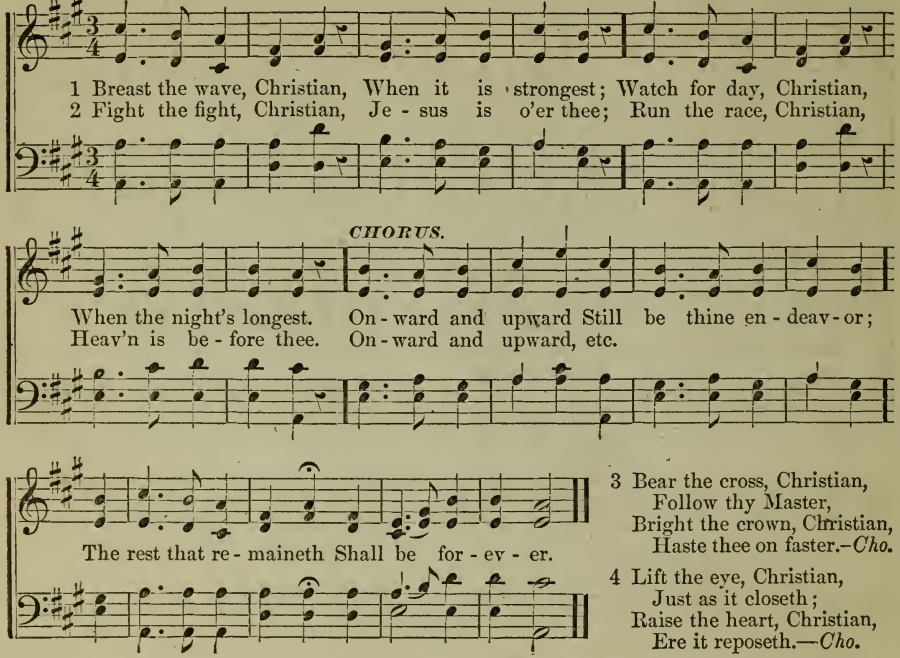
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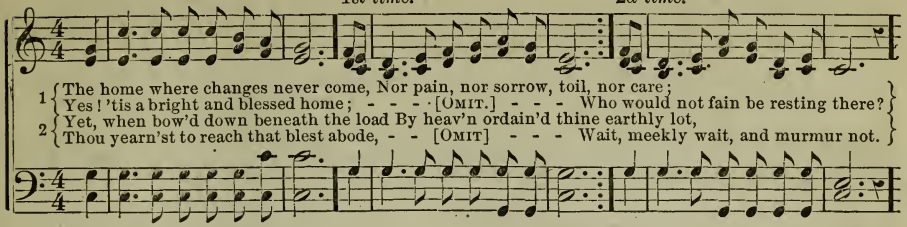


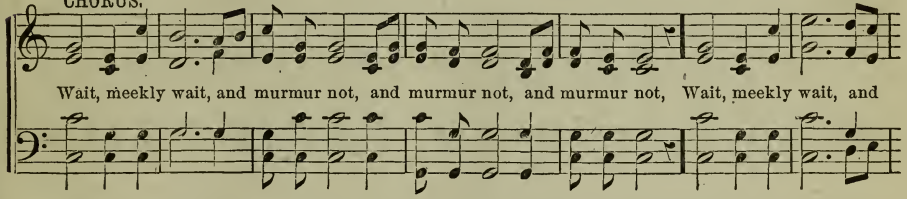
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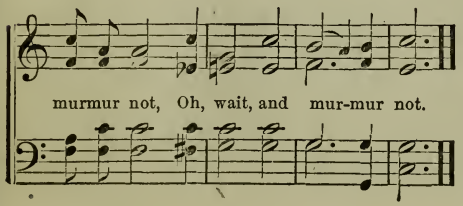
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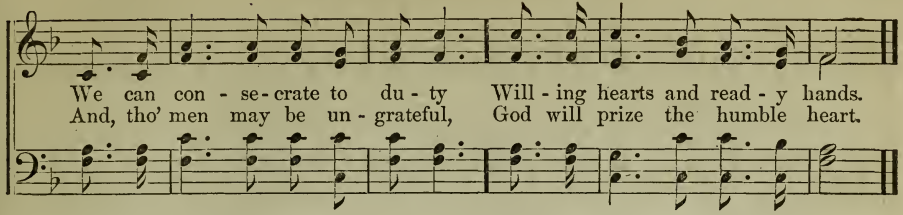
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And, still leaning on the Saviour,
Meekly kiss the chastening rod.

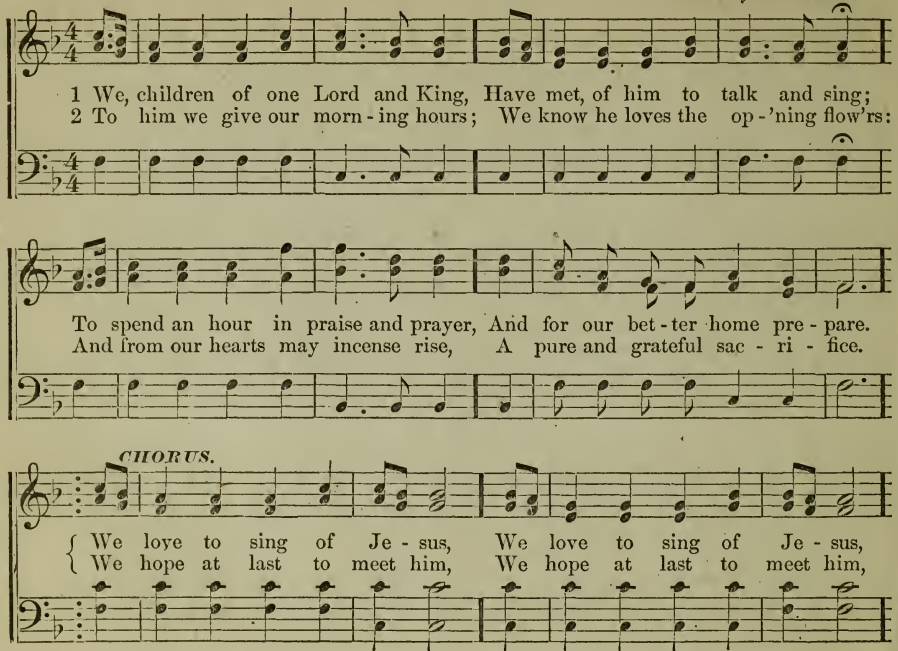
4 If we cannot mount the heavens,
Where no cloud its shadow flings,
Ranging through the bright Elysian,
Soaring on angelic wings,—
We with pilgrim-step can journey,
Onward pressing day by day,
Looking for our Leader's footprints
All along the toilsome way.

5 If we can not read the future,
Whether weal or woe betide,
If within the veil of darkness
Mercy from our vision hide,—
We can understand our mission,
What is here to do or bear;
We can love and help each other,
And the cross with Jesus share.

6 Let us, then, be ever doing;
Day declineth, night is near;
Short the time of toil and suff'ring;
Jesus numbers every tear.
See! the pearly gates are opening;
Lo! the splendor from above;
List to lov'd ones, yonder singing:
Welcome to the land of love!

WE LOVE TO SING OF JESUS.

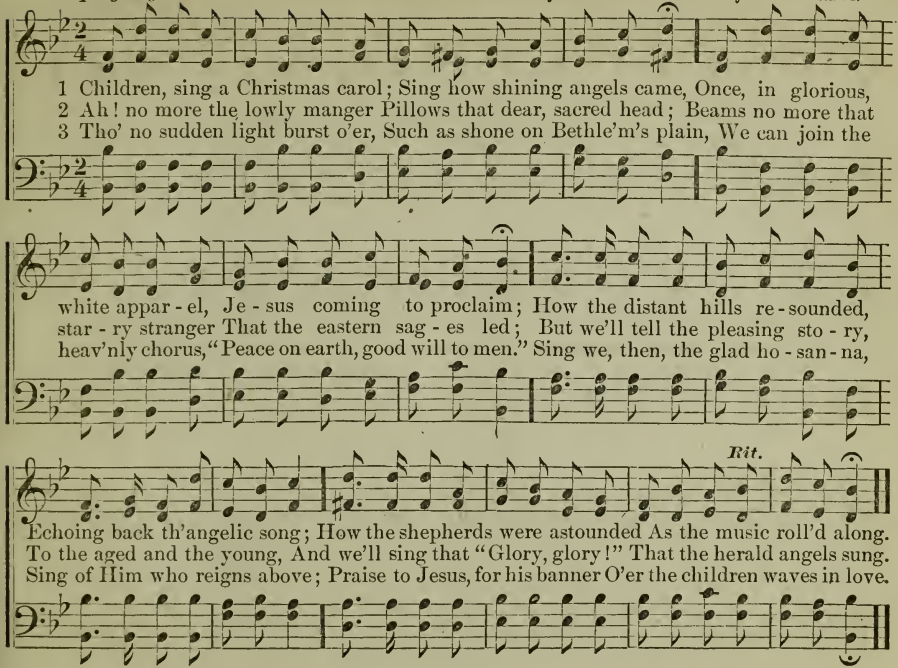
Words by KATE CAMERON.



PRAISE TO JESUS.

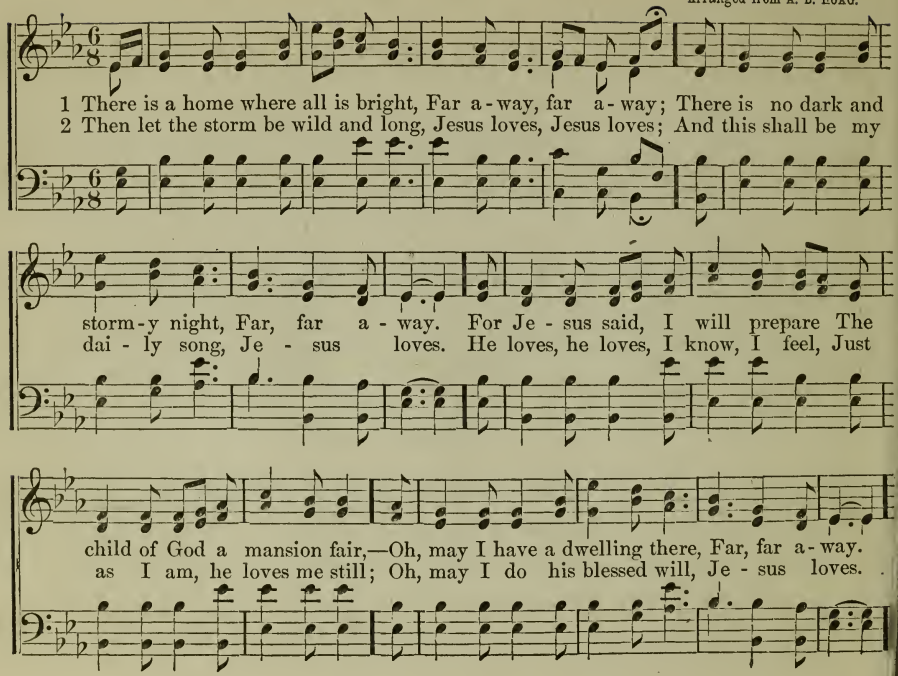
Sprightly.

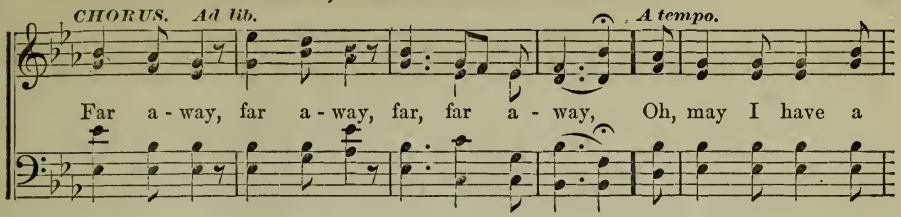
Words by Mrs. F. E. PLATT. Music by M. W. HANCHETT.



FAR, FAR AWAY.

Arranged from A. B. HOAG.

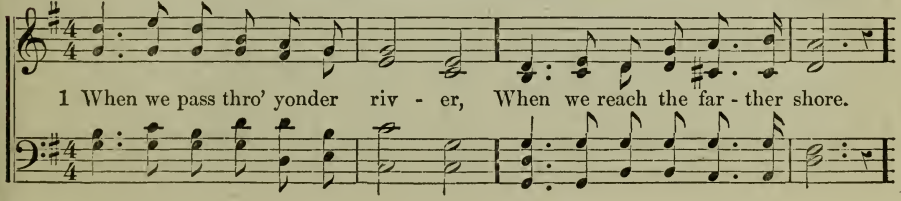


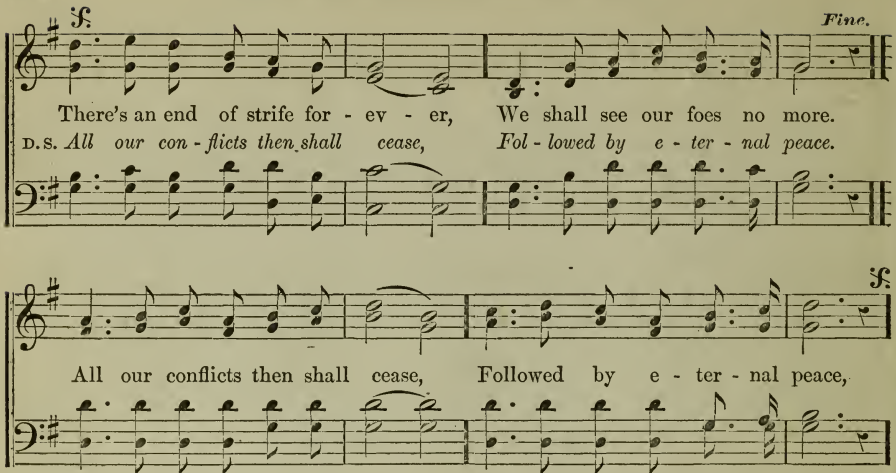


3 And there at home I soon shall be,
Far away, far away,
From care and pain shall soon be free,
Far, far away;
For tears of grief are never known
In that bright world I call my own,
And swiftly I am passing on,
Far, far away.—*Cho.*

THE PEACEFUL SHORE.

A. B. HOAG.

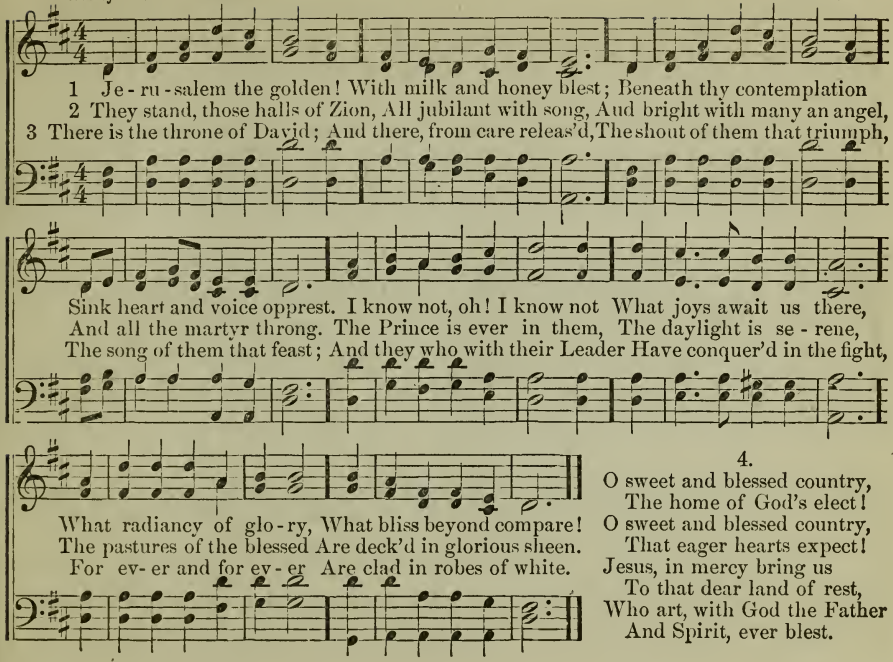




2 When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch that peaceful shore,
Blessed thought! no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more.
‖: Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose. :‖

3 Oh, that hope, how bright, how glorious!
'T is his people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
‖: In his kingdom they shall rest;
In his love be fully blest. :‖

Words by Rev. H. L. JENNER. A. HULL.

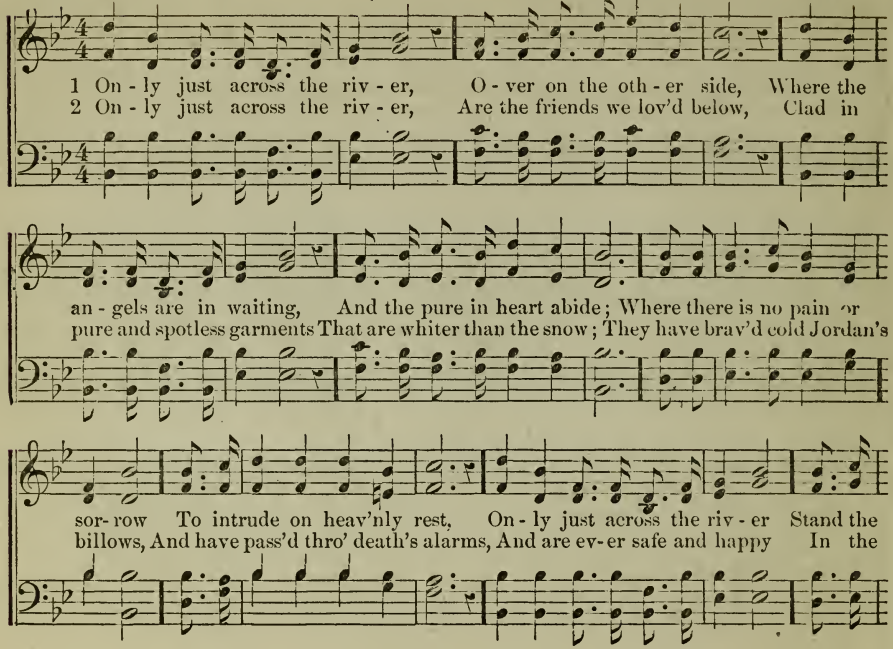


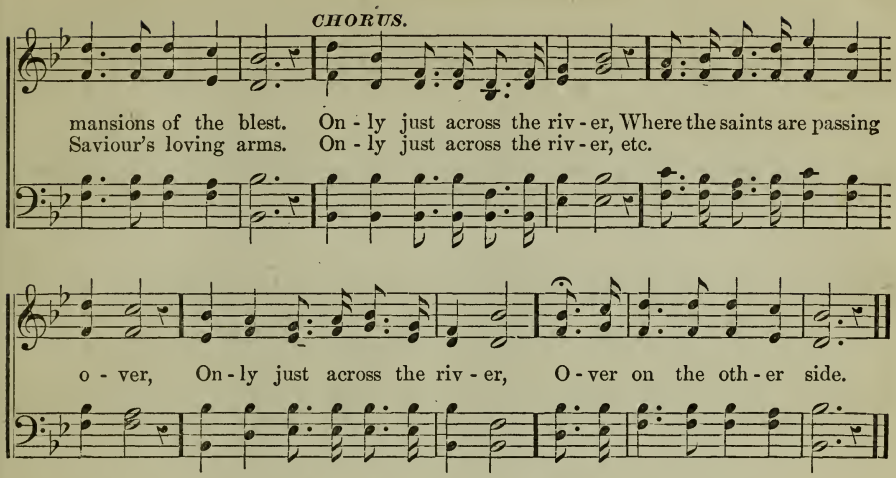
4.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. From "Sabbath Carols." Arr. from W. H. DOANE.





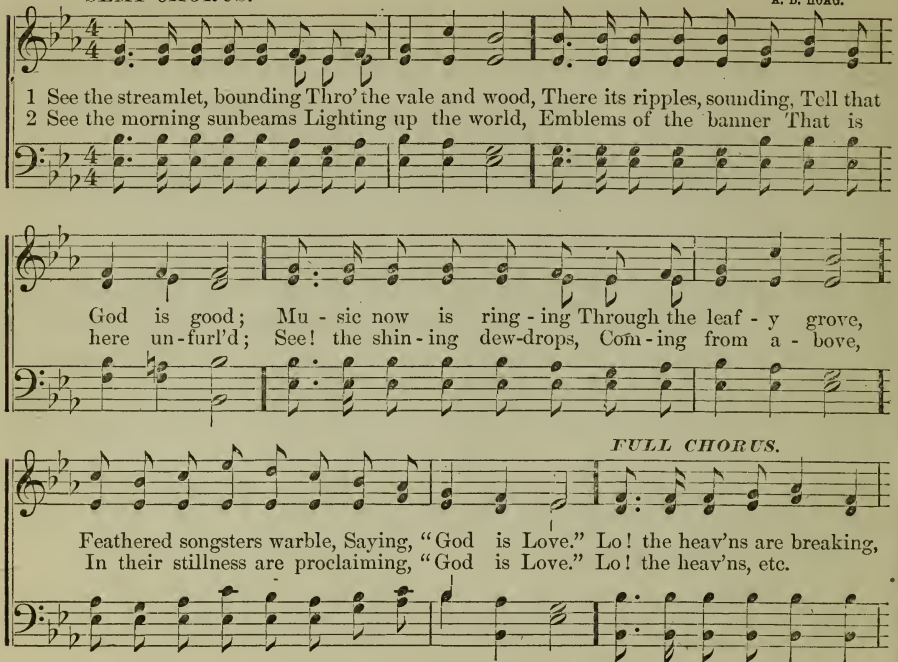
3 Only just across the river,
Where the hills of glory shine,
There the pearly gates stand open
Wide that lead to joys divine:
There the tree of life is blooming,
And the living waters glide,—
Only just across the river,
Over on the other side.—*Cho.*

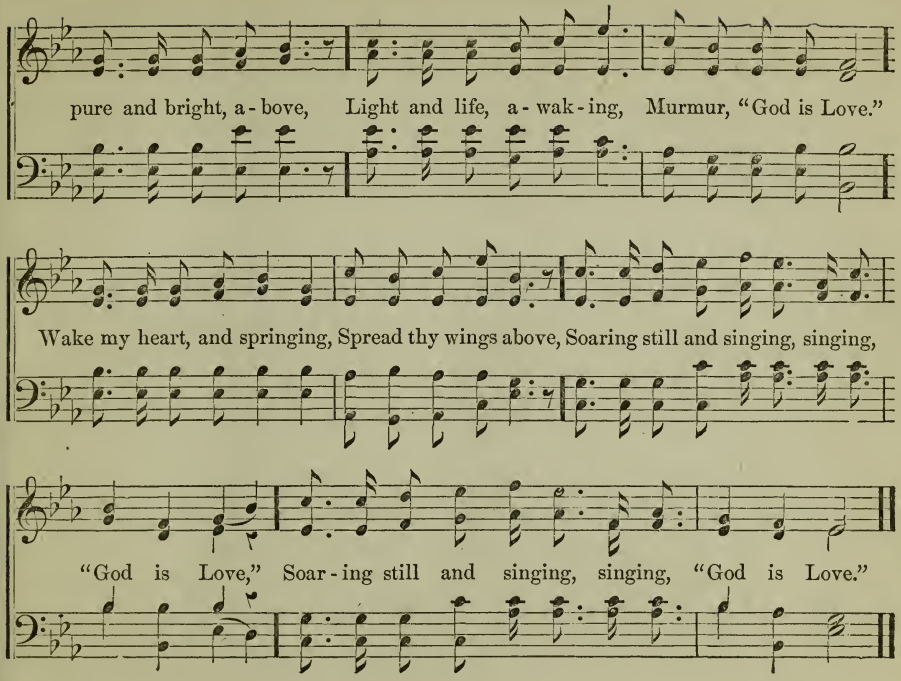
4 Only just across the river
Are the robes of spotless white;
Only just across the river
Are the crowns of glory bright;
And the saints and angels, joining
In the songs with one accord,
Only just across the river,
Sing the praises of the Lord.—*Cho*

GOD IS LOVE.

SEMI-CHORUS.

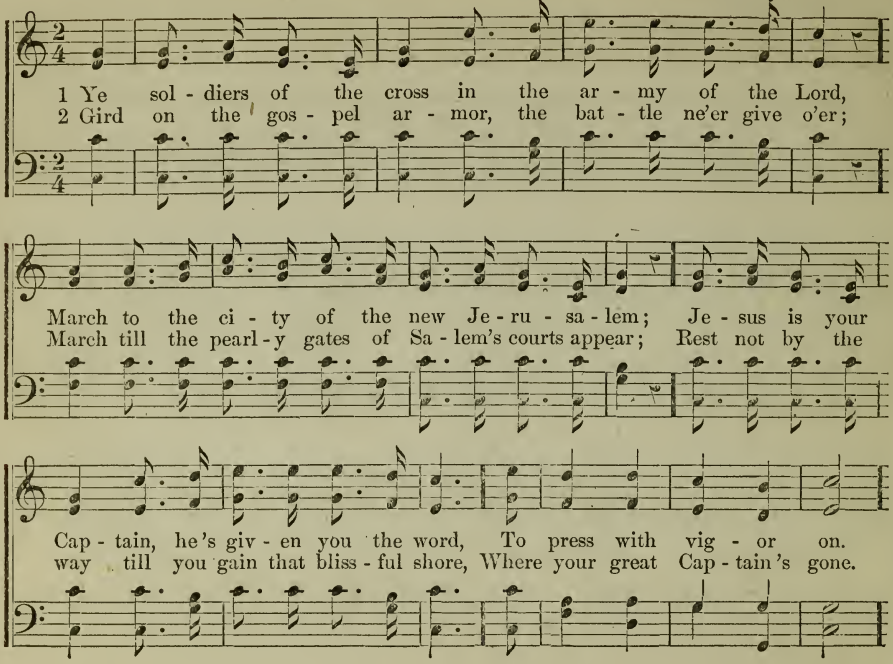
A. B. HOAG.

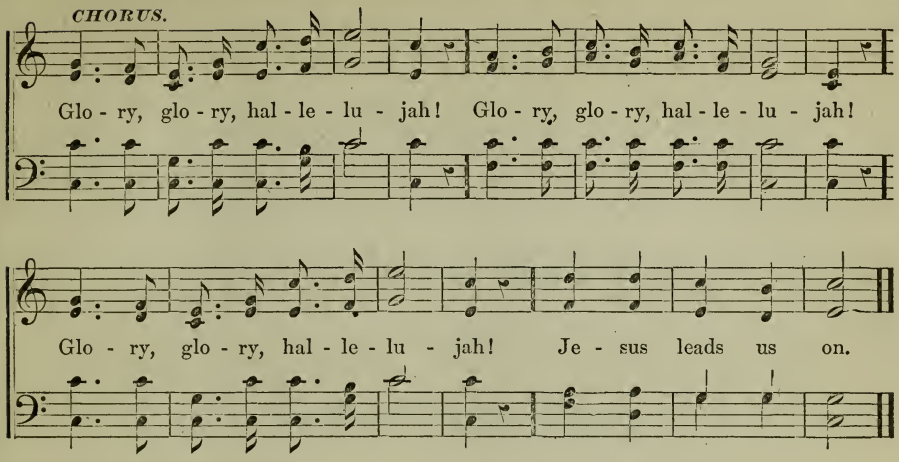



pure and bright, a - bove, Light and life, a - wak - ing, Murmur, "God is Love."
Wake my heart, and springing, Spread thy wings above, Soaring still and singing, singing,
"God is Love," Soar - ing still and singing, singing, "God is Love."

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

Words by A. HULL.





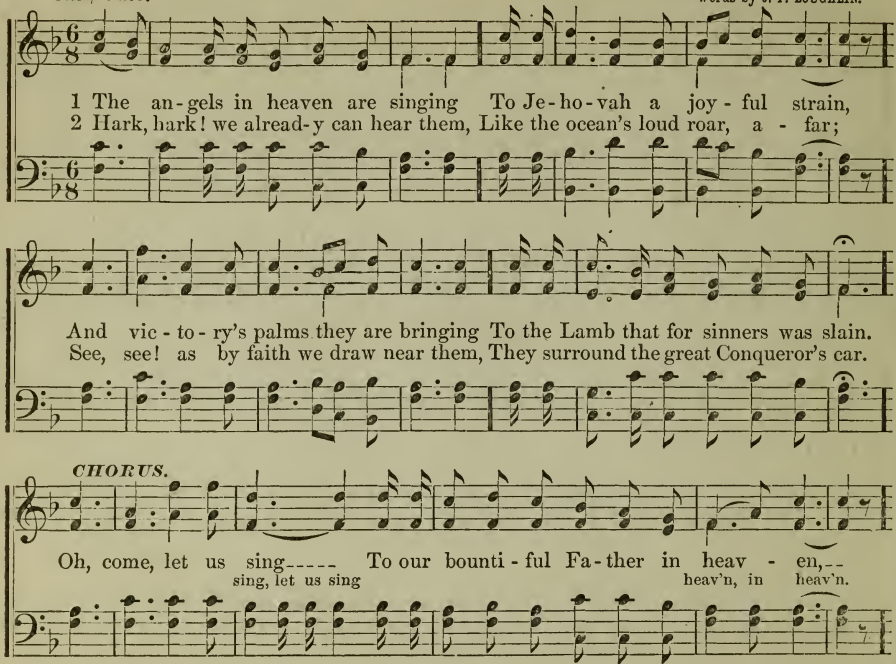
3 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; ever keep thy armor bright;
March on in duty, and thy sure reward shall be
Crowns of dazzling splendor in yonder world of light,
And palms of victory.—*Cho.*

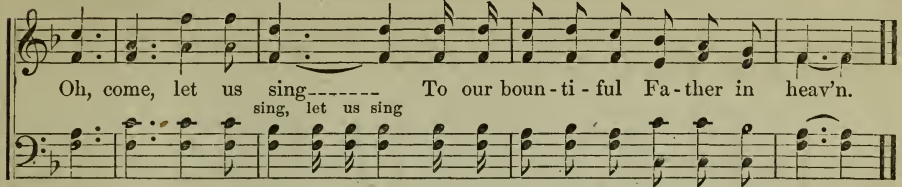
4 Ne'er think the vict'ry won, nor lay thy armor down;
Fight on in faith till thou obtain a starry crown;
Faith, and hope, and love must be ever kept in mind,
Till we arrive at home.—*Cho.*

THE ANGELS IN HEAVEN ARE SINGING.

Moderato.

Words by J. F. LOUGHLIN.





3 Behold! we, the heirs of temptation,
The repriev'd from the scourging flood,
The chosen of God to salvation,
Are redeem'd by Immanuel's blood.
Oh, come, etc.

4 Then let us together our voices
In sweet harmony now upraise,
While nature with heaven rejoices,
And the Lord of the universe praise.
Oh, come, etc.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

1 In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour 's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

Cho.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
By the green fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.—*Cho.*

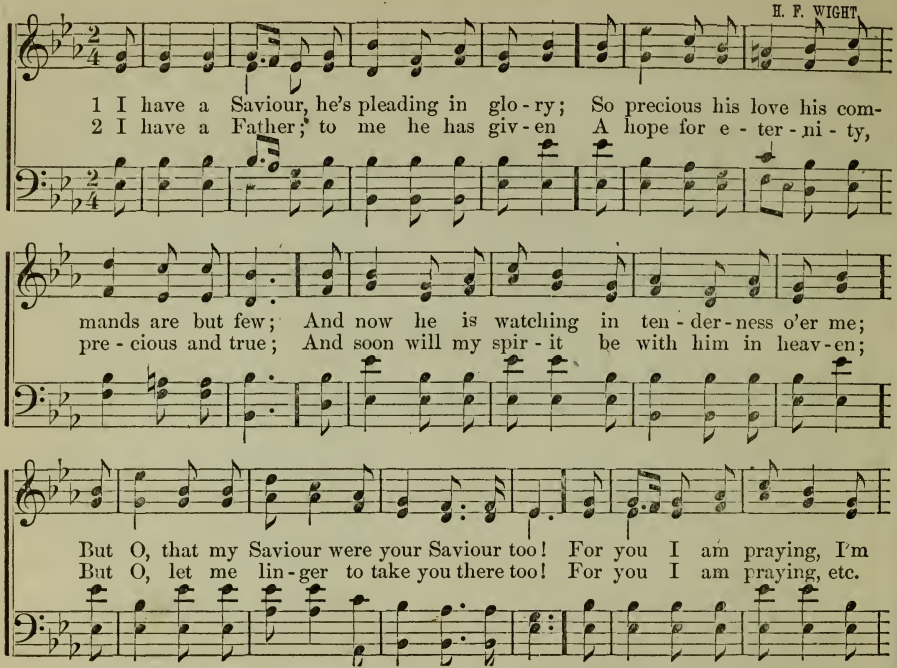
3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.—*Cho.*

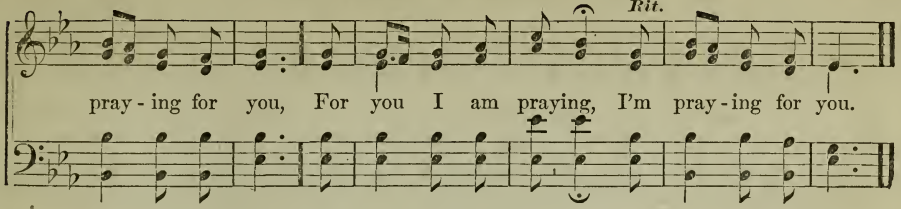
4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.—*Cho.*

5 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance thro'.—*Cho.*

I'M PRAYING FOR YOU.

H. F. WIGHT.





3 I have a harp in those regions all glorious—
Away, far away, in that ocean of blue,
And there shall it breathe out its music melodious;
But O, could I know one was tuning for you!—For you, etc.

4 I have a crown—and I'll wear it forever—
Encircled with jewels of heavenly hue:
'Twas purchased by Jesus, my glorified Saviour;
But O, could I know one was purchased for you!—For you, etc.

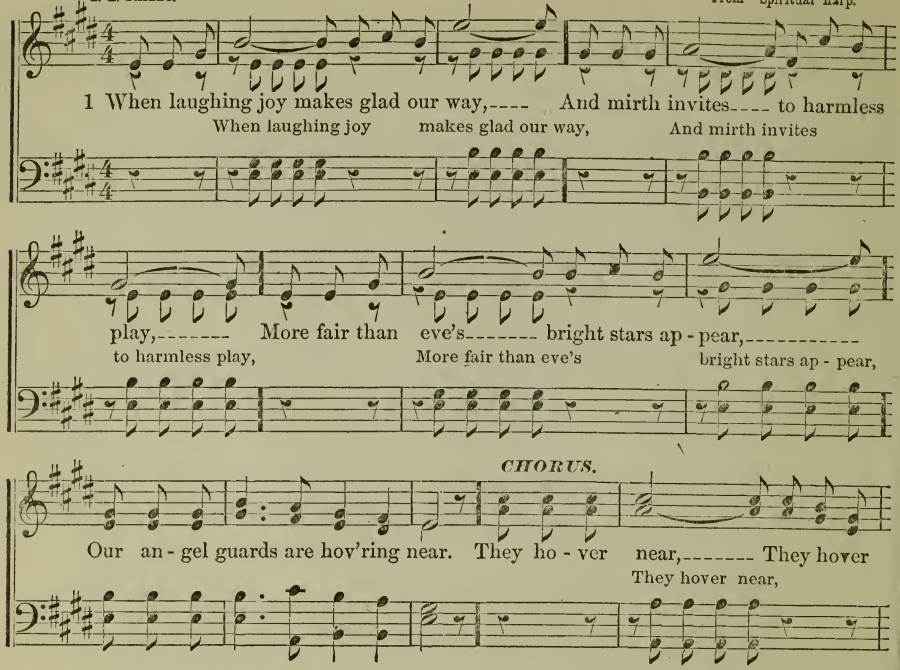
5 I have have a robe—'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
O, when I'll receive it, all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!—For you, etc.

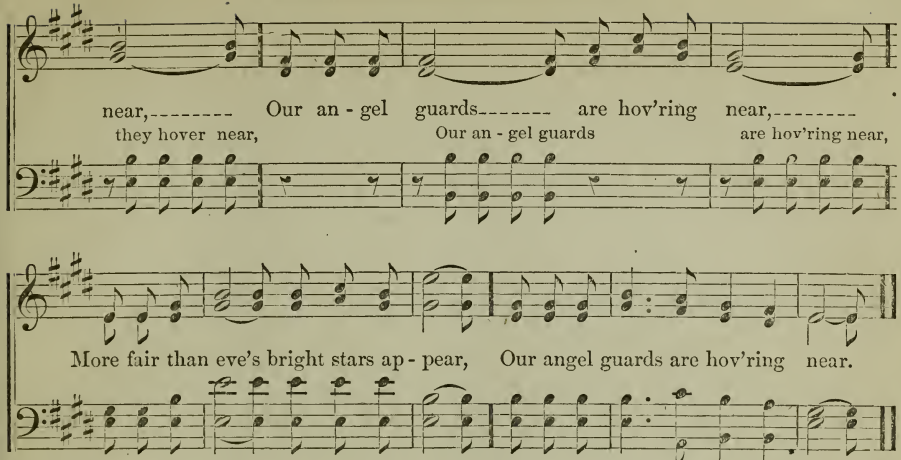
6 I have a rest, and the earnest is given,
Though now for a time 'tis concealed from my view;
'Tis life everlasting—'tis Jesus—'tis heaven;
And O, dearest friend, let me meet you there too!—For you, etc.

7 I have a Peace, and it's "calm as a river,"
A peace that a friend of the world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver;
But O, that I knew it was given to you!—For you, etc.

ANGEL GUARDIANS.

E. H. BAILEY. From "Spiritual Harp."





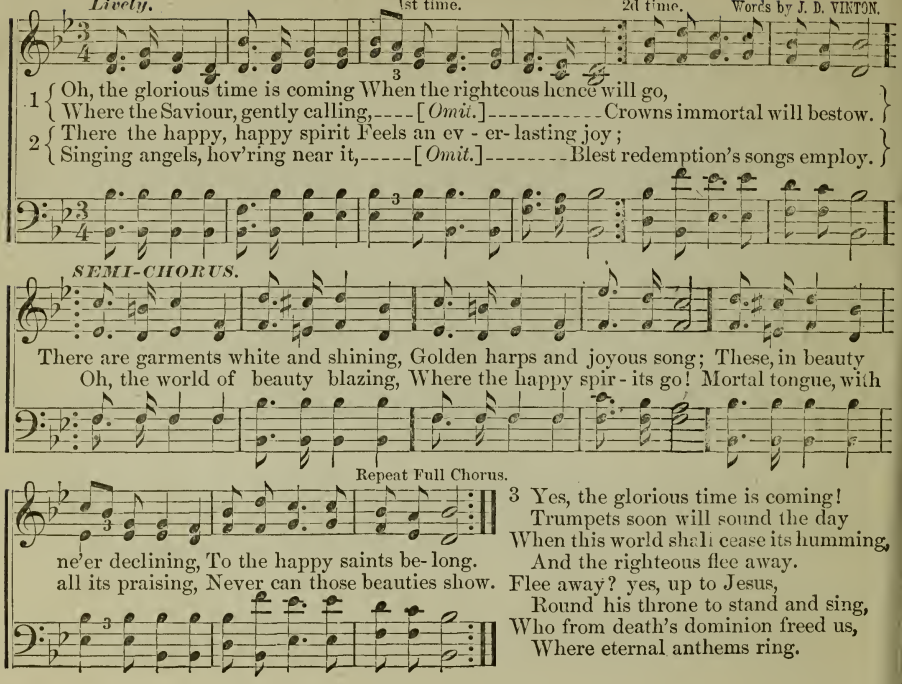
2 When dark despair doth rule the hour,
And make us feel its gloomy power,
Our guardians come in sympathy,
To set us from our bondage free.

Cho.—They hover near, they hover near,
Our angel guards are hov'ring near,
More fair than eve's bright stars appear,
Our angel guards are hov'ring near.

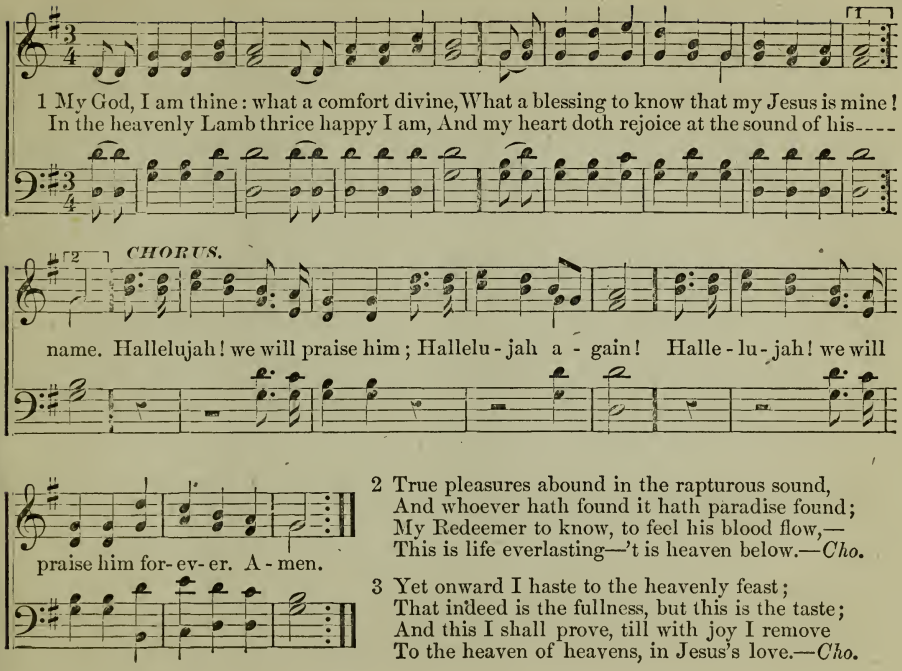
3 With blessings to each earthly home,
These messengers of heaven come,
Inspiring thoughts of higher life,
Free from all sorrow, fear, and strife.

Cho.—They hover near, they hover near,
Our angel guards are hov'ring near,
More fair than eve's bright stars appear,
Our angel guards are hov'ring near.

THE GLORIOUS TIME COMING.



3 Yes, the glorious time is coming!
Trumpets soon will sound the day
When this world shall cease its humming,
And the righteous flee away.
Flee away? yes, up to Jesus,
Round his throne to stand and sing,
Who from death's dominion freed us,
Where eternal anthems ring.



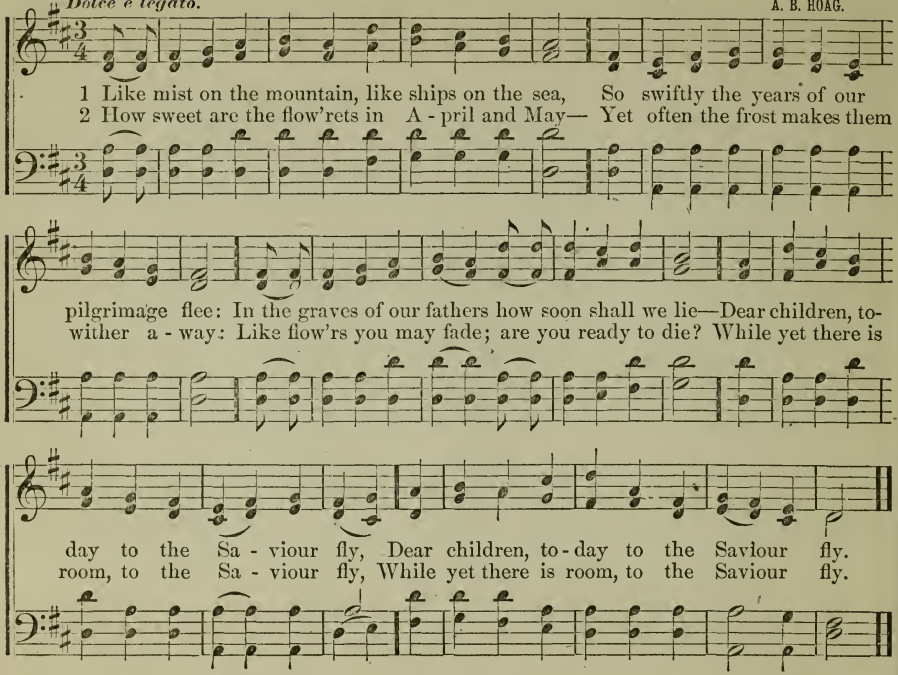
2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And whoever hath found it hath paradise found;
My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,—
This is life everlasting—'t is heaven below.—*Cho.*

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fullness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens, in Jesus's love.—*Cho.*

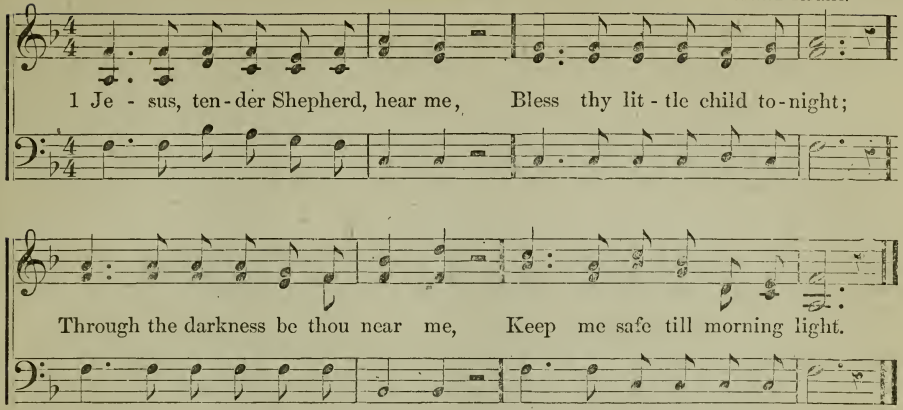
TO THE SAVIOUR FLY.

Dolce e legato.

A. B. HOAG.



GEORGE LYDIATT.



2 Through this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast cloth'd and warm'd and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

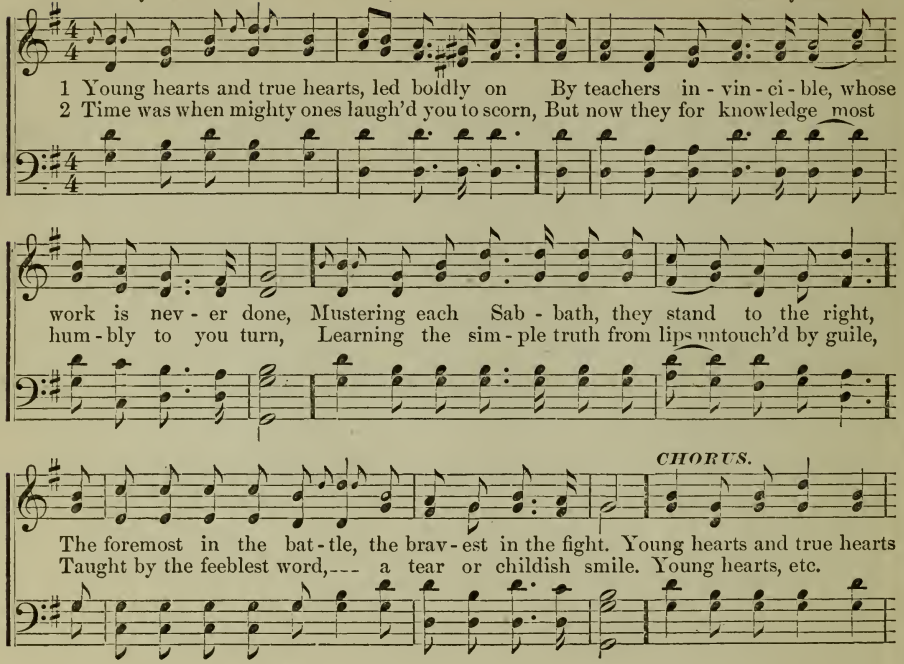
3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love as well;
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

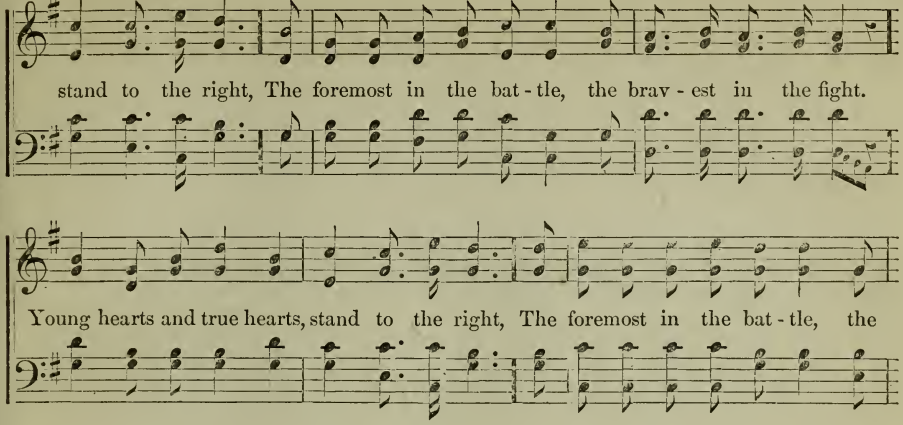
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3 Do you ask me for pleasure? then lean on his breast,
For there the sin-laden and weary find rest;
In the valley of death you in triumph will cry,
‖: "If this be called dying, 't is pleasant to die!" :‖

STAND TO THE RIGHT.

Words by B. A. PERRIGO. Music by FONDO.

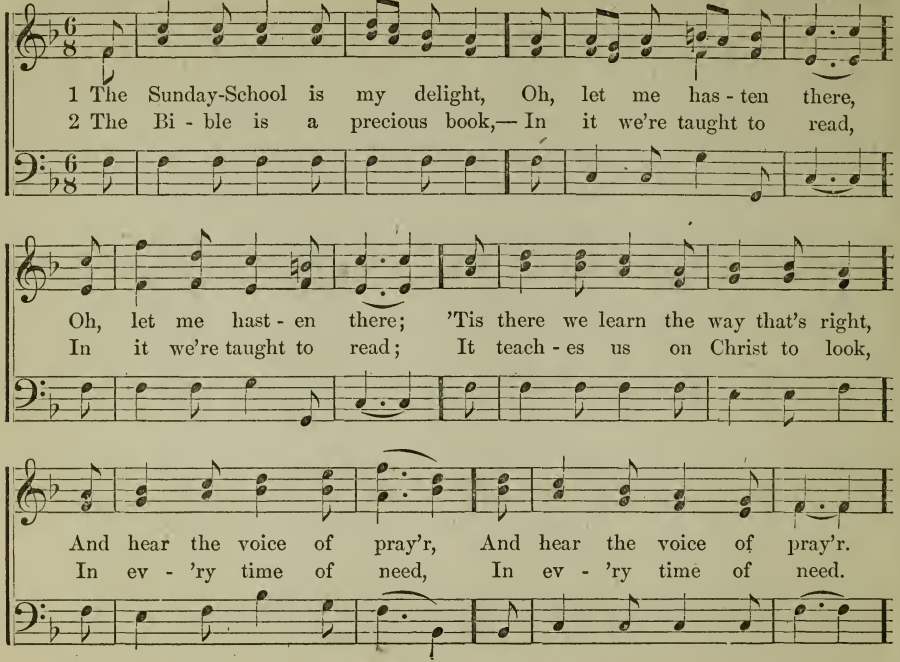


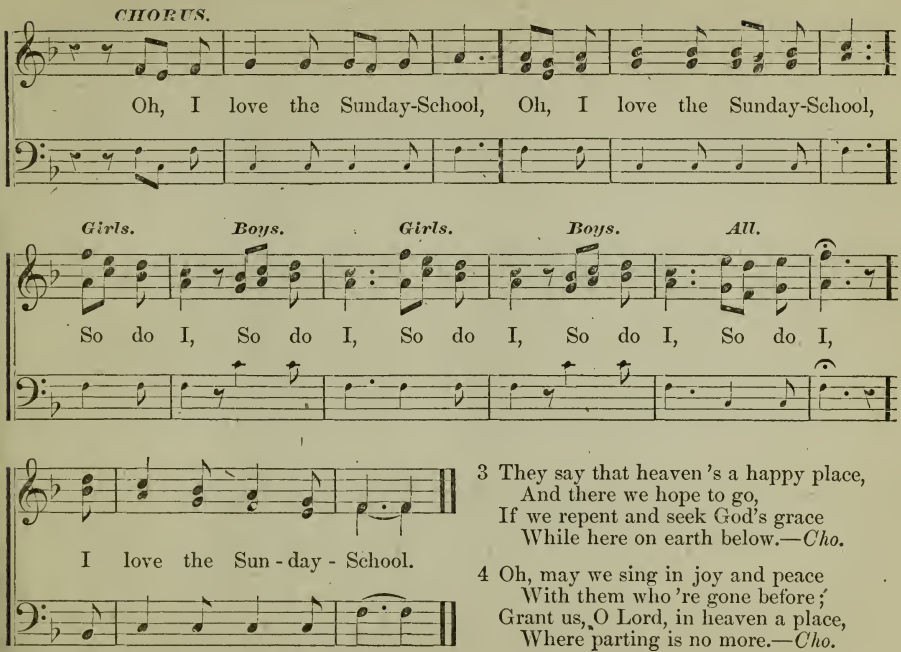


3 Little ones, whom Jesus loved when here below,
Patterns for the mockers thy virtues he did show,
When to the murm'ring crowd he mildly, sweetly said,
Suffer them to come to me, of such is heaven made.–*Cho.*

4 Still by the Saviour stand; work for his cause,
With love on your banner, the crown and shining cross,
And mottoes that will brighter grow, tho' years decay:
In God our strength, in God our trust, when time shall pass away.—*Cho.*

Cheerfully. GEORGE LYDIATT.



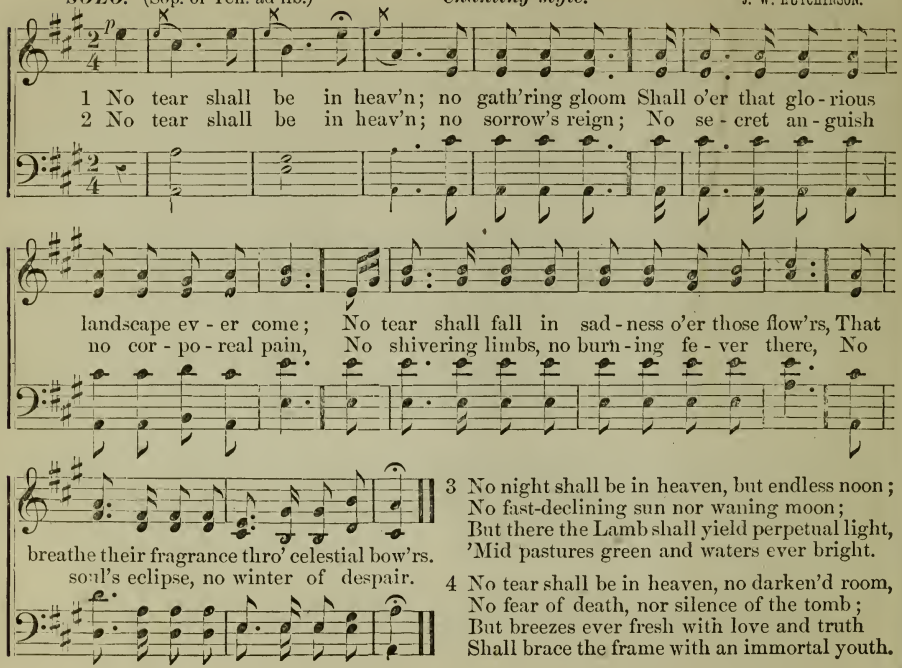


3 They say that heaven 's a happy place,
And there we hope to go,
If we repent and seek God's grace
While here on earth below.—*Cho.*

4 Oh, may we sing in joy and peace
With them who 're gone before;
Grant us, O Lord, in heaven a place,
Where parting is no more.—*Cho.*

NO TEAR IN HEAVEN.

SOLO. (Sop. or Ten. ad lib.) *Chanting style.* J. W. EUTCHINSON.



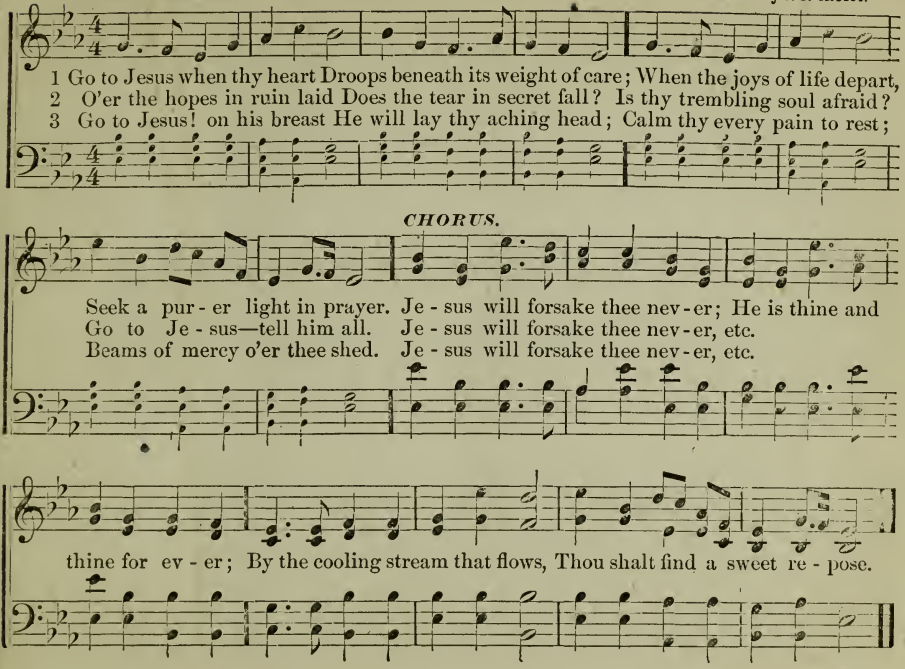
3 No night shall be in heaven, but endless noon;
No fast-declining sun nor waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green and waters ever bright.

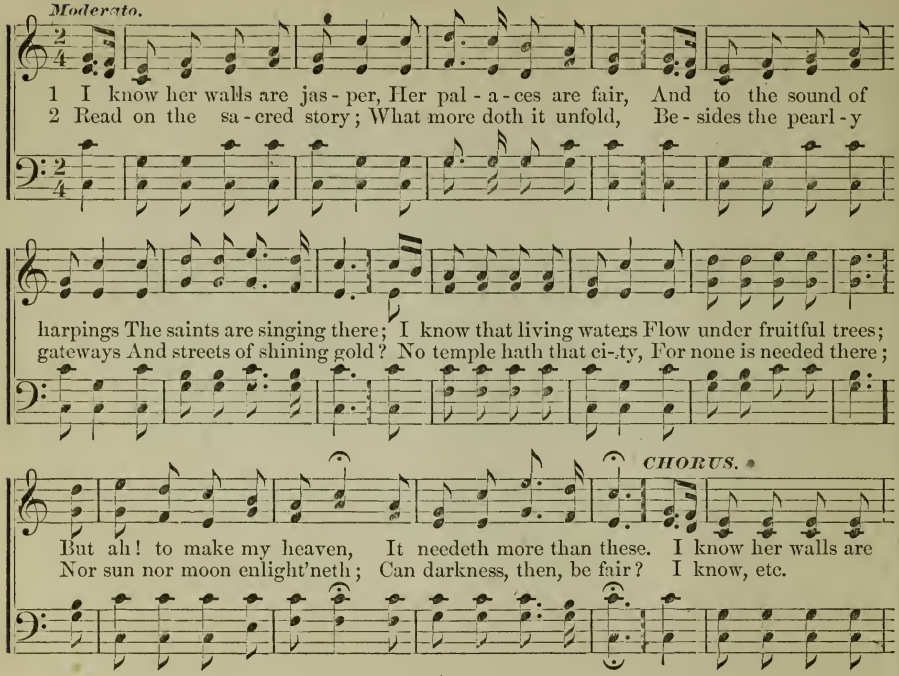
4 No tear shall be in heaven, no darken'd room,
No fear of death, nor silence of the tomb;
But breezes ever fresh with love and truth
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

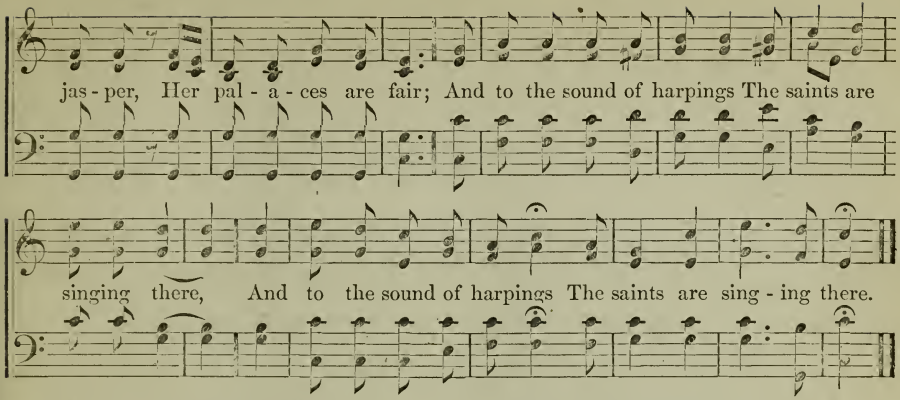
GO TO JESUS.

SOLO. Andante.

Music by J. P. TRUITT.




Moderato.
1 I know her walls are jas - per, Her pal - a - ces are fair, And to the sound of
2 Read on the sa - cred story; What more doth it unfold, Be - sides the pearl - y
harpings The saints are singing there; I know that living waters Flow under fruitful trees;
gateways And streets of shining gold? No temple hath that ci-ty, For none is needed there;
CHORUS.
But ah! to make my heaven, It needeth more than these. I know her walls are
Nor sun nor moon enlight'neth; Can darkness, then, be fair? I know, etc.



3 Ah! now the glad revealing,
The crowning joy of all;
What need of other sunlight,
Where God is all in all?
He fills the wide ethereal
With glory all his own,
He whom my soul adoreth—
The Lamb amid the throne.—*Cho.*

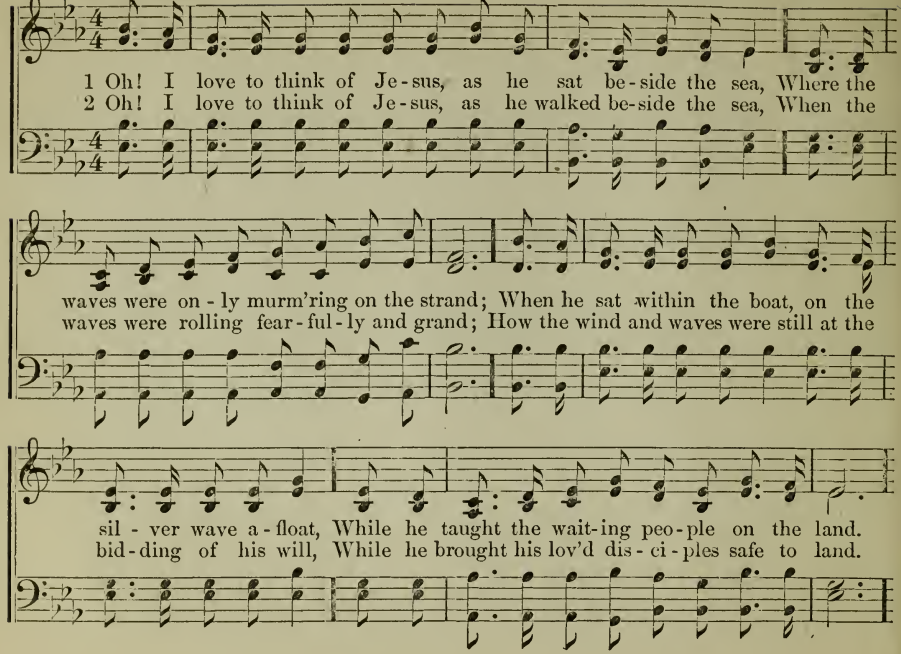
4 Oh, heaven without my Saviour
Would be no heaven to me;
Dark were the walls of jasper,
Rayless the crystal sea;
He gilds earth's darkest valley
With light and joy and peace;
What, then, must be the radiance
When night and death shall cease?—*Cho.*

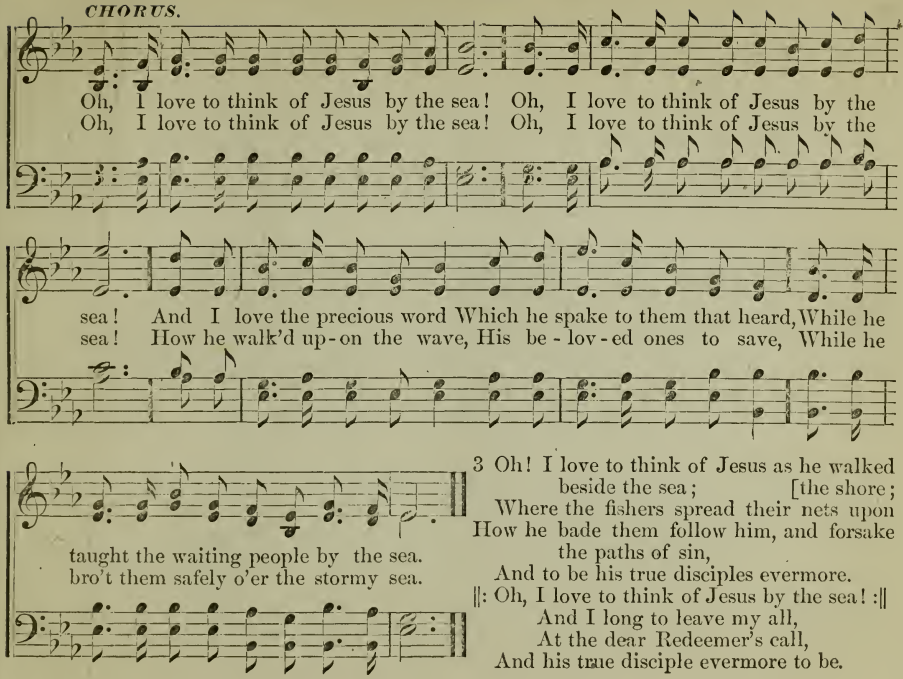
5 Speed on, O lagging moments!
Come, birthday of the soul!
How long the night appeareth;
The hours, how slow they roll!
How sweet the welcome summons
That greets the willing bride!
And when my eyes behold him,
I shall be satisfied.—*Cho.*

JESUS BY THE SEA.

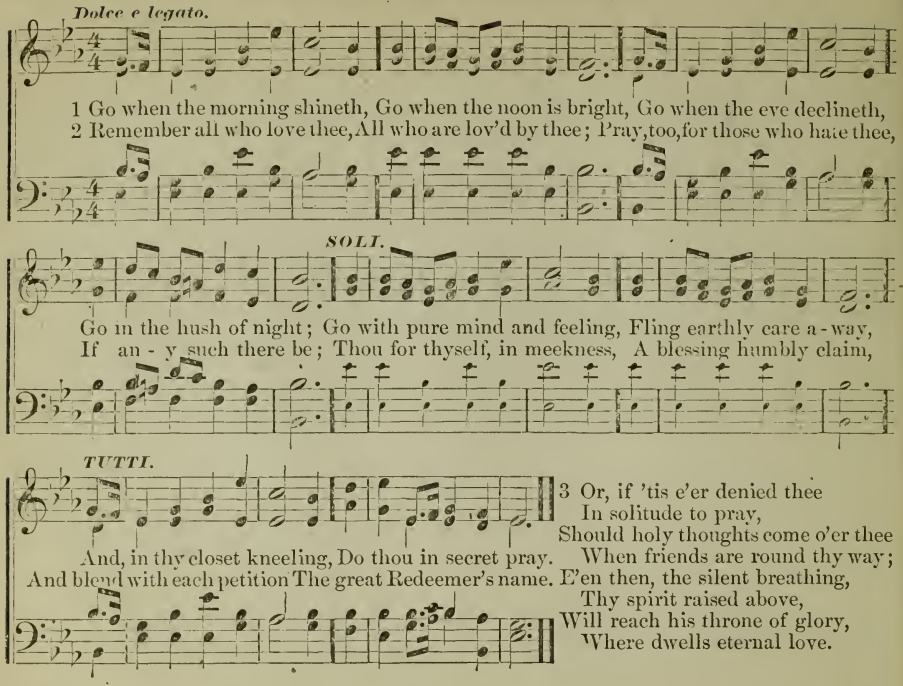
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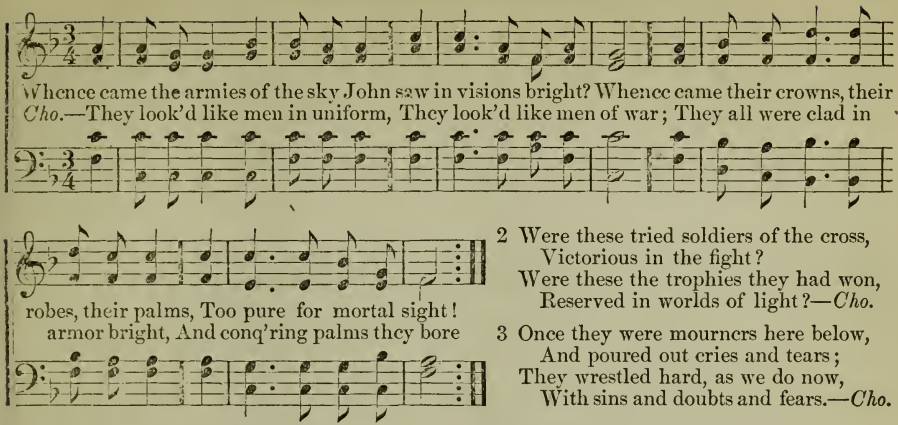
From "Chapel Gems." G. F. ROOT.





3 Oh! I love to think of Jesus as he walked
beside the sea; [the shore;
Where the fishers spread their nets upon
How he bade them follow him, and forsake
the paths of sin,
And to be his true disciples evermore.
‖: Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea! :‖
And I long to leave my all,
At the dear Redeemer's call,
And his true disciple evermore to be.


Dolce e legato.
1 Go when the morning shineth, Go when the noon is bright, Go when the eve declineth,
2 Remember all who love thee, All who are lov'd by thee; Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
SOLI.
Go in the hush of night; Go with pure mind and feeling, Fling earthly care a - way,
If an - y such there be; Thou for thyself, in meekness, A blessing humbly claim,
TUTTI.
And, in thy closet kneeling, Do thou in secret pray.
And blend with each petition The great Redeemer's name.
3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way;
E'en then, the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.



2 Were these tried soldiers of the cross,
Victorious in the fight?
Were these the trophies they had won,
Reserved in worlds of light?—*Cho.*

3 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.—*Cho.*

4 They saw the star of Bethlehem
Arise in splendor bright;
They followed long its guiding ray,
Till beamed a clearer light.—*Cho.*

5 From desert waste and cities full,
From dungeons dark they've come,
And now they claim their mansion fair;
They've found their long sought home.—*Cho.*

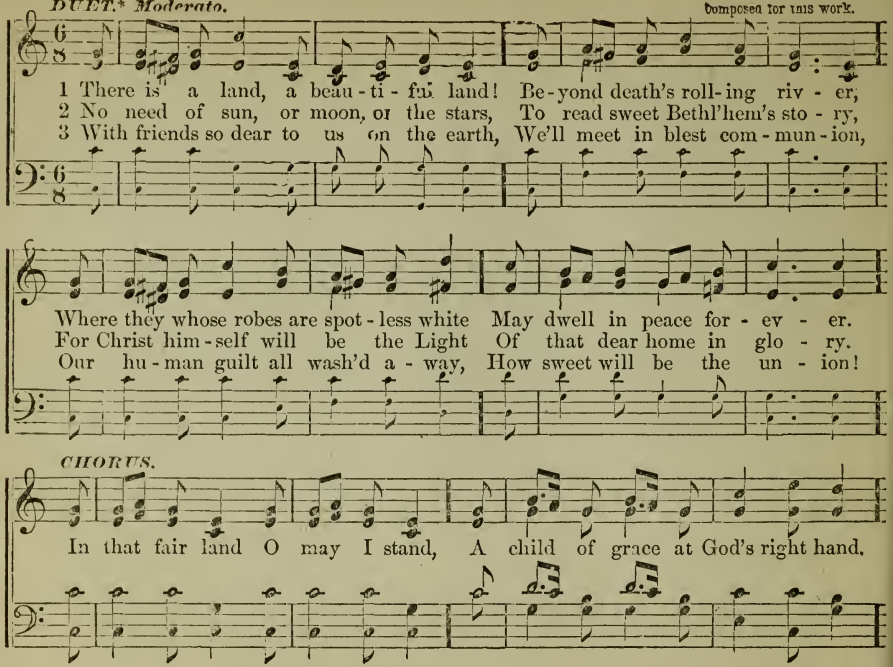
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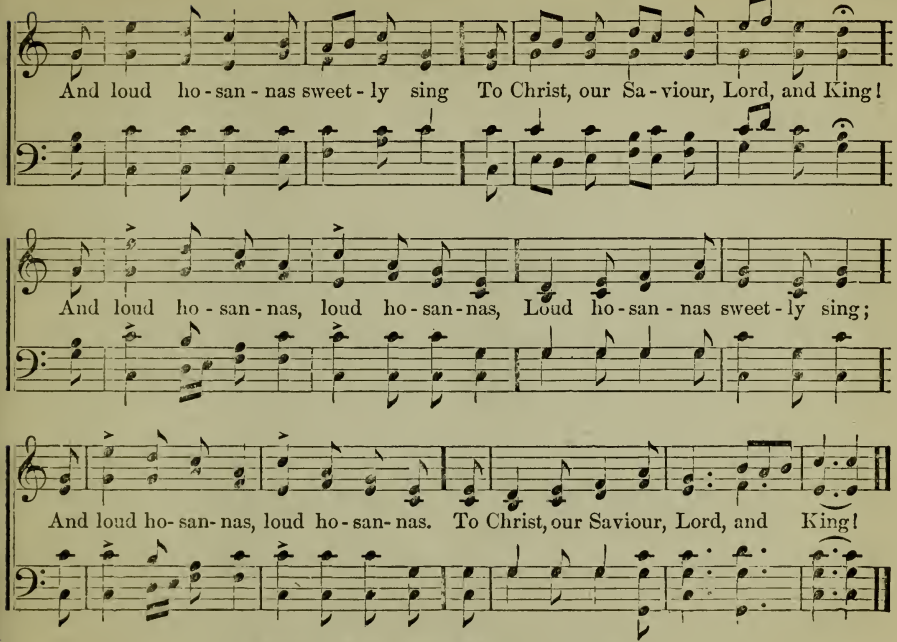
*Second Chorus.**

Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me!

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
Cho.—Help me, etc.

* May be used with any appropriate common metre hymn.

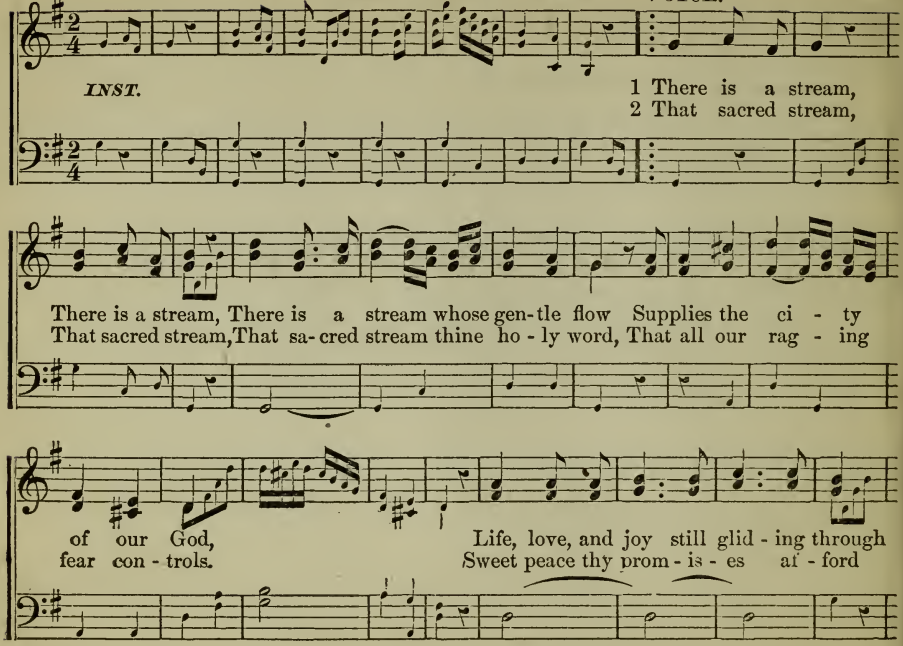

DUET.* Moderato.
Composed for this work.
1 There is a land, a beau - ti - ful land! Be - yond death's roll - ing riv - er,
2 No need of sun, or moon, or the stars, To read sweet Bethl'hem's sto - ry,
3 With friends so dear to us on the earth, We'll meet in blest com - mun - ion,
Where they whose robes are spot - less white May dwell in peace for - ev - er.
For Christ him - self will be the Light Of that dear home in glo - ry.
Our hu - man guilt all wash'd a - way, How sweet will be the un - ion!
CHORUS.
In that fair land O may I stand, A child of grace at God's right hand.

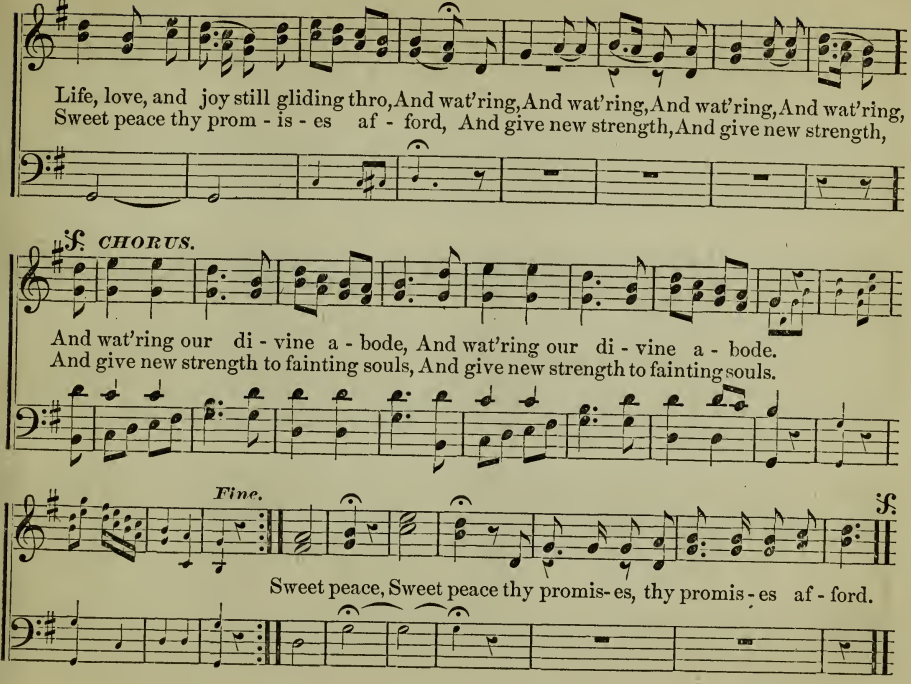


* First four lines may be sung as a Solo or Quartette.

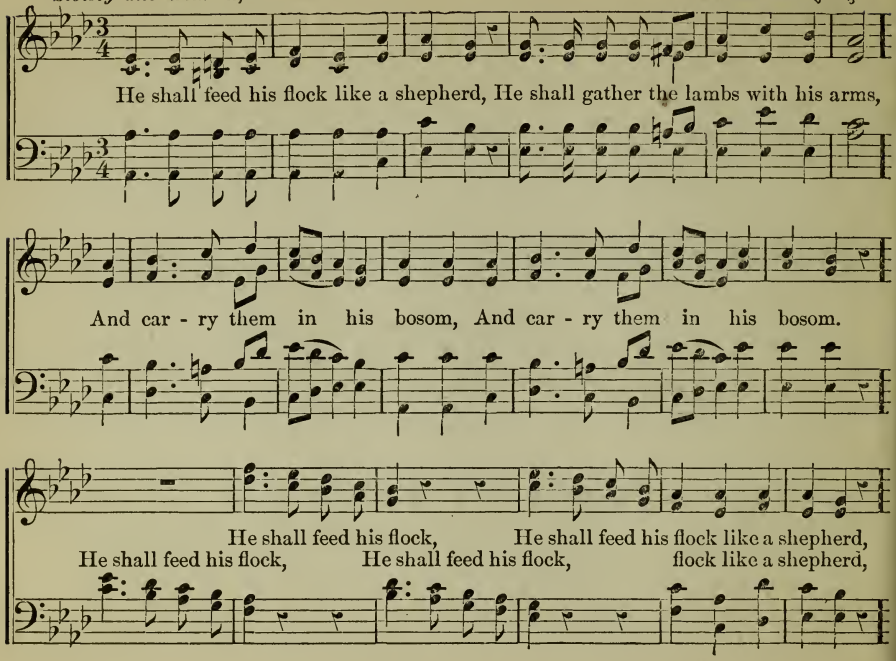
"THERE IS A STREAM."

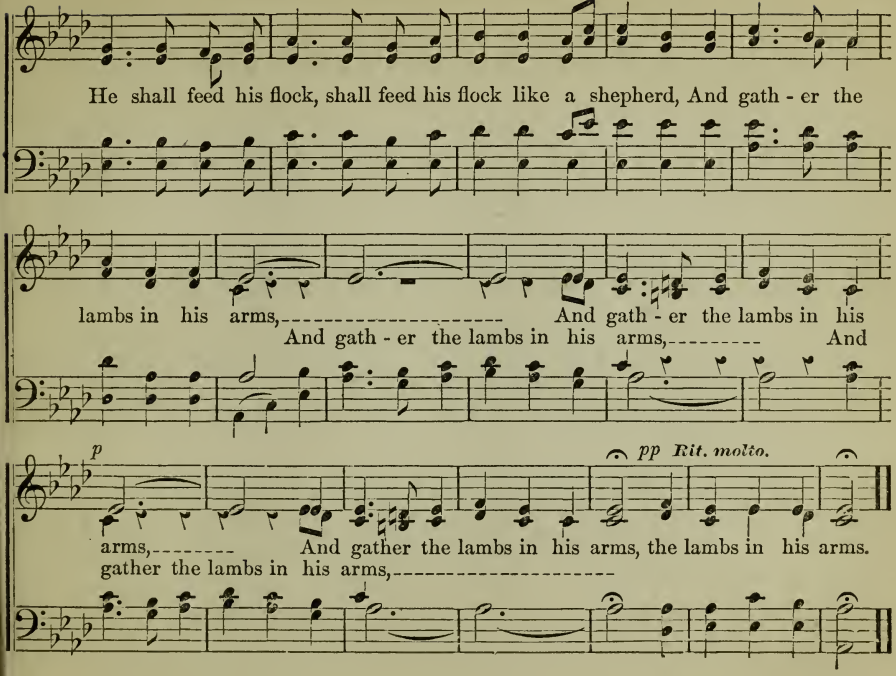
Duet and Chorus, arranged for this work.



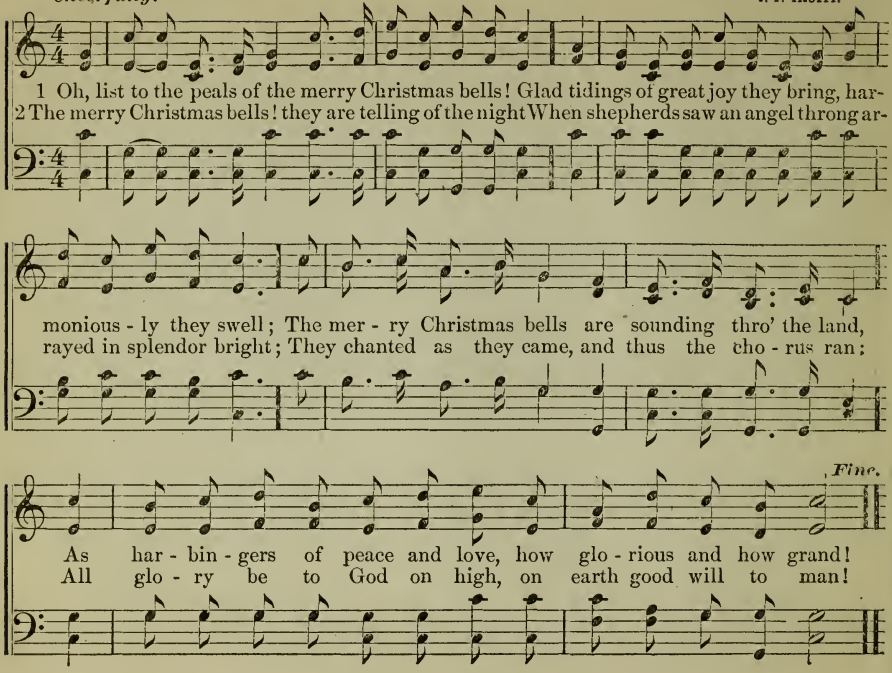

Life, love, and joy still gliding thro, And wat'ring, And wat'ring, And wat'ring, And wat'ring,
Sweet peace thy prom - is - es af - ford, And give new strength, And give new strength,
f. CHORUS.
And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode, And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.
And give new strength to fainting souls, And give new strength to fainting souls.
Fine.
f.
Sweet peace, Sweet peace thy promis- es, thy promis - es af - ford.

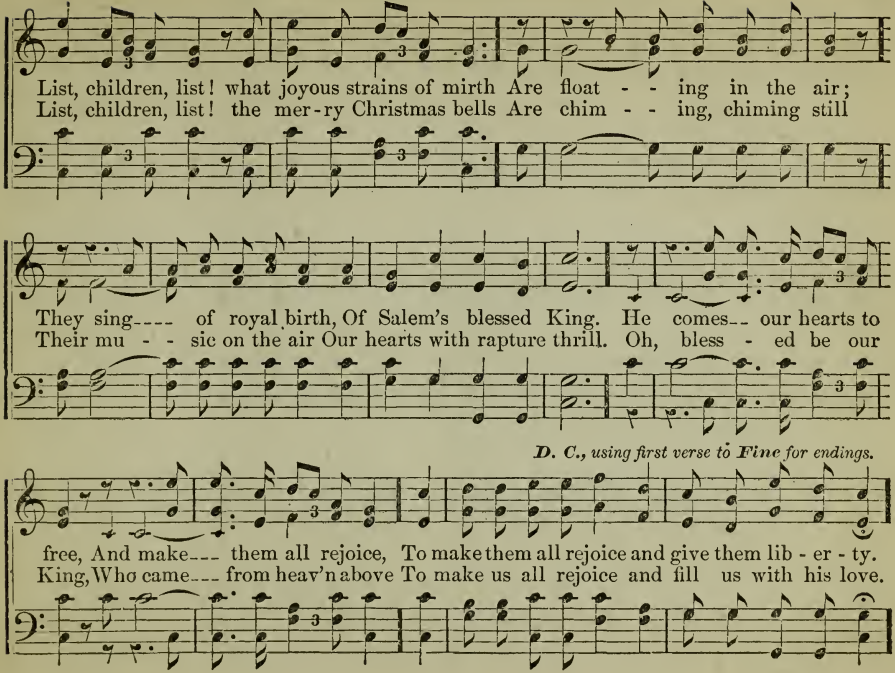
Slowly and with expression From Anthem Thanksgiving.




He shall feed his flock, shall feed his flock like a shepherd, And gath - er the
lambs in his arms,---------- And gath - er the lambs in his
And gath - er the lambs in his arms,---------- And
p
pp Rit. molto.
arms,---------- And gather the lambs in his arms, the lambs in his arms.
gather the lambs in his arms,----------

Cheerfully. J. P. TRUITT.

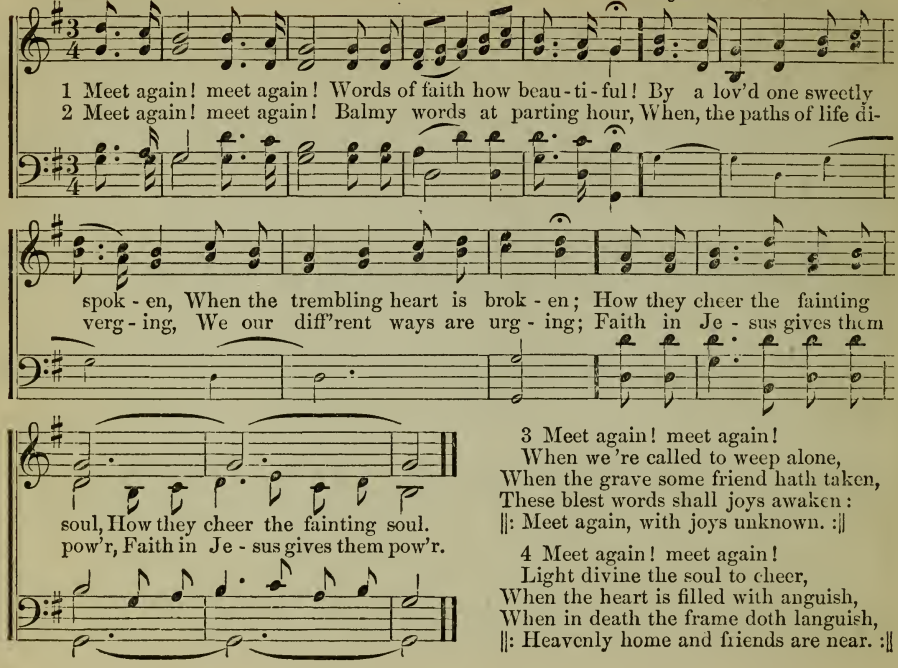



List, children, list! what joyous strains of mirth Are float - - ing in the air;
List, children, list! the mer-ry Christmas bells Are chim - - ing, chiming still
They sing---- of royal birth, Of Salem's blessed King. He comes-- our hearts to
Their mu - - sic on the air Our hearts with rapture thrill. Oh, bless - ed be our
D. C., using first verse to Fine for endings.
free, And make--- them all rejoice, To make them all rejoice and give them lib - er - ty.
King, Who came--- from heav'n above To make us all rejoice and fill us with his love.

PARTING WORDS.

With expression.

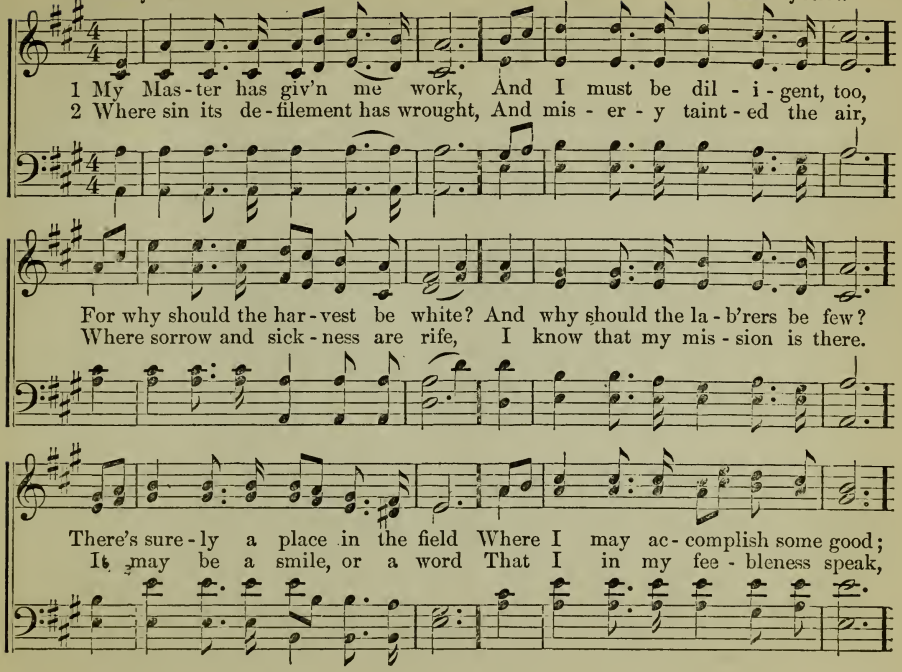
Arranged from "New Lute of Zion."

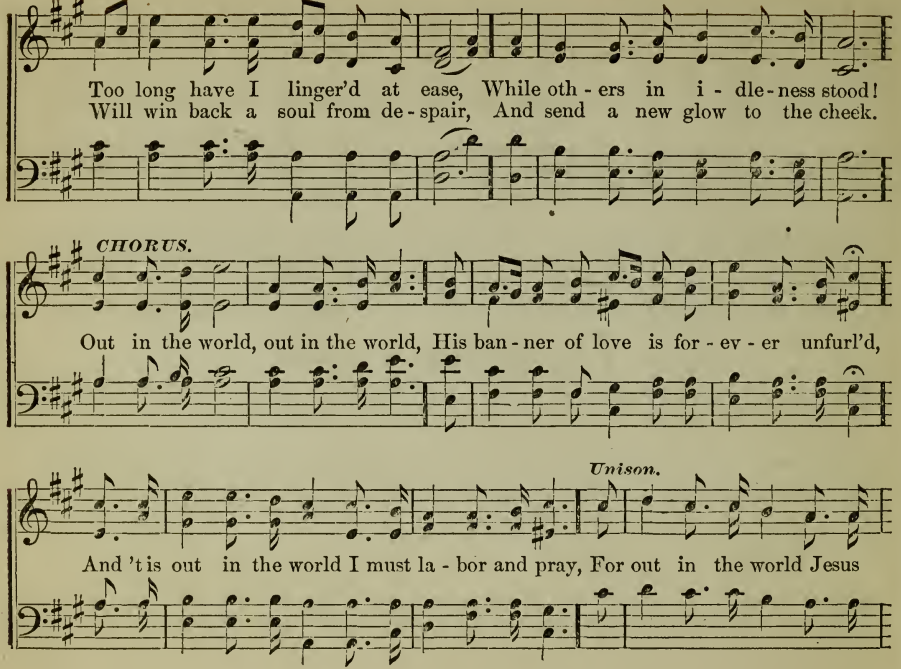


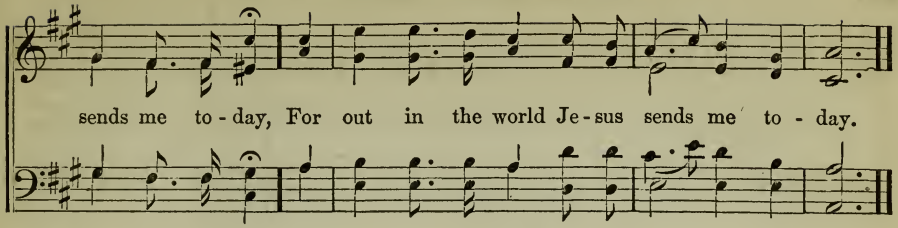
3 Meet again! meet again!
When we're called to weep alone,
When the grave some friend hath taken,
These blest words shall joys awaken:
‖: Meet again, with joys unknown. :‖

4 Meet again! meet again!
Light divine the soul to cheer,
When the heart is filled with anguish,
When in death the frame doth languish,
‖: Heavenly home and friends are near. :‖

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Music by FONDO.




Too long have I linger'd at ease, While oth - ers in i - dle - ness stood!
Will win back a soul from de - spair, And send a new glow to the cheek.
CHORUS.
Out in the world, out in the world, His ban - ner of love is for - ev - er unfurl'd,
Unison.
And 't is out in the world I must la - bor and pray, For out in the world Jesus



3 When Jesus descended in love,
To rescue a world from its sins,
Among all the outcast and poor
His wonderful work he begins;
He gave unto those who, with scorn,
His work and his wisdom denied,
And oh! for a world that he loved,
He cheerfully suffered and died.—*Cho.*

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

1 A beautiful land, by faith, I see,
A land of rest, from sorrow free,
The home of the ransom'd, bright and fair,
And beautiful angels, too, are there.

Cho.—Will you go? will you go?
Go to that beautiful land with me?
Will you go? will you go?
Go to that beautiful land?

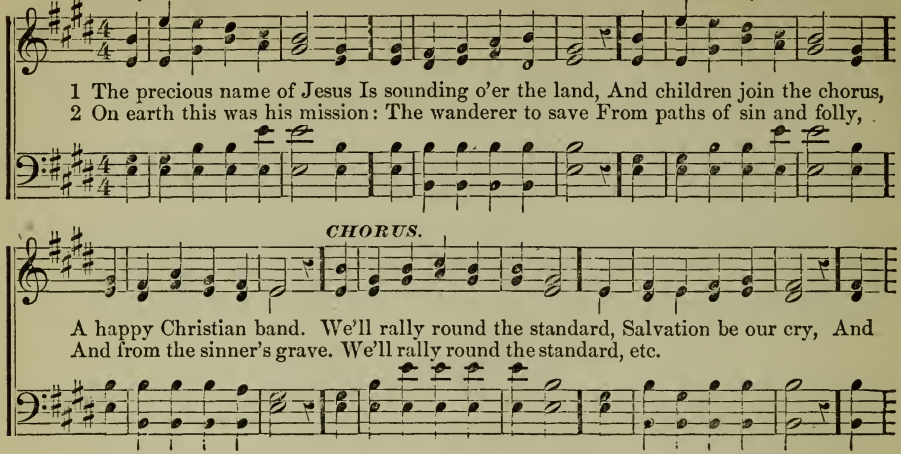
2 That beautiful land, the City of Light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.—*Cho.*

3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
Th'ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.—*Cho.*

4 The heavenly throng, arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.—*Cho.*

THE PRECIOUS NAME OF JESUS.

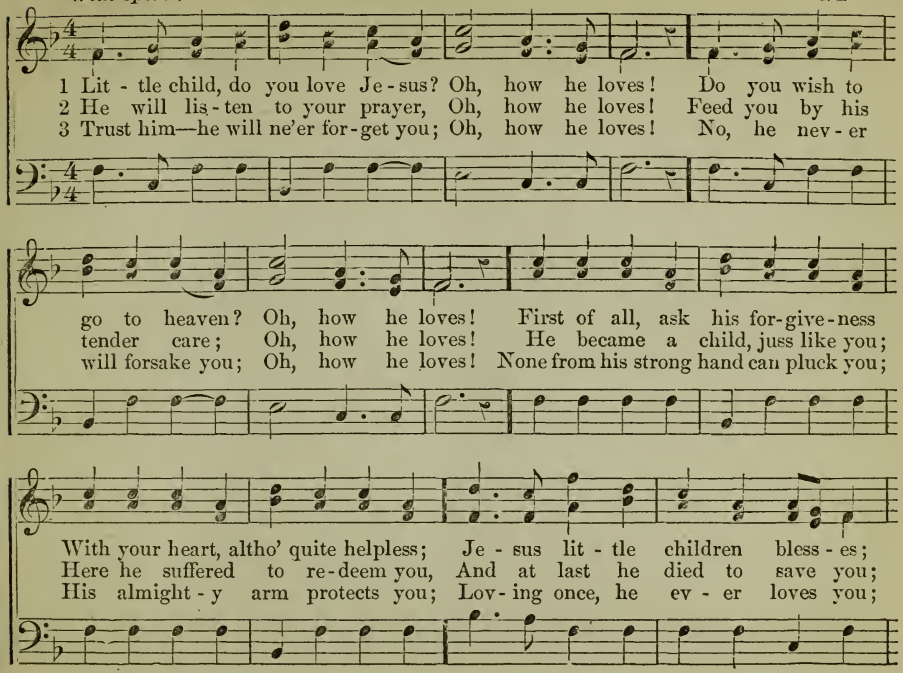
Words by Rev. A. D. FIELD. Music by J. P. TRUITT.

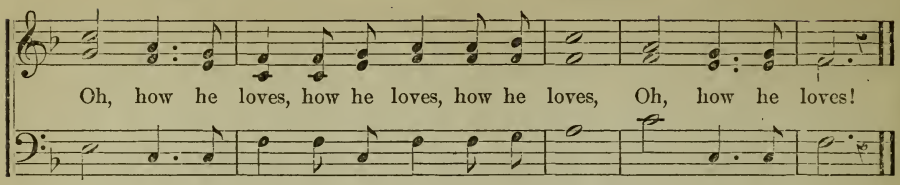


3 We love the blessed Saviour,
Who came on earth to die;
That all who will receive him
May reign with him on high.—*Cho.*

4 We'll join the glorious army
Who sing a Saviour's love,
And march along the pathway
That leads to joys above.—*Cho.*

With spirit. G. L.





Concluded from opposite page.

3 How many dear children gently were laid
Down in the cold grave thro' the year that is past!
So oft we heard them, as sweetly they played,
Wishing Happy New-Year—but are gone, gone at last!—*Cho.*

4 Oh, happy are they who strive to do well,
And seek the dear Lord ere he calls them away;
Yes, happy souls, and above they shall dwell
With the angels at home, thro' a bright, endless day.—*Cho.*

HAPPY TO-DAY.

1 How pleasant it is to hear the sweet song
Of children who sing their Redeemer's praise;
Oh, come and join such a light-hearted throng,
And be happy to-day, singing loud, cheering lays!

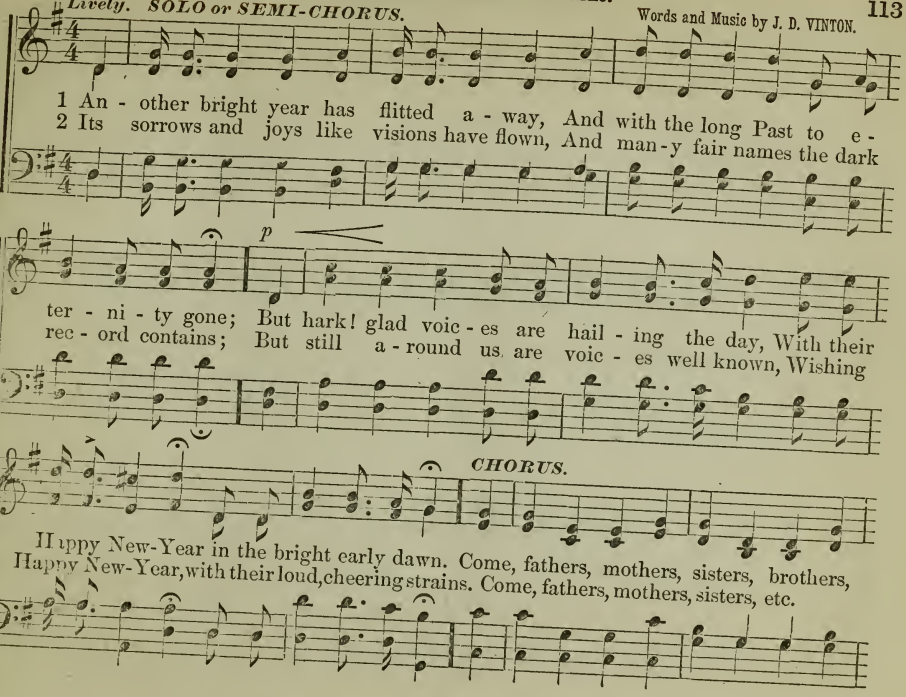
Cho.—Come, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Teachers and classmates dear;
Our voices are strong for a Sabbath-School song,
And we all will be happy to-day,
Be happy to-day, ‖: be happy to-day, :‖
And we all will be happy, yes, be happy to-day.

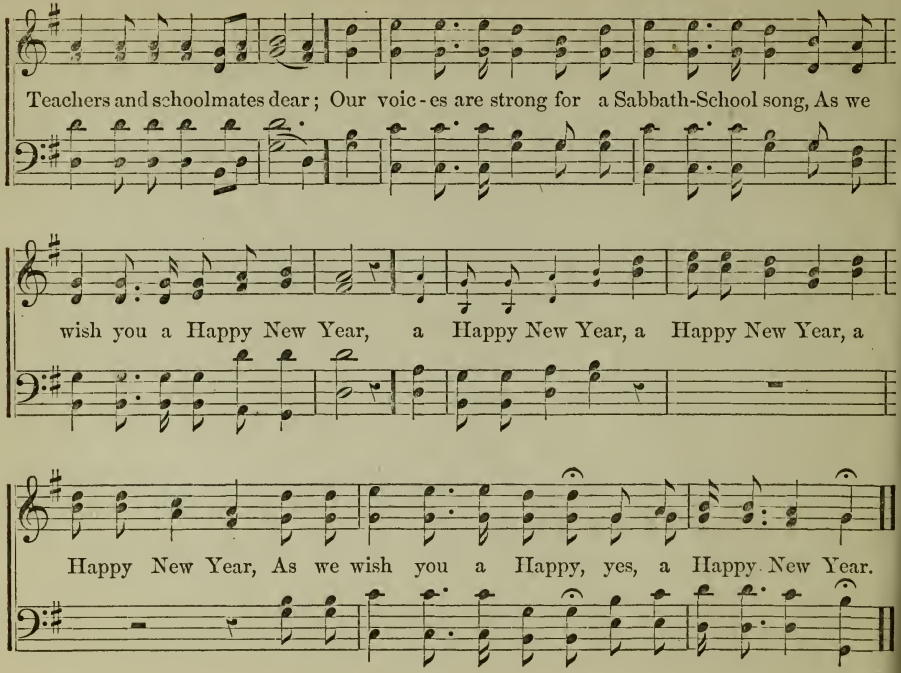
2 Come hither, ye pilgrims, weary and worn,
Who seek for repose from confusion and care;
Oh, hear those songs, on the soft breezes borne,
And be happy to-day, while you meet with them there.—*Cho.*

3 I know the bright angels listen above,
And clap their glad wings as they view the fair sight,
And soon will come with a message of love,
Bearing us away to a mansion of light.—*Cho.*

A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

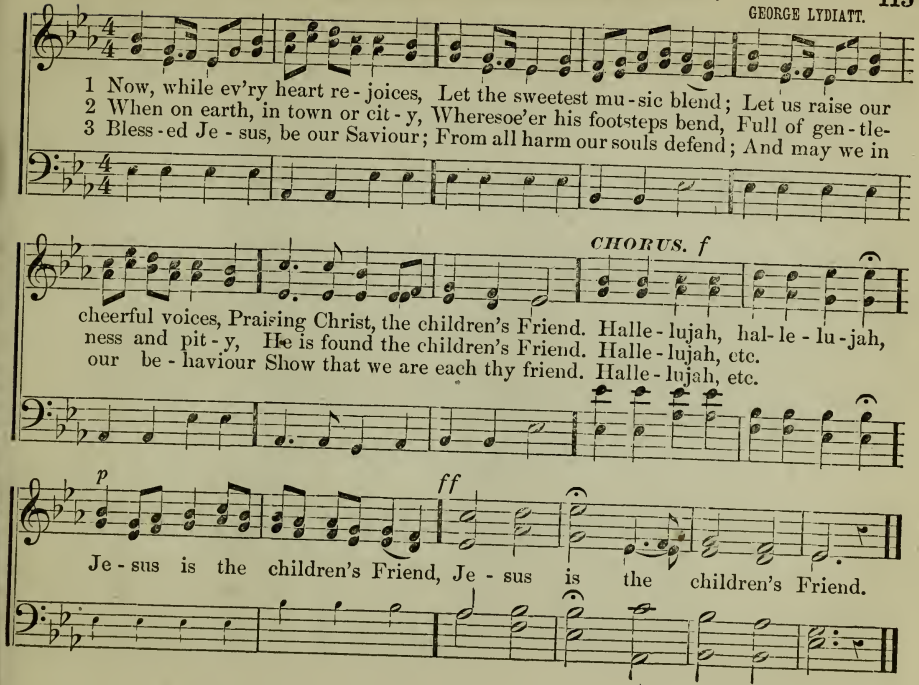
Words and Music by J. D. VINTON.




Teachers and schoolmates dear; Our voic-es are strong for a Sabbath-School song, As we
wish you a Happy New Year, a Happy New Year, a Happy New Year, a
Happy New Year, As we wish you a Happy, yes, a Happy New Year.

JESUS IS THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

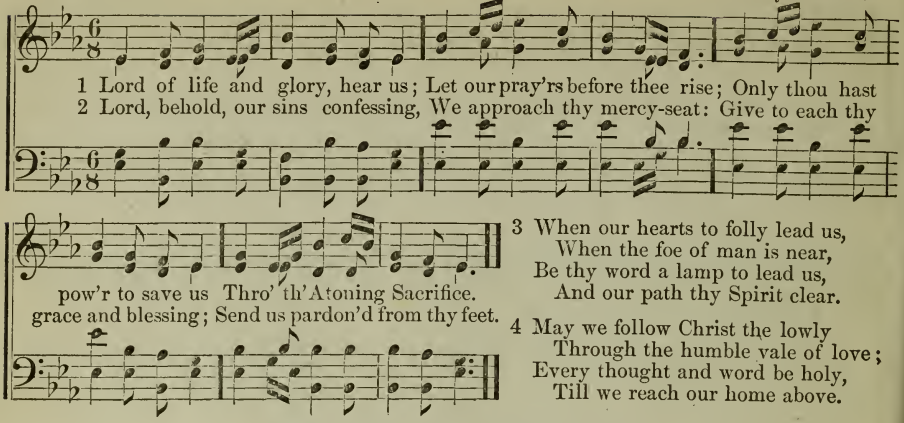
GEORGE LYDIATT.



LORD OF LIFE AND GLORY.

Andante.

Words by W. TEARNE.

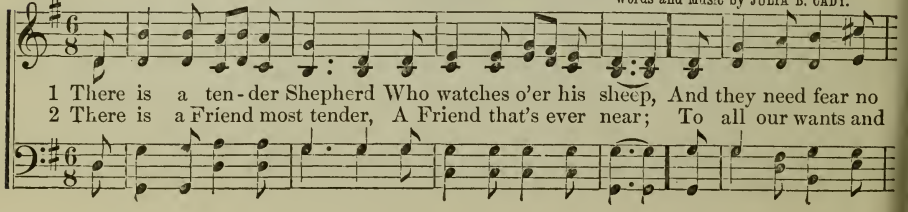


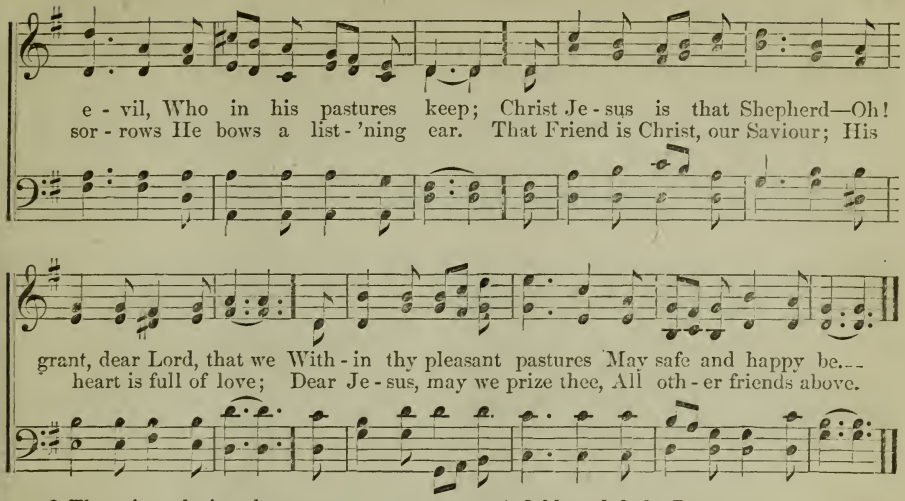
3 When our hearts to folly lead us,
When the foe of man is near,
Be thy word a lamp to lead us,
And our path thy Spirit clear.

4 May we follow Christ the lowly
Through the humble vale of love;
Every thought and word be holy,
Till we reach our home above.

THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

Words and Music by JULIA B. CADY.





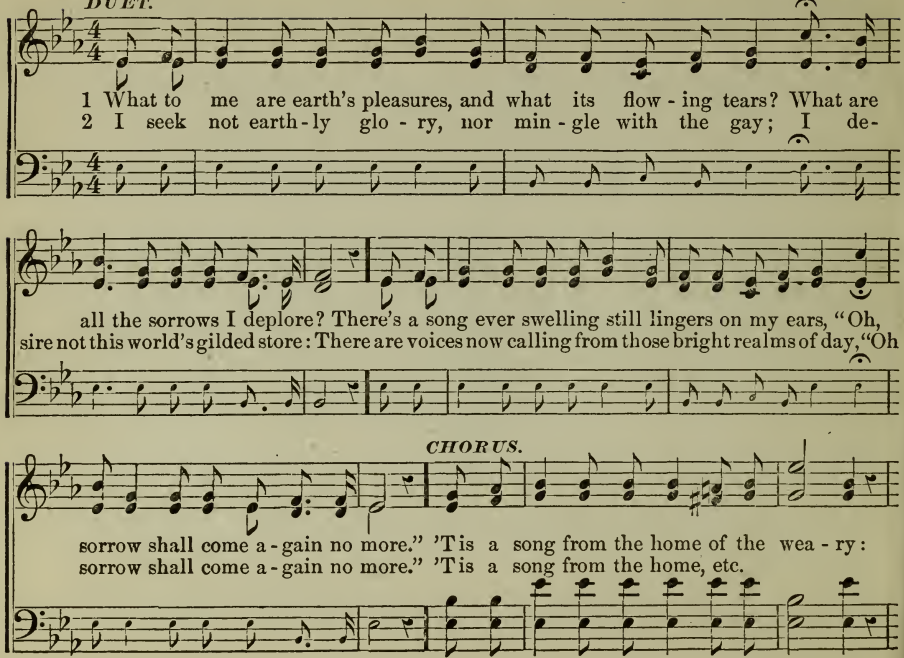
3 There is a glorious heaven,
A sinless, happy home,
Where death can never enter,
And sorrow never come:
And to that blessed heaven
Christ only is the Way;
While keeping close to Jesus
We cannot go astray.

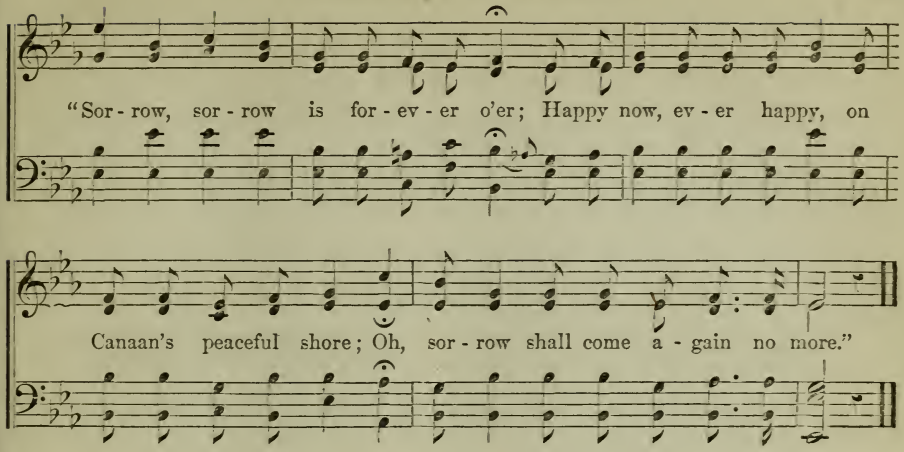
4 O blessed, holy Jesus,
Thou Shepherd kind and strong,
Thou Friend so true and loving,
May we to thee belong;
Our only Hope of heaven,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
May we, with sins forgiven,
Praise thee in endless day.

SORROW IS O'ER.

Music by S. C. FOSTER. From "Happy Voices."

DUET.



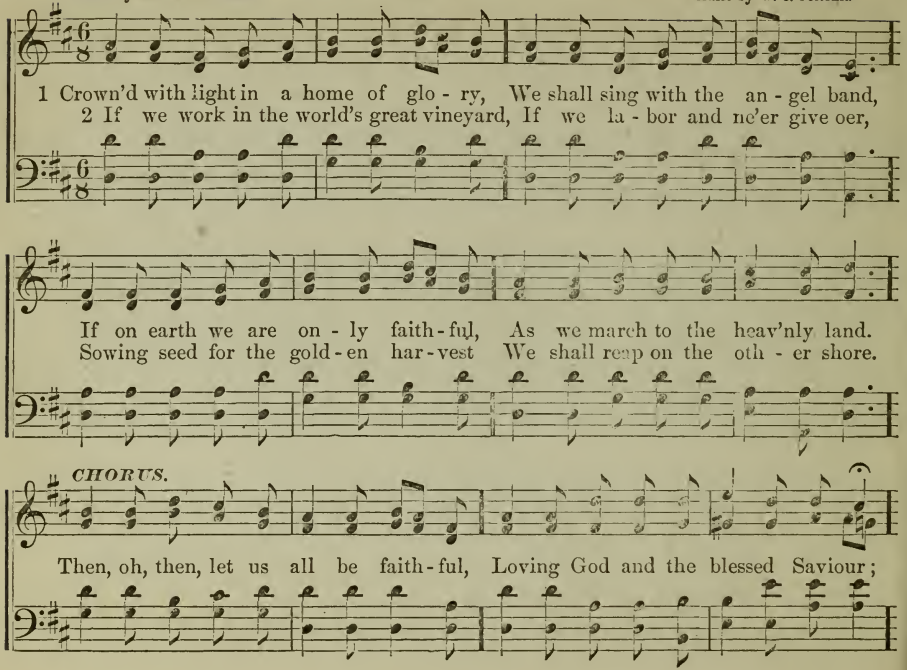


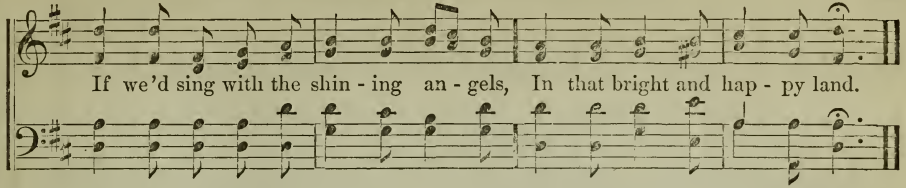
3 'T is a note that is wafted across the troubled wave;
'T is a song I've heard upon the shore;
'T is a sweet-thrilling murmur around the Christian's grave:
"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."—*Cho.*

4 'T is the loud-pealing anthem, the victor's holy song,
Where the conflict and the strife are o'er;
When the saved ones forever in joyous notes prolong
"Oh, sorrow shall come again no more."

CROWNED WITH LIGHT.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. Music by W. T. PORTER.





3 Let us pray for the Saviour's blessing,
Let us practice the golden rule;
Pleasant words and the deeds of mercy
We have learned in the Sabbath School.
Then, oh, then, etc.

4 Crown'd with light in the saints' sweet haven,
Robed in white in the better land,
If on earth we are only faithful,
We shall sing with the angel band.
Then, oh, then, etc.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

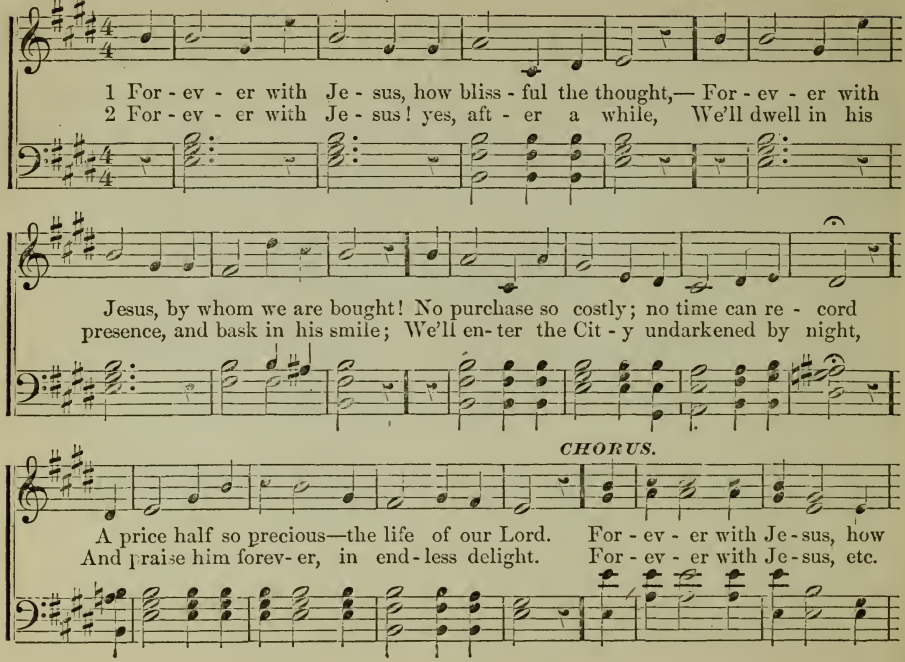
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

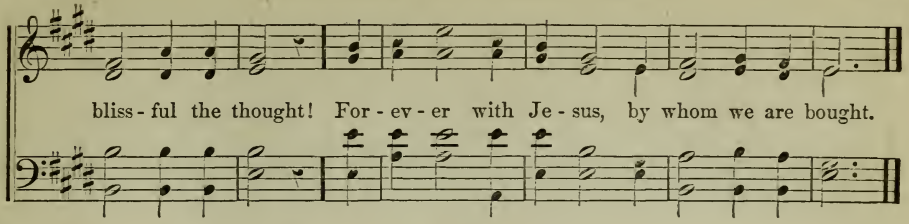
3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er, our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

FOREVER WITH JESUS.

Words by E. A. AVARD. Music by J. P. TRUITT.





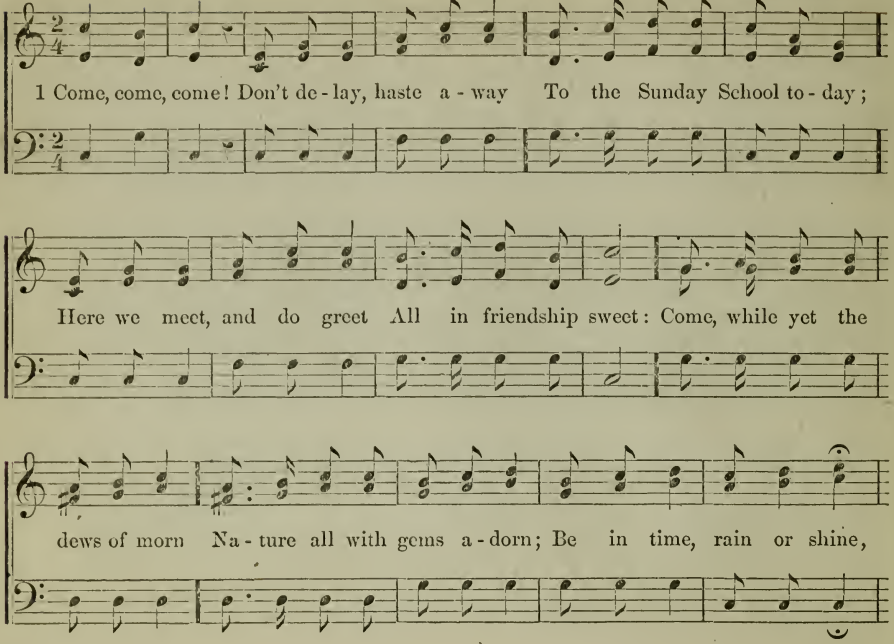
3 If death shall come to us, by day or by night,
Our passports from Jesus will guide us aright;
No chance nor mishap then our entrance can bar,
For the bright, pearly gates stand forever ajar.—*Cho.*

4 We'll walk through its pathways, all goldenly paved,
With nations and kings of the earth that are saved;
And blossoms unfading we'll cull from the sod,
And drink bliss eternal from rivers of God.—*Cho.*

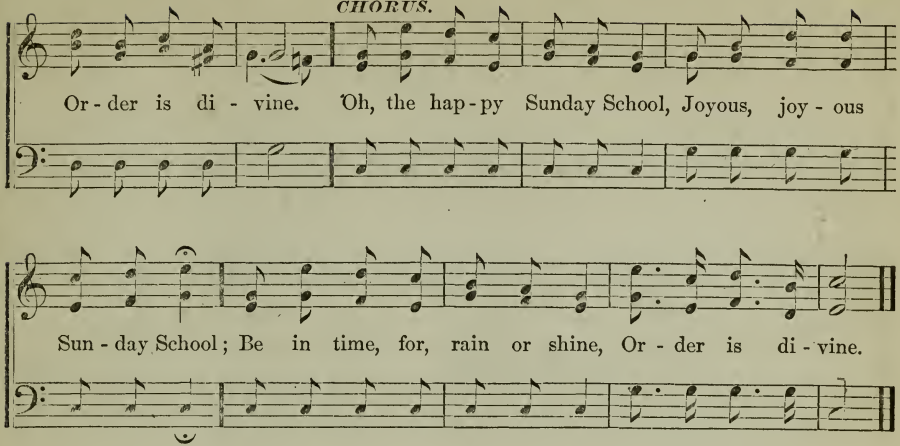
5 Each moment some action our time shall employ;
We'll speed on each mission with transports of joy;
We'll mingle our songs with the song of the spheres,
And lose in God's presence our mem'ry of tears.—*Cho.*

6 Forever with Jesus—oh, promise secure!
Forever with Jesus while heav'n shall endure;
These blest words shall cheer me, tho' rugged the road,
Till I enter the beautiful City of God.—*Cho.*

Contributed by GEORGE LYDIATT.



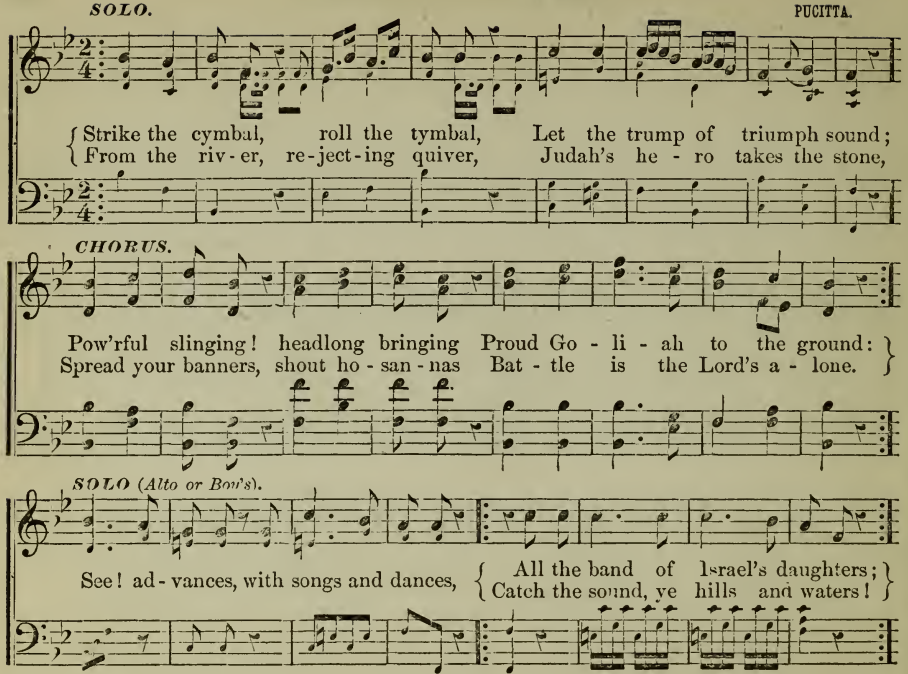
CHORUS.

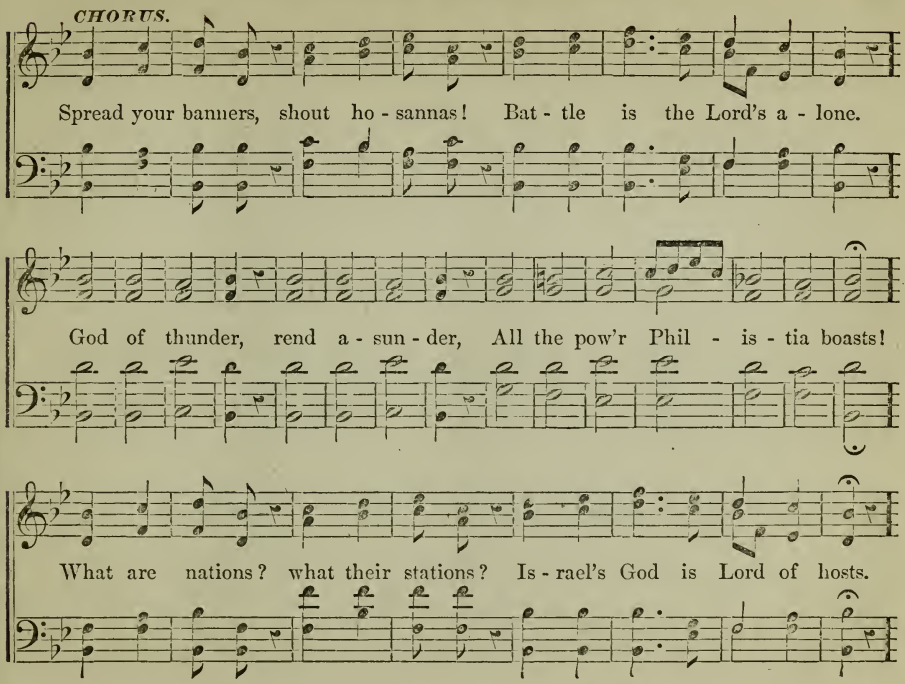


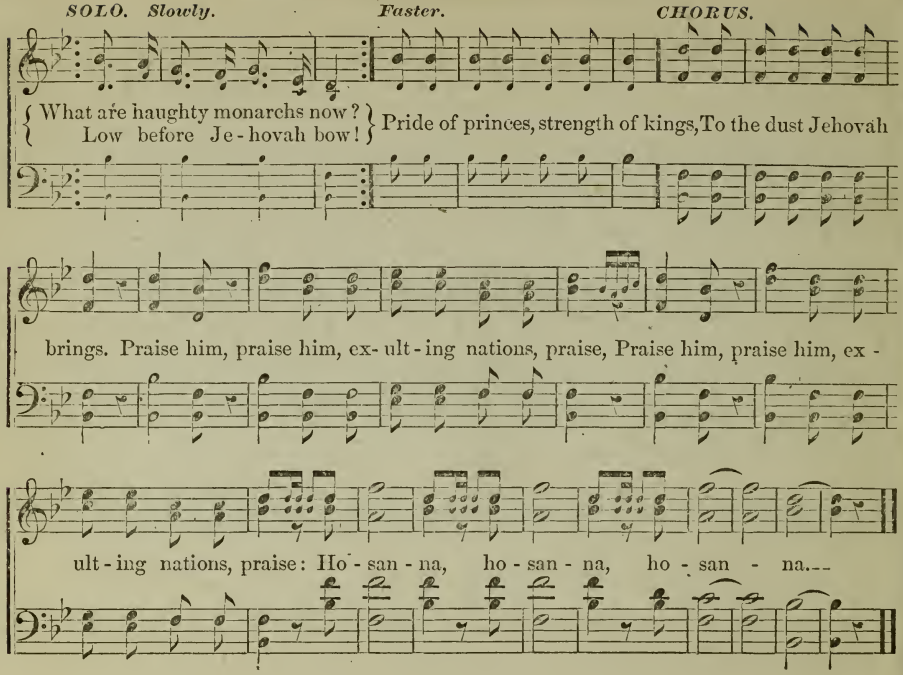
2 Come, come, come!
Not a tear, nought of fear
Nor of sorrow is found here;
Faces bright, tempers right,
Oh, the happy sight!
Health and beauty all around,
And no harsh or jarring sound,
Light and free, full of glee,
All is harmony.—*Cho.*

3 Come, come, come!
Keep the way, do not stray—
'T is the holy Sabbath day;
Hie along, join the throng,
In their grateful song:
Hither come! who would decline
Bliss so rare, and joys divine?
Pleasures pure that endure,
All may here secure.—*Cho.*

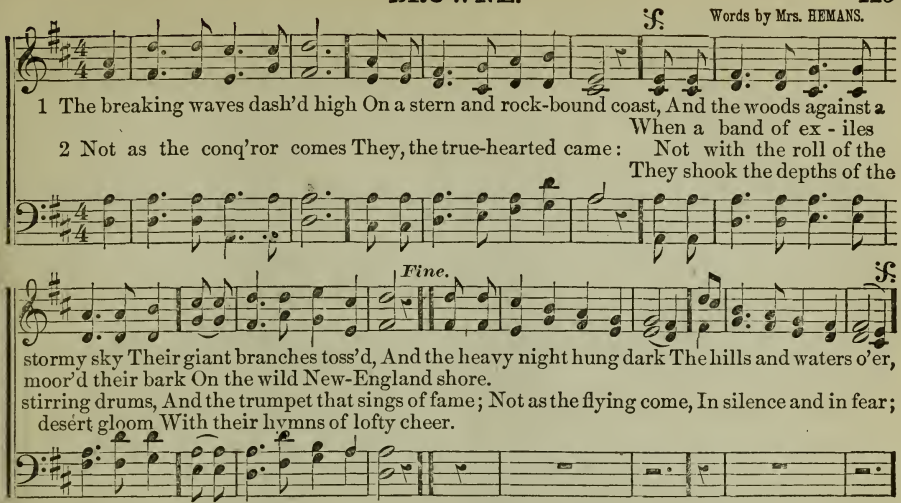
STRIKE THE CYMBAL.




CHORUS.
Spread your banners, shout ho - sannas! Bat - tle is the Lord's a - lone.
God of thunder, rend a - sun - der, All the pow'r Phil - is - tia boasts!
What are nations? what their stations? Is - rael's God is Lord of hosts.


SOLO. Slowly.
Faster.
CHORUS.
What are haughty monarchs now? Low before Je-hovah bow!
Pride of princes, strength of kings, To the dust Jehovah
brings. Praise him, praise him, ex-ult-ing nations, praise, Praise him, praise him, ex-
ult-ing nations, praise: Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na.--

Words by Mrs. HEMANS.



1 The breaking waves dash'd high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the woods against a stormy sky Their giant branches toss'd, And the heavy night hung dark The hills and waters o'er, When a band of ex - iles moor'd their bark On the wild New-England shore.

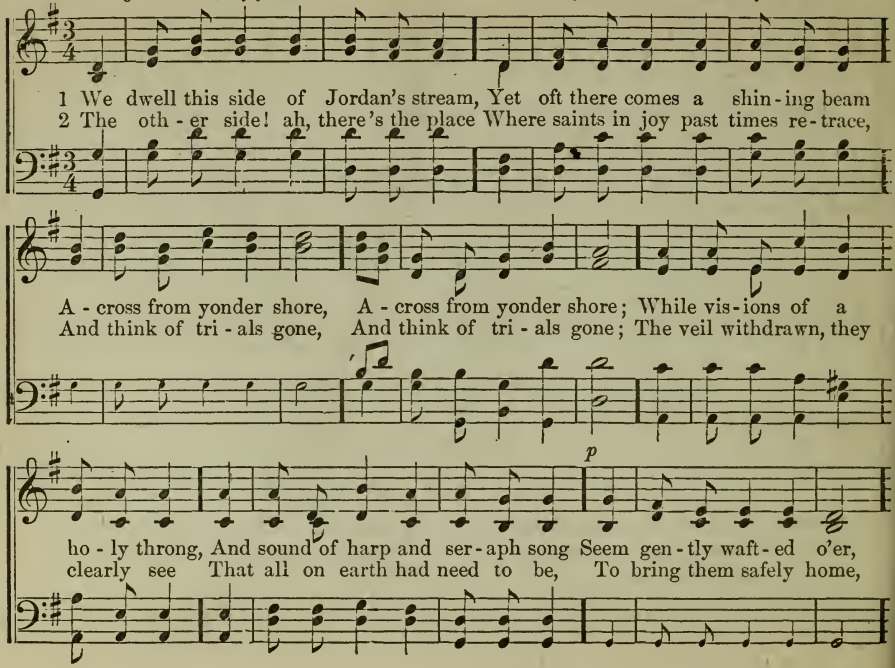
2 Not as the conq'ror comes They, the true-hearted came: Not with the roll of the stirring drums, And the trumpet that sings of fame; Not as the flying come, In silence and in fear; They shook the depths of the desert gloom With their hymns of lofty cheer.

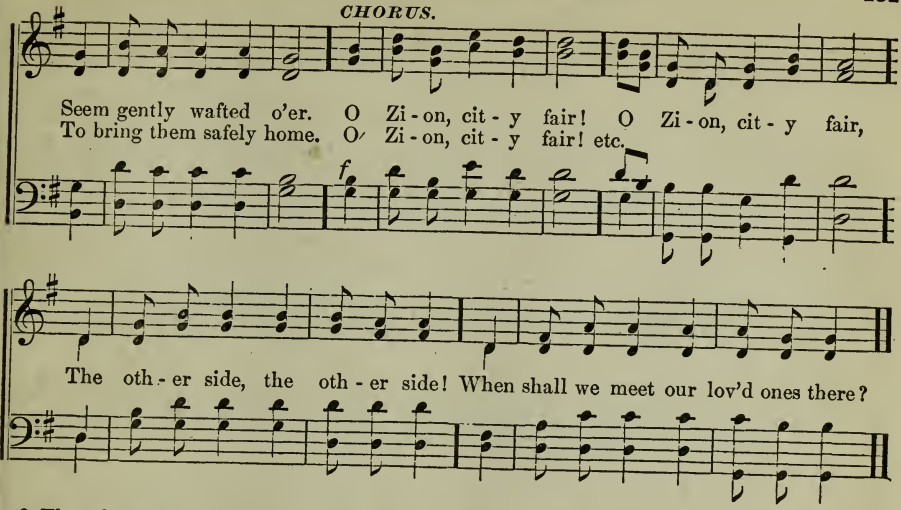
3 Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd,—
This was their welcome home!

4 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They've left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

THE OTHER SIDE.

From "Songs of Gladness," by permission. Words by S. L. CUTHBERT. Music by J. E. GOULD.



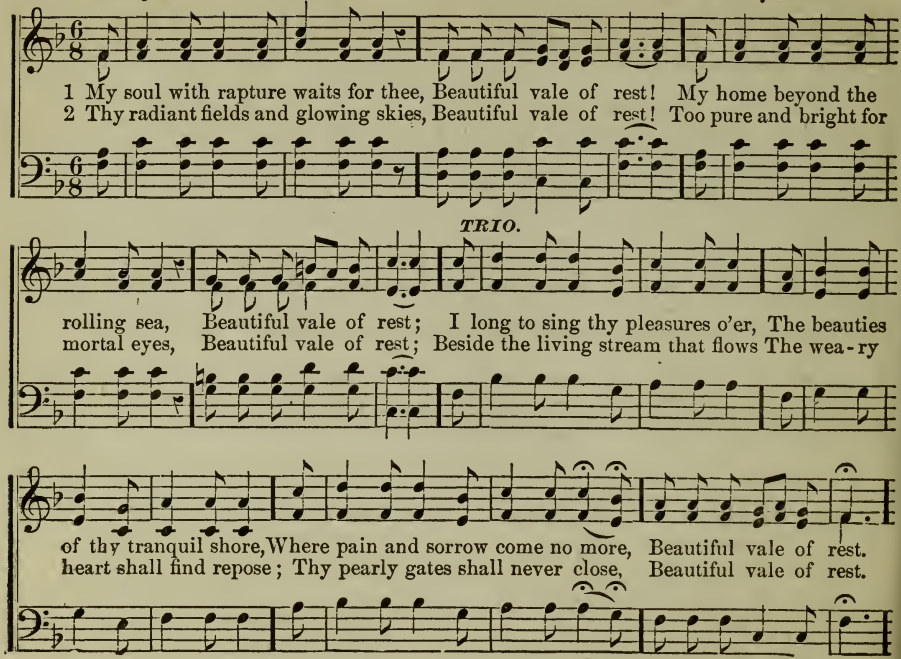


3 The other side, oh, charming sight!
Upon its banks, array'd in white,
‖: For me a lov'd one waits; :‖
Over the stream he calls to me,—
Fear not! I am thy Guide to be
‖: Up to the pearly gates. :‖—*Cho.*

4 The other side, the other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
‖: Of earthly toil and care :‖
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
‖: With all the blest ones there. :‖

THE BEAUTIFUL VALE.

Words arranged. Music by A. HULL.



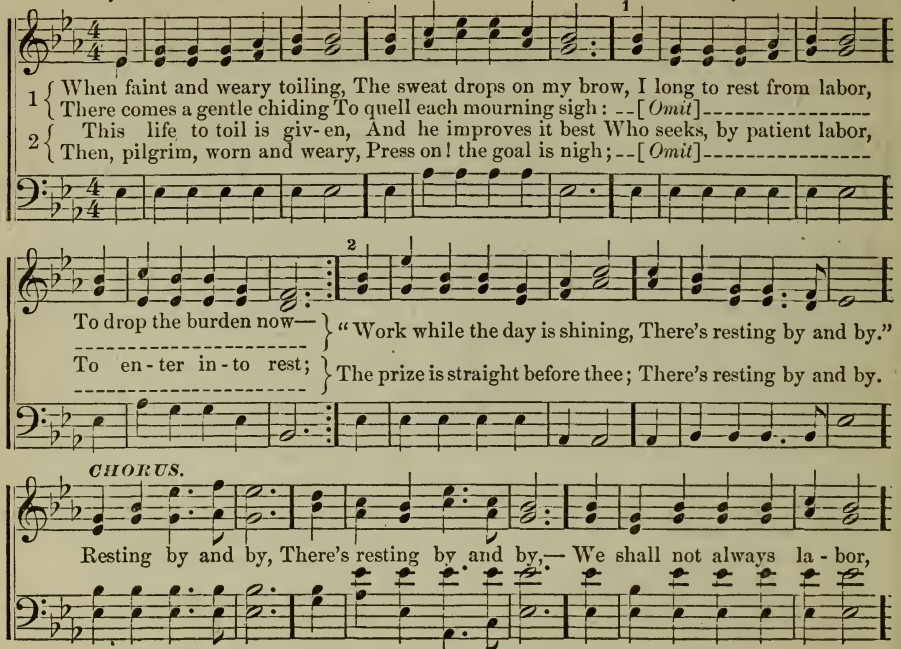


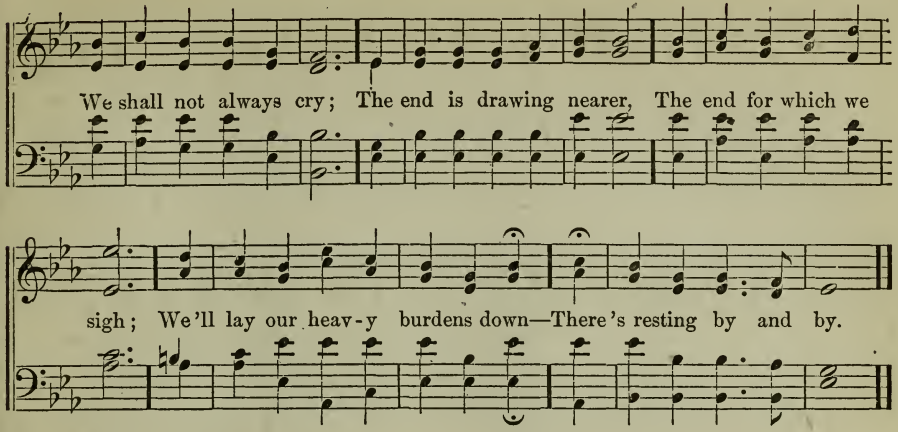
3 The joys of earth, how soon they fade!
Beautiful vale of rest;
Like morning dew or evening shade,
Beautiful vale of rest;
Yet when we reach thy golden strand,
Our gentle Saviour's promised land,
We'll sing with all the angel band,
Beautiful vale of rest.

4 Oh, who would dwell for ever here,
Beautiful vale of rest;
With joy, unfading joy, so near?
Beautiful vale of rest;
Oh, may I live, that I may wear
A starry crown for ever there,
And breathe thy sweet and balmy air,
Beautiful vale of rest.

RESTING BY AND BY.

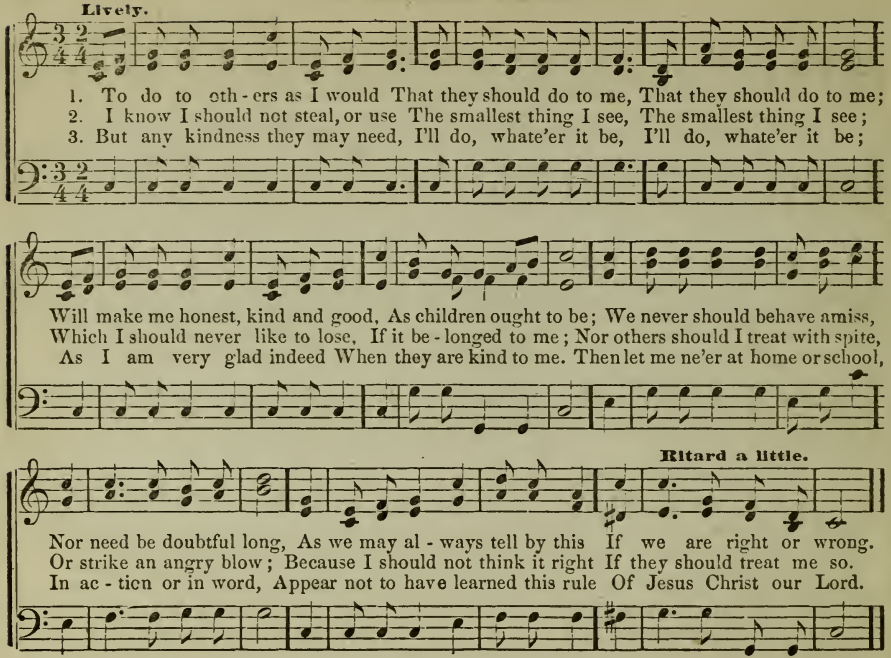
Words by Rev. SYDNEY DYER. Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

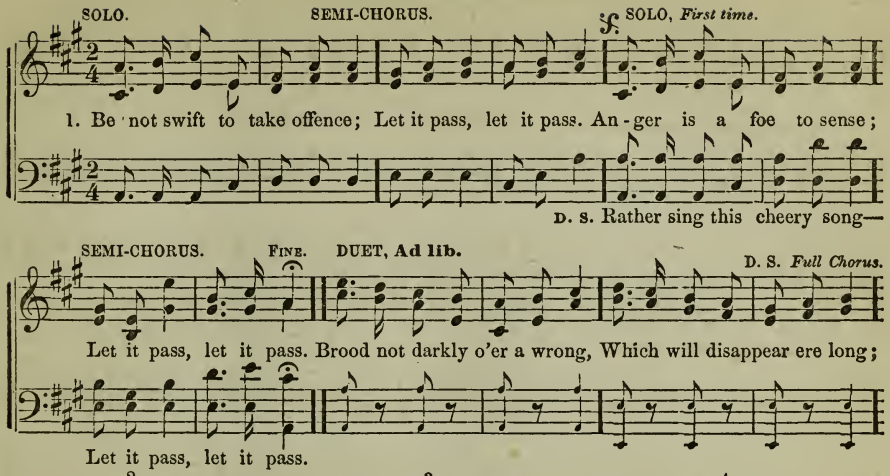




3 Nor ask, when, overburdened,
You long for friendly aid,—
"Why idle stands my brother,
No yoke upon him laid?"
The Master bids him tarry,
And dare you ask him why?
"Go, labor in my vineyard;
There's resting by and by."—*Cho.*

4 Wan reaper in the harvest,
Let this thy strength sustain,—
Each sheaf that fills the garner
Brings you eternal gain.
Then bear the cross with patience;
To fields of duty hie;
'T is sweet to work for Jesus—
There's restiug by and by.—*Cho.*


Lively.
1. To do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to me, That they should do to me;
2. I know I should not steal, or use The smallest thing I see, The smallest thing I see;
3. But any kindness they may need, I'll do, whate'er it be, I'll do, whate'er it be;
Will make me honest, kind and good, As children ought to be; We never should behave amiss,
Which I should never like to lose, If it be - longed to me; Nor others should I treat with spite,
As I am very glad indeed When they are kind to me. Then let me ne'er at home or school,
Ritard a little.
Nor need be doubtful long, As we may al - ways tell by this If we are right or wrong.
Or strike an angry blow; Because I should not think it right If they should treat me so.
In ac - tion or in word, Appear not to have learned this rule Of Jesus Christ our Lord.



2.

Strife corrodes the purest mind,
Let it pass, let it pass.
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass, let it pass.
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive,
Let it pass, let it pass.

3.

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass, let it pass.
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass, let it pass.
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dew drop on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass, let it pass.

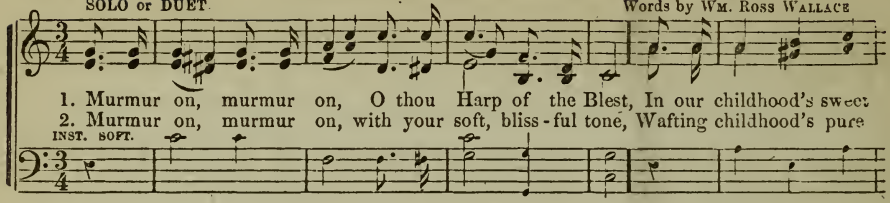
4.

Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass, let it pass.
Lay those homely words to heart,
Let it pass, let it pass.
Follow not the giddy throng—
Better to be wronged than wrong,
Therefore sing the cheery song,
Let it pass, let it pass.

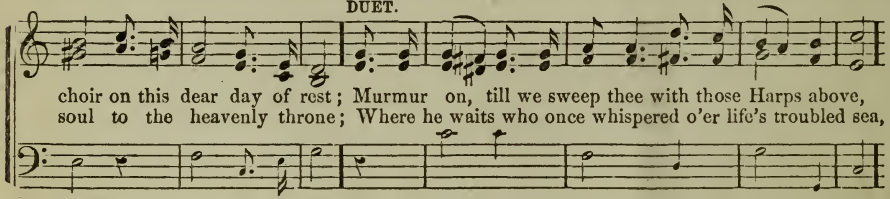
THE CELESTIAL HARP.

Music by A. HULL.
Words by WM. ROSS WALLACE

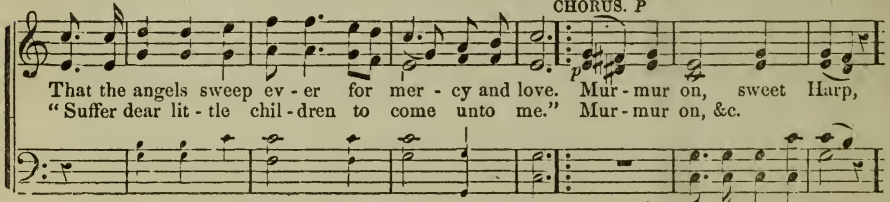
SOLO or DUET



DUET.



CHORUS. *P*

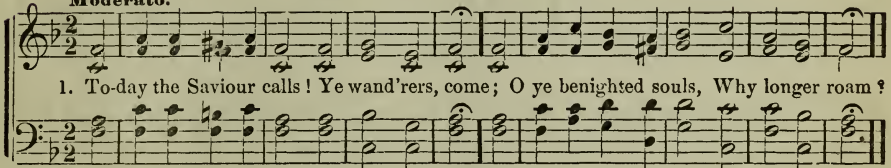




3.

Murmur on, murmur on, all your sanctified lore,
Wreathing harmonies over that "Beautiful Shore."
"O, 'tis glorious" thus to be soothed by the hymn,
Singing bliss never-fading, and stars never dim.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.



2.

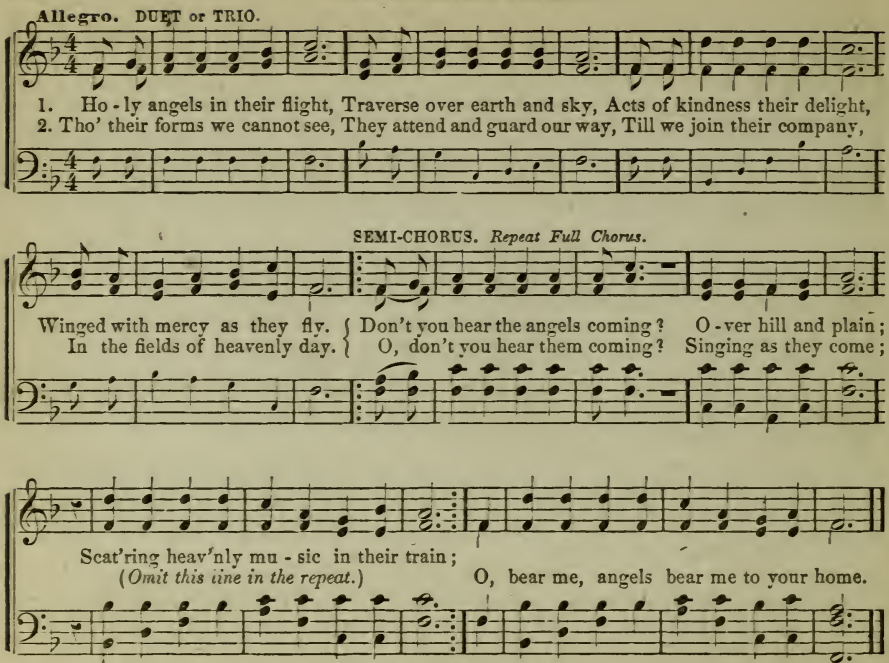
To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

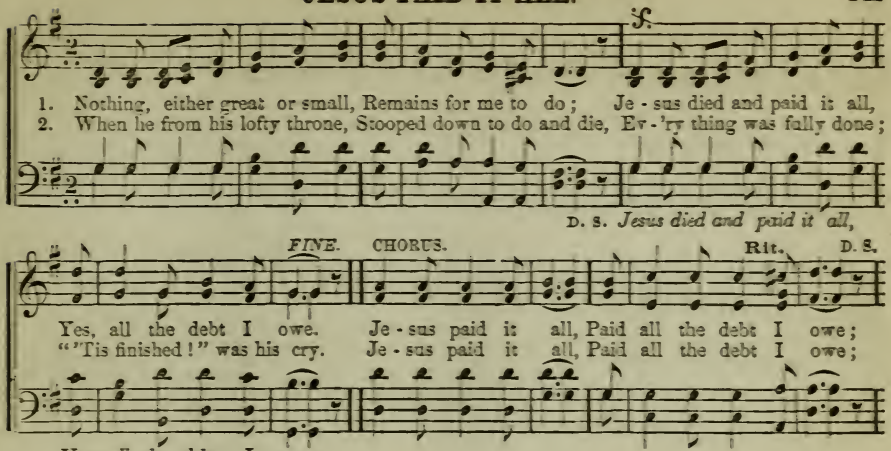
3.

To-day the Saviour calls!
O hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

4.

The Spirit calls to-day—
Yield to his power;
O, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.


Allegro. DUET or TRIO.
1. Ho - ly angels in their flight, Traverse over earth and sky, Acts of kindness their delight,
2. Tho' their forms we cannot see, They attend and guard our way, Till we join their company,
SEMI-CHORUS. Repeat Full Chorus.
Winged with mercy as they fly. In the fields of heavenly day.
Don't you hear the angels coming? O, don't you hear them coming?
O - ver hill and plain; Singing as they come;
Scat'ring heav'nly mu - sic in their train;
(Omit this line in the repeat.)
O, bear me, angels bear me to your home.



3. Weary, working, plodding one,
O, wherefore toil ye so?
Cease your "doing"—all was done,
Yes, ages long ago. *Chorus.*

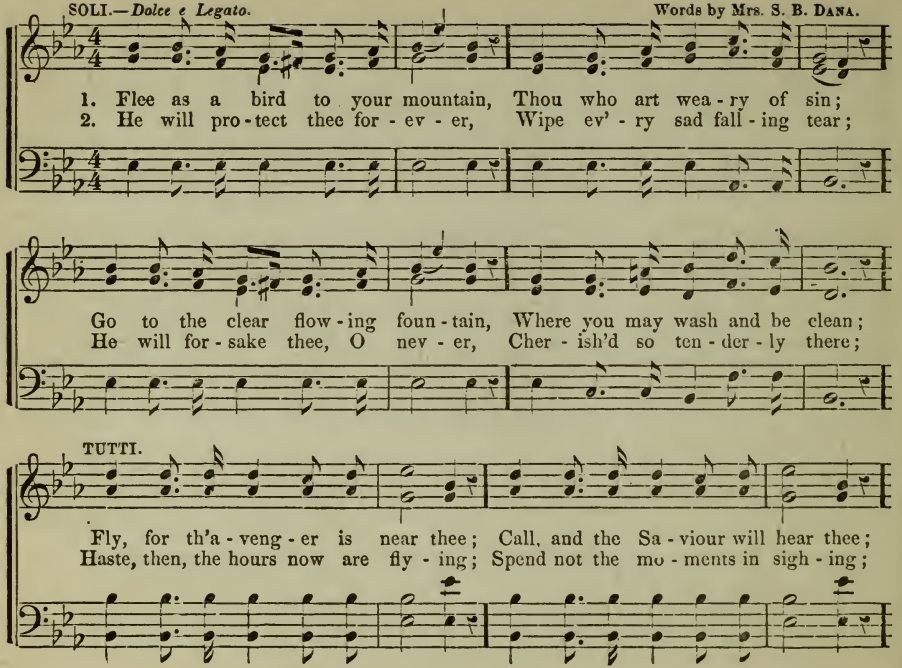
4. When to Jesus' work you cling,
By simple faith alone;
Trusting him will pardon bring,
Since Jesus all hath done. *Chorus.*

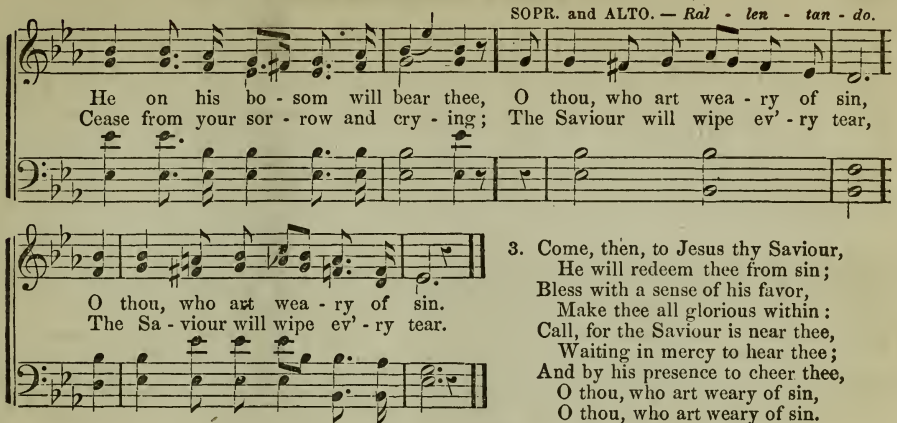
THE ANGEL BAND. *Concluded.*

3. Had we but an angel's wing,
And an angel's heart of flame,
O, how sweetly would we ring,
Thro' the world the Saviour's name. *Cho.*

4. Yet methinks if I should die,
And become an angel too,
I, perhaps, like them might fly,
And the Saviour's bidding do. *Chorus.*

FLEE TO YOUR MOUNTAIN.





3. Come, then, to Jesus thy Saviour,
He will redeem thee from sin;
Bless with a sense of his favor,
Make thee all glorious within:
Call, for the Saviour is near thee,
Waiting in mercy to hear thee;
And by his presence to cheer thee,
O thou, who art weary of sin,
O thou, who art weary of sin.

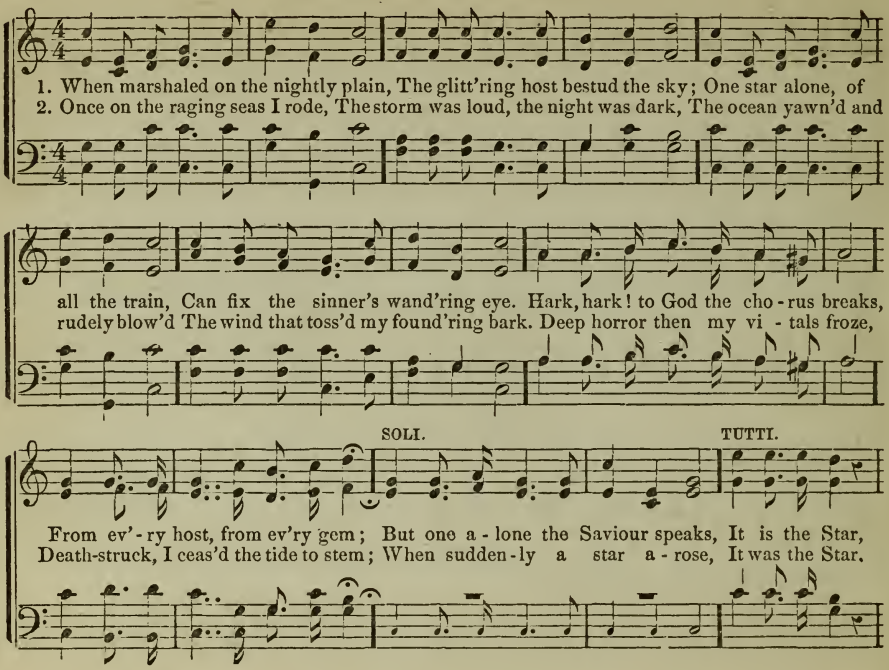
Tune—THE PROMISED LAND.

1. ‖: I have a Father in the promised land, :‖
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet him in the promised land.
Cho. ‖: I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, :‖
My Father calls me, &c.

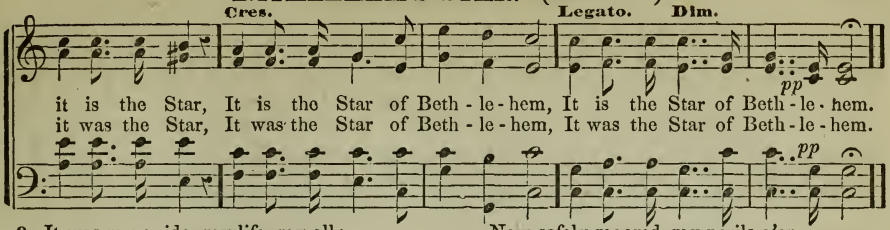
2. ‖: I have a Saviour in the promised land, :‖
My Saviour calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.
Cho. ‖: I'll away, I'll away to the promised land, :‖
My Saviour calls me, &c.

3. ‖: I have a crown in the promised land, :‖
When Jesus calls me, I must go
To wear it in the promised land.
Cho. ‖: I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land,:‖
When Jesus calls me, &c.

4. ‖: I hope to meet you in the promised land, :‖
At Jesus' feet a joyous band:
We'll praise him in the promised land.
Cho. ‖: I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,:‖
At Jesus' feet. &c.


1. When marshaled on the nightly plain, The glitt'ring host bestud the sky; One star alone, of
2. Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark, The ocean yawn'd and
all the train, Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye. Hark, hark! to God the cho - rus breaks,
rudely blow'd The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark. Deep horror then my vi - tals froze,
SOLI.
TUTTI.
From ev' - ry host, from ev'ry gem; But one a - lone the Saviour speaks, It is the Star,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem; When sudden - ly a star a - rose, It was the Star.

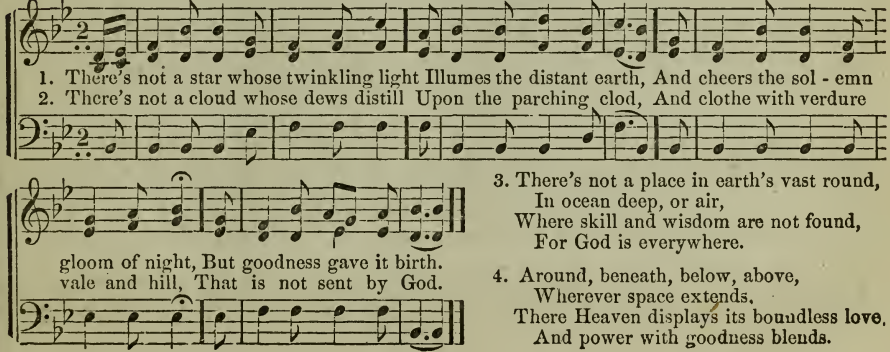
BETHLEHEM'S STAR. (Concluded.)



3. It was my guide, my life, my all;
   It bade my dark forebodings cease;
   And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
   It led me to the port of peace.

   Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
   I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
   Forever and forever more,
   It was the star of Bethlehem.

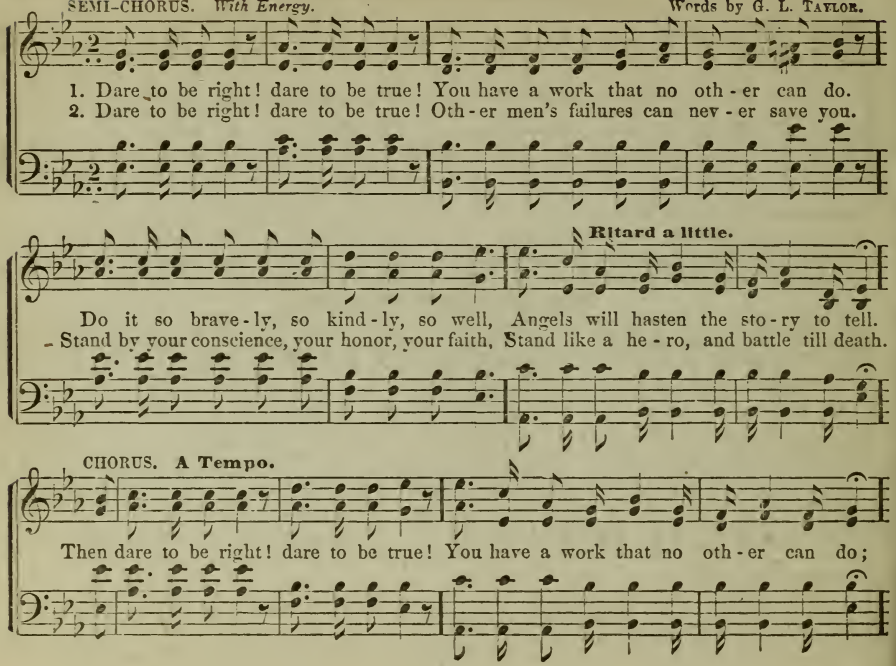
GOD IS EVERYWHERE.



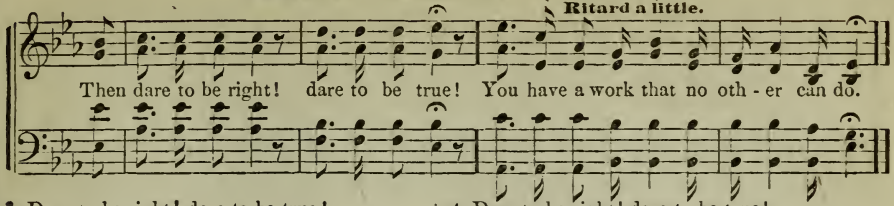
3. There's not a place in earth's vast round,
   In ocean deep, or air,
   Where skill and wisdom are not found,
   For God is everywhere.

4. Around, beneath, below, above,
   Wherever space extends,
   There Heaven displays its boundless love,
   And power with goodness blends.

DARE TO BE RIGHT!



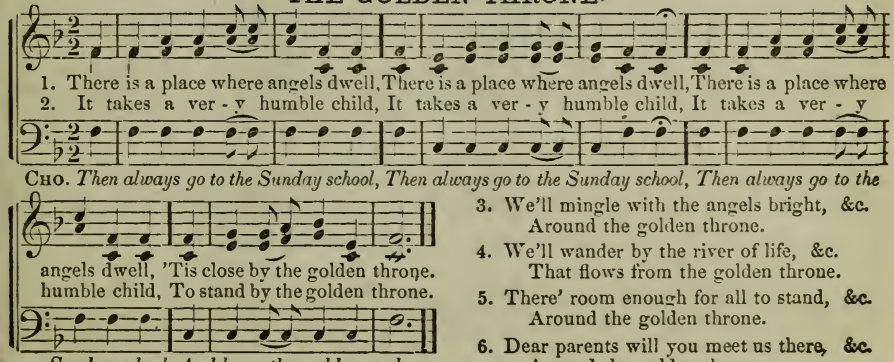
DARE TO BE RIGHT. (Concluded.)



3. Dare to be right! dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too;
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed,
Counts and protects ev'ry hair of your head. *Cho.*

4. Dare to be right! dare to be true!
Cannot omnipotence carry you through?
City and mansion and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and be right. *Cho.*

THE GOLDEN THRONE.

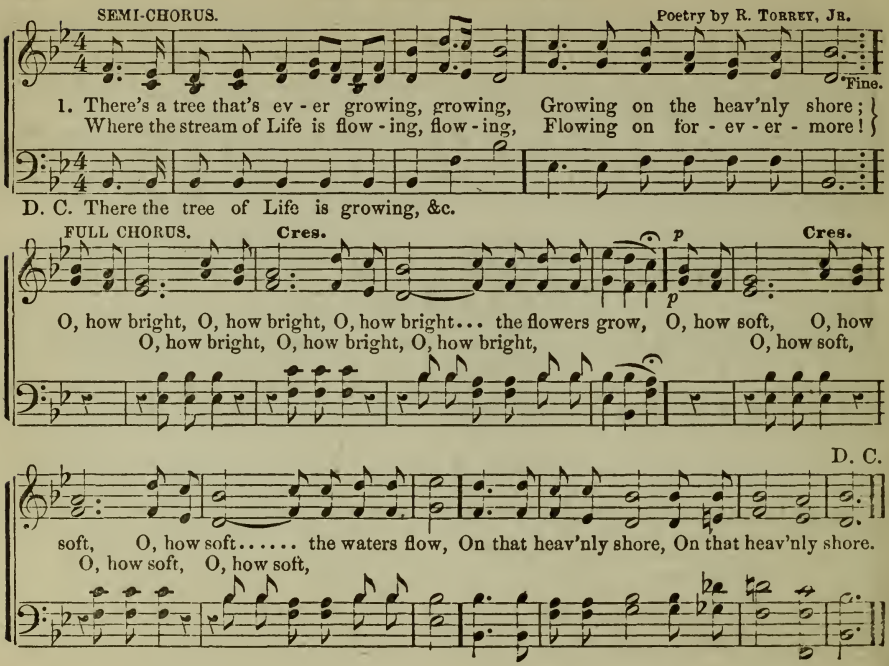


3. We'll mingle with the angels bright, &c.
Around the golden throne.

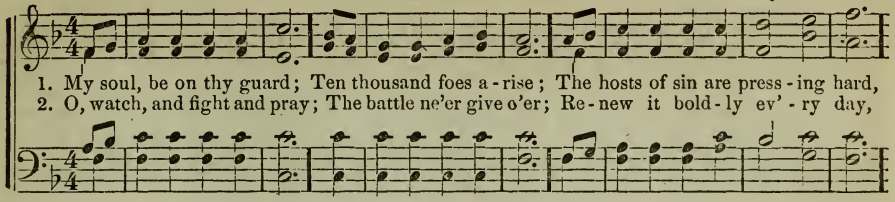
4. We'll wander by the river of life, &c.
That flows from the golden throne.

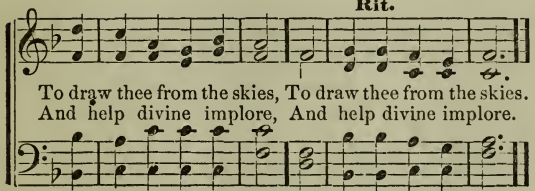
5. There' room enough for all to stand, &c.
Around the golden throne.

6. Dear parents will you meet us there, &c.
Around the golden throne.


SEMI-CHORUS.
Poetry by R. Torrey, Jr.
Fine.
1. There's a tree that's ev - er growing, growing, Growing on the heav'nly shore;
Where the stream of Life is flow - ing, flow - ing, Flowing on for - ev - er - more!
D. C. There the tree of Life is growing, &c.
FULL CHORUS.
Cres.
p
Cres.
O, how bright, O, how bright, O, how bright... the flowers grow, O, how soft, O, how
O, how bright, O, how bright, O, how bright, O, how soft,
D. C.
soft, O, how soft..... the waters flow, On that heav'nly shore, On that heav'nly shore.
O, how soft, O, how soft,

From "Vestry Chimes."





3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4. Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

THE TREE OF LIFE. *Concluded.*

2.

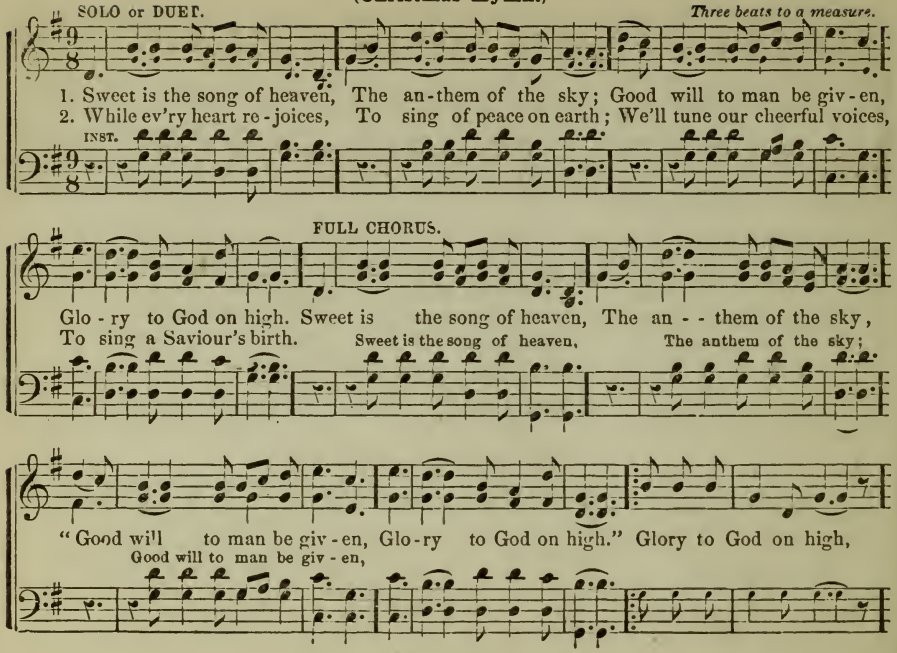
Its bright flowers are ever flinging, flinging,
Flinging perfume on the air,
While angelic harps are ringing, ringing,
Ringing heav'nly music there!
Oh, how sweet the angels sing,
Oh, how loud their glad harps ring,
In those regions fair!

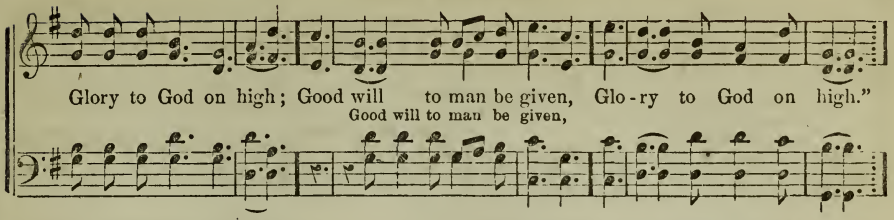
3.

Its green leaves are for the healing, healing,
Healing of the nations all;
Send the glorious tidings pealing, pealing,
Pealing like the trumpet's call!
Tell all men this wondrous tree
From all pain shall set them free,
If on Christ they call!

THE SONG OF HEAVEN.

(Christmas Hymn.)





3. Publish the great salvation;
Repeat the joyful strain,
Through every land and nation,
O'er every hill and plain.
Sweet is the song, &c.

4. Let notes of joy and gladness
The cheerful strain prolong,
Nor let one note of sadness
Be mingled with the song.
Sweet is the song, &c.

TUNE, "HEAVEN IS MY HOME," p. 64.

Thy favor is Life.

Fade, fade, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break, every tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is this wilderness;
Earth has no resting place
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine!

2.

Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stray,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine!

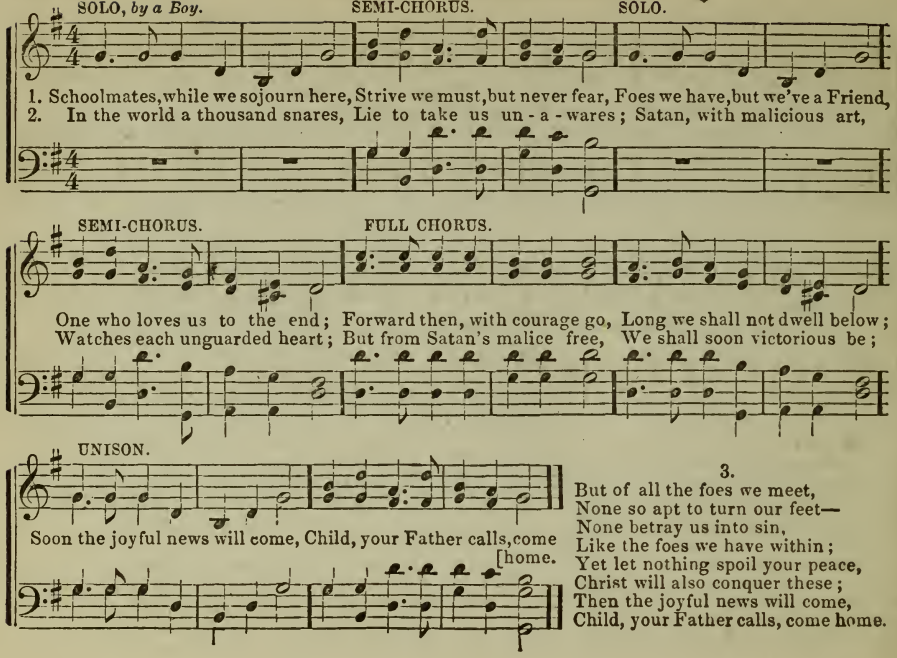
3.

Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine!

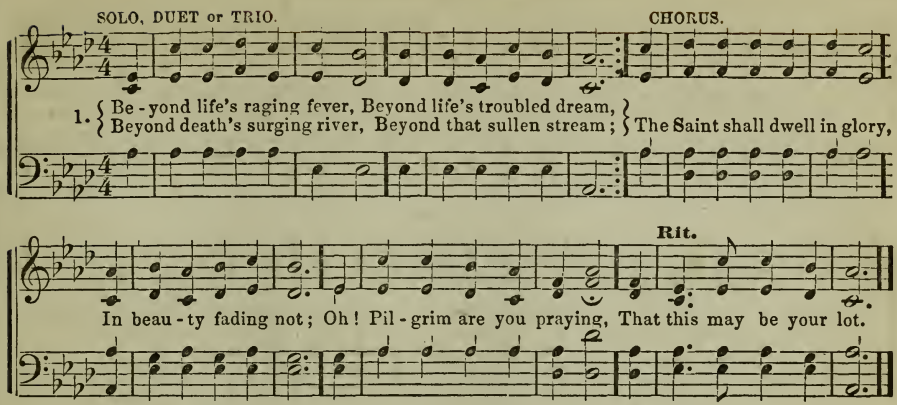
4.

Farewell, mortality
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest;
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine!

THE BEST FRIEND.



3.
But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet—
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls, come home.



2.

Beyond this land of sighing,
Where countless tears are shed,
Beyond the sick and dying,
Beyond the mouldering dead;
The saint shall dwell, &c.

3.

Beyond this scene of trial,
Where heart and flesh do fail;
Beyond the dark'ning shadows,
Beyond the gloomy vale;
The saint shall dwell, &c.

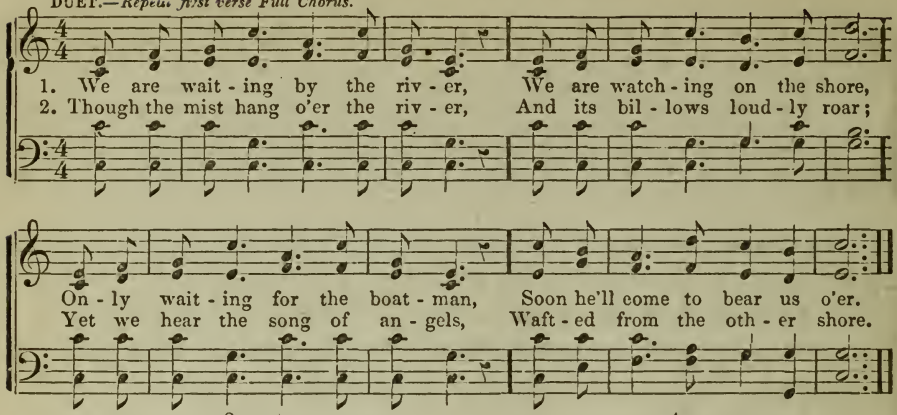
4.

Beyond the thought of grieving,
A kind and gracious God;
Beyond the fear of sinning,
Beyond the chast'ning rod;
The saint shall dwell, &c.

5.

Beyond Earth's weary burden,
The cross, the scourge, the rod;
The saint shall dwell in glory,
The saint shall dwell with God,
The saint shall dwell, &c.

DUET.—*Repeat just verse Full Chorus.*



2.

Though the mist hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar;
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.
We are waiting, &c.

3.

And the bright celestial city,
We have caught such radiant gleams,
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,
With its sweet and peaceful streams.
We are waiting, &c.

4.

He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side,
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we too have crossed the tide.
We are waiting, &c.

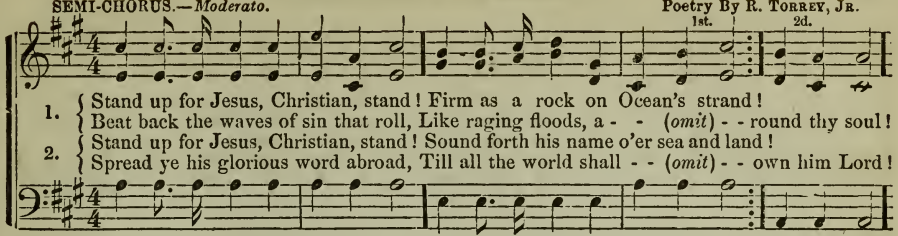
5.

When we've passed that vale of shadows
With its dark and chilling tide;
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.
We are waiting, &c.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

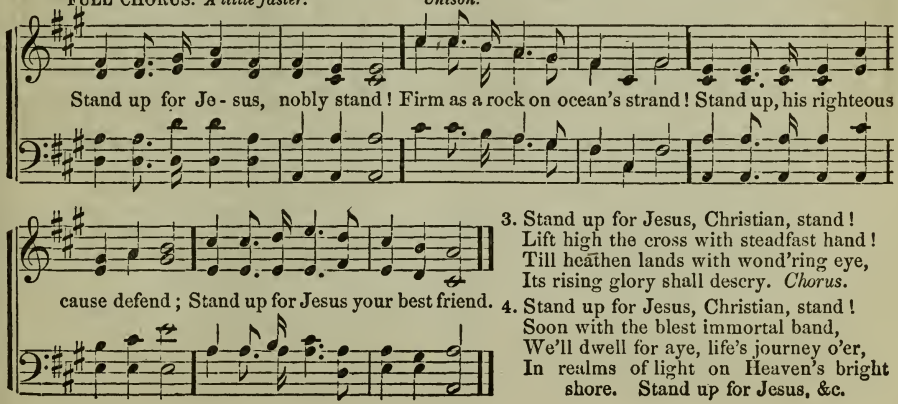
SEMI-CHORUS.—*Moderato.*

Poetry By R. TORREY, JR.

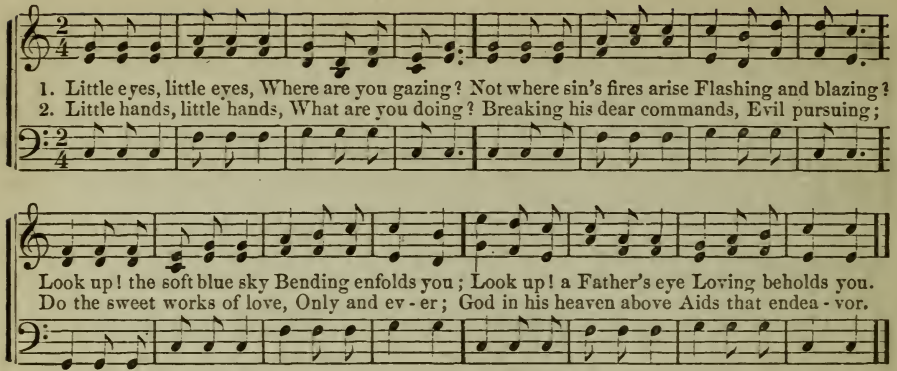


1. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Firm as a rock on Ocean's strand!
   Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like raging floods, a- - (*omit*) - - round thy soul!
2. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Sound forth his name o'er sea and land!
   Spread ye his glorious word abroad, Till all the world shall - - (*omit*) - - own him Lord!

FULL CHORUS. *A little faster.* *Unison.*



3. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
   Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
   Till heathen lands with wond'ring eye,
   Its rising glory shall descry. *Chorus.*
4. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
   Soon with the blest immortal band,
   We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
   In realms of light on Heaven's bright shore. Stand up for Jesus, &c.



3.

Little tongue, little tongue,
What are you saying?
Speak ne'er a word of wrong
Working or playing.
Speak but for love and truth—
Holy and winning:
In the sweet bloom of youth,
Heaven's song beginning.

4.

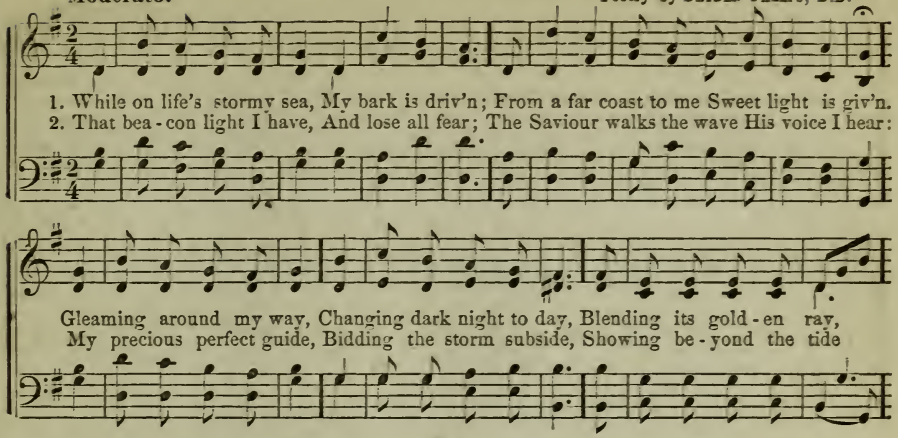
Little feet, little feet,
Where are you moving?
Let not the tempter meet
Steps idly roving!
Walk where the good have trod,
Heavenward before you;
Christ's feet have pressed the sod,
He watches o'er you.

5.

Little heart, little heart,
Seeking God's altar—
Choosing the better part—
O, do not falter!
Gentle, and wise, and pure,
All to him given;
Thine is the promise sure
"Written in heaven."

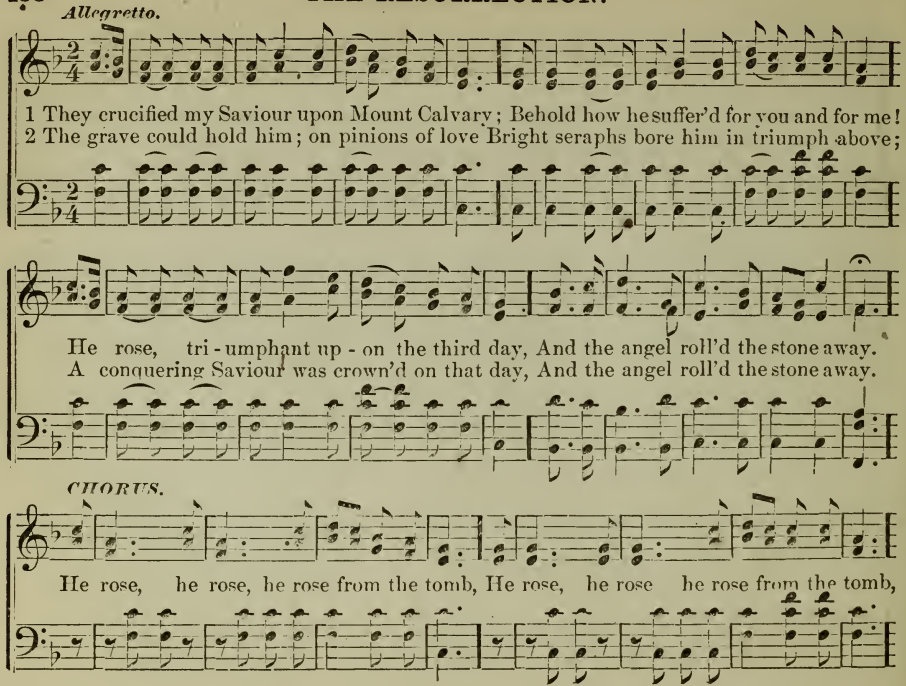
Moderato.

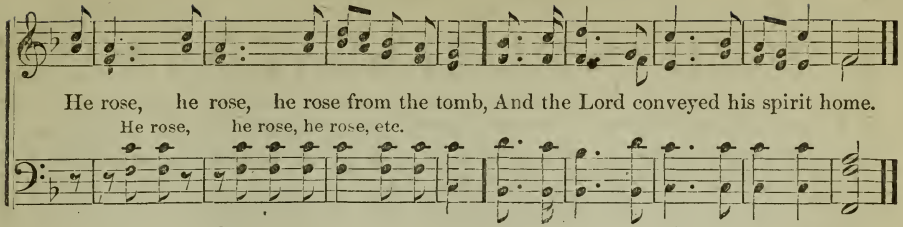
Poetry by DRYDEN PHELPS, D.D.



3.

I feel thy magnet powers,
Bright world to come;
Faith sees thy glorious bowers,
Where angels roam:
Where loved ones gone before,
Now beckon from the shore,
And make me long the more
For them and home,
For them and home.


Allegretto.
1 They crucified my Saviour upon Mount Calvary; Behold how he suffer'd for you and for me!
2 The grave could hold him; on pinions of love Bright seraphs bore him in triumph above;
He rose, tri - umphant up - on the third day, And the angel roll'd the stone away.
A conquering Saviour was crown'd on that day, And the angel roll'd the stone away.
CHORUS.
He rose, he rose, he rose from the tomb, He rose, he rose he rose from the tomb,



3.

Rejoicing in Jesus, our union is sweet;
As heirs of his kingdom, each other we greet;
Together we love him, together we pray,
While we humbly walk the narrow way.—*Cho.*

4.

We'll sing of salvation, thro' Jesus, the Lamb,
Till on Mount Zion before him shall stand;
For ever with Jesus, for ever to stay,
When our earthly toils have pass'd away.—*Cho.*

SECOND HYMN.

1.

‖: They hung King Jesus on a rude rugged tree, :‖
And the Lord convey'd his spirit home.—*Cho.*

2.

‖: Then Joseph begged his body, and laid it in the tomb; :‖
But the Lord conveyed his spirit home.—*Cho.*

3.

‖: And Mary came running her Saviour there to see; :‖
But the Lord had risen from the tomb.—*Cho.*

4.

‖: "Go tell my disciples I've gone to Galilee;" :‖
For the Lord had risen from the tomb—*Cho.*

5.

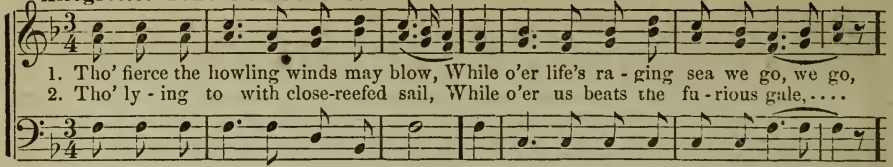
‖: Go preach to every nation, and tell to dying men, :‖
That the Lord was dead, but lives again.—*Cho.*

6.

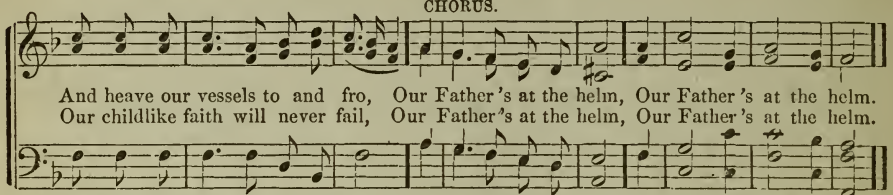
‖: Now give to God the glory, through his eternal Son, :‖
Who for us the victory hath won.—*Cho.*

OUR FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

Allegretto.—DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.



CHORUS.



3. Tho' mountains on huge mountains rise,
And toss us upward to the skies,
While many a sea quite o'er us flies,
Our Father's at the helm.

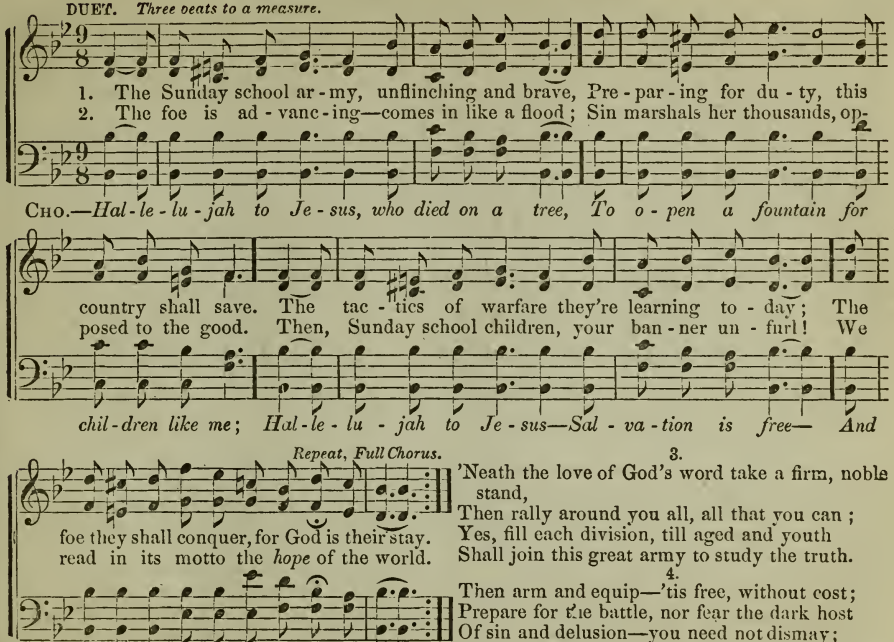
4. Tho' down we plunge, deep in the wave,
All threatened with a watery grave,
It cheers our hearts that God can save,
Our Father's at the helm.

5. Should tempests rage from day to day,
And sweep our towering masts away,
We'll quiet sit, and smiling say,
Our Father's at the helm.

6. Let wicked men and devils fear,
While viewing death and judgment near.
The child can sing without a fear,
Our Father's at the helm.

7. O, blessed consolation given
To saints while o'er life's ocean driven,
To guide their bark and bring to heaven,
Their Father's at the helm.

8. Then let us join our cheerful song,
This stormy voyage will not be long,
But soon we'll join the ransomed throng,
For Father's at the helm

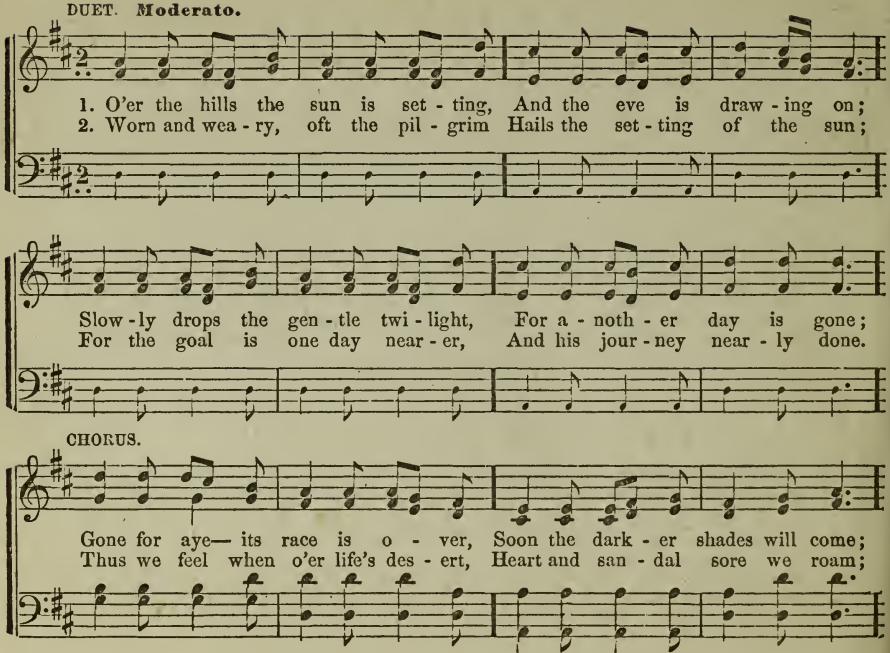


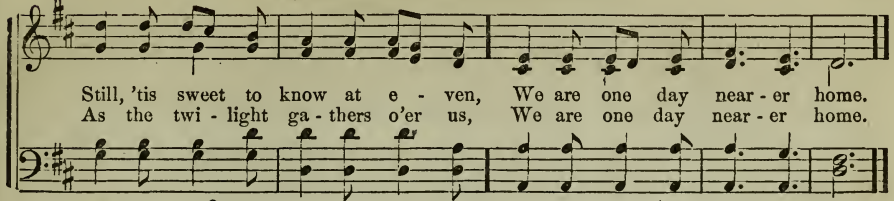
3.

'Neath the love of God's word take a firm, noble stand,
Then rally around you all, all that you can;
Yes, fill each division, till aged and youth
Shall join this great army to study the truth.

4.

Then arm and equip—'tis free, without cost;
Prepare for the battle, nor fear the dark host
Of sin and delusion—you need not dismay;
Choose Jesus your Captain, he'll sure win the day.


DUET. Moderato.
1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw - ing on;
2. Worn and wea - ry, oft the pil - grim Hails the set - ting of the sun;
Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For a - noth - er day is gone;
For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near - ly done.
CHORUS.
Gone for aye— its race is o - ver, Soon the dark - er shades will come;
Thus we feel when o'er life's des - ert, Heart and san - dal sore we roam;



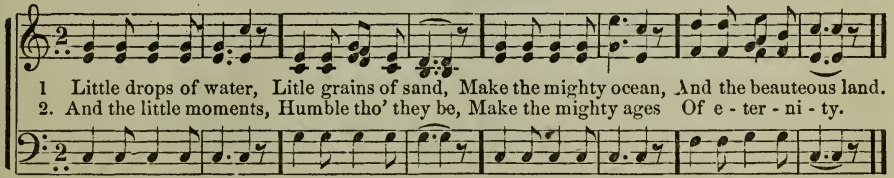
3.

Nearer home! yes, one day nearer,
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky.
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

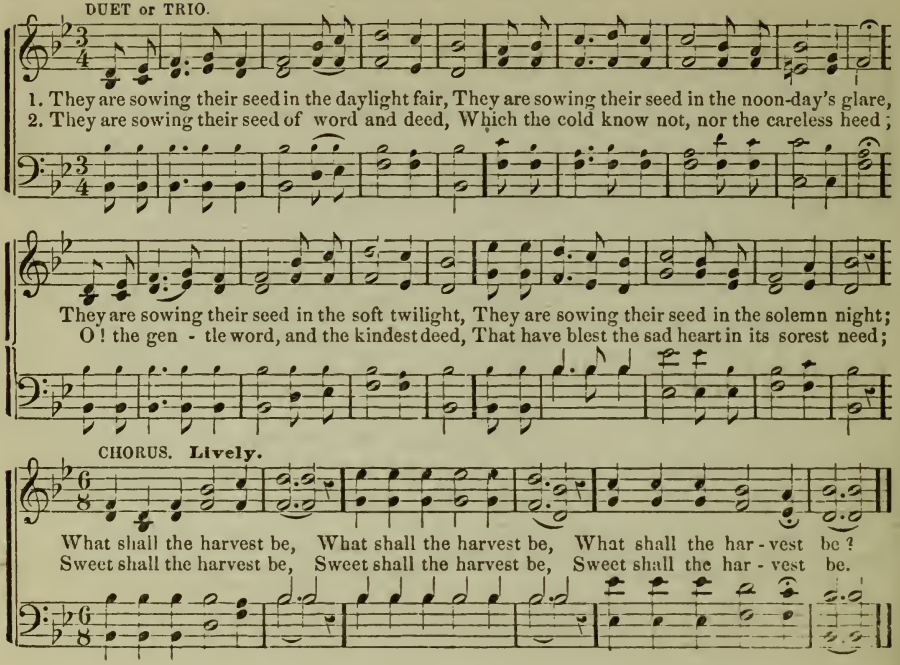
4.

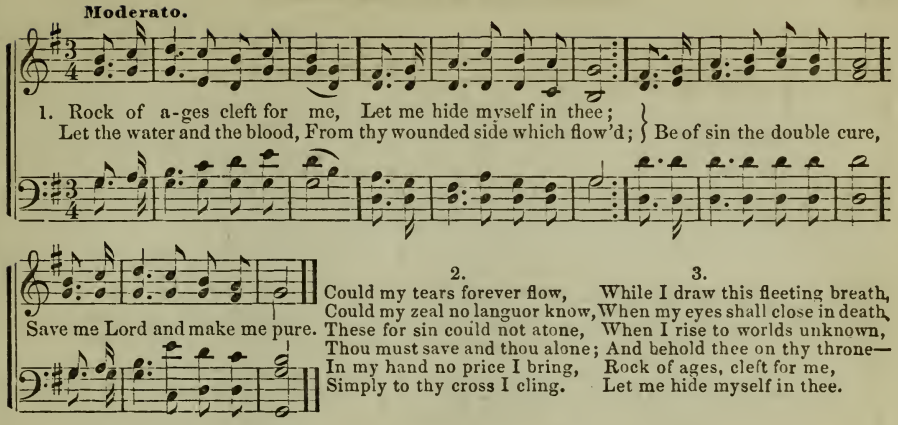
"One day nearer," sings the mariner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant native shore.
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture—
"I am one day nearer home."

LITTLE THINGS.



3. So our lit - tle errors Lead the soul away From the paths of virtue, Oft in sin to stray.
4. Little deeds of kindness, Little deeds of love, Make our earth an Eden, Like the heav'n above.
5. Little seeds of mercy, Sown by youthful hands, Grow to bless the nations, Far in heathen lands.


DUET or TRIO.
1. They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair, They are sowing their seed in the noon-day's glare,
2. They are sowing their seed of word and deed, Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed;
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight, They are sowing their seed in the solemn night;
O! the gen - tle word, and the kindest deed, That have blest the sad heart in its sorest need;
CHORUS. Lively.
What shall the harvest be, What shall the harvest be, What shall the har - vest be?
Sweet shall the harvest be, Sweet shall the harvest be, Sweet shall the har - vest be.



2.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Seed Time and Harvest, *Concluded.*

3.

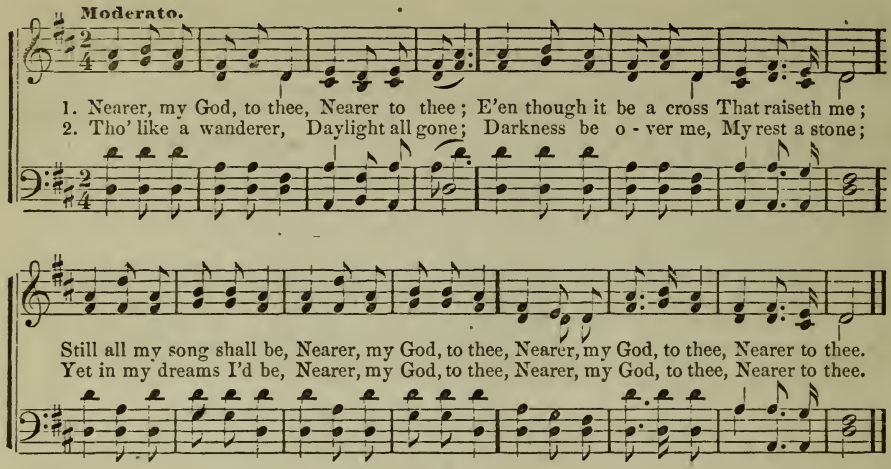
Some are sowing the seed of noble deed,
With a sleepless watch and an earnest heed,
With a ceaseless hand in the earth they sow,
And the fields are all whitening where'er they go,
Rich will the harvest be!

4.

And there's many yet standing with idle hands,
Still they're scattering seed throughout the land,
And some are sowing the seeds of care,
Which their soil long has borne and it still must bear;
Sad will the harvest be!

5.

Whether sown in darkness or sown in light,
Whether sown in weakness or sown in might,
Whether sown in meekness or sown in wrath,
In the broadest highway or the shadowy path;
Sure will the harvest be.



3.

There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer, &c.

4.

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise;
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer, &c.

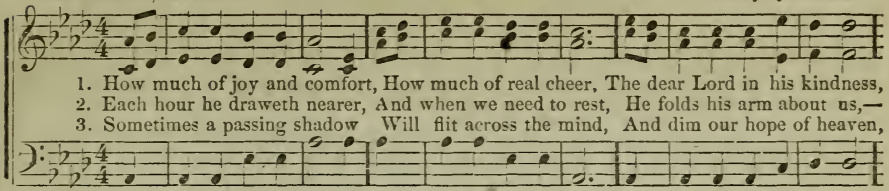
5.

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky;
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly:
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer, &c.

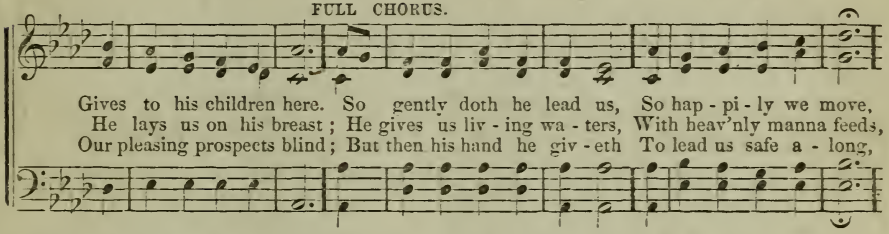
THE WAY HE LEADS US.

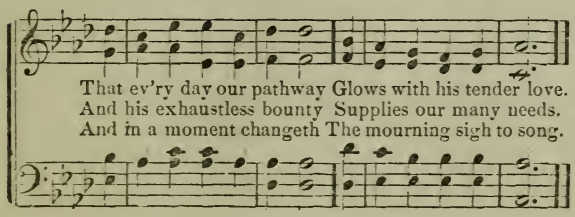
SEMI-CHORUS,—*Moderato.*

Poetry by CHILSON.



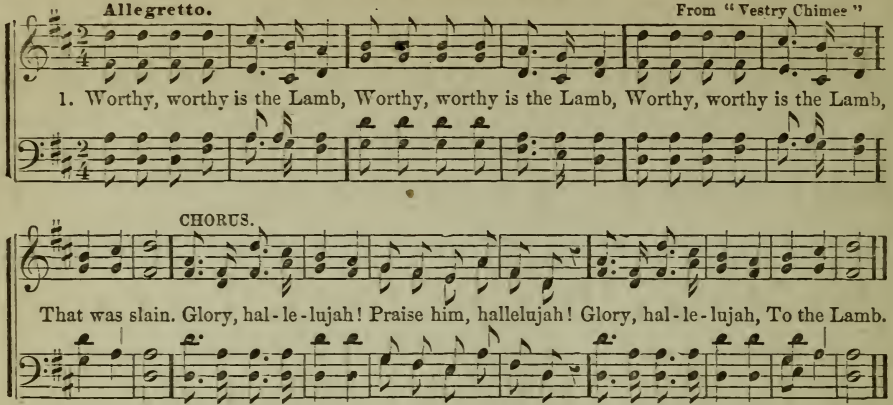
FULL CHORUS.





4.

And when our loved ones leave us
To come to us no more,
He draws aside the curtain,
And shows the golden shore;
We hear the praise exultant,—
The harp-strings sweetly ring,
As ransomed friends in glory
Bow to the loving king.



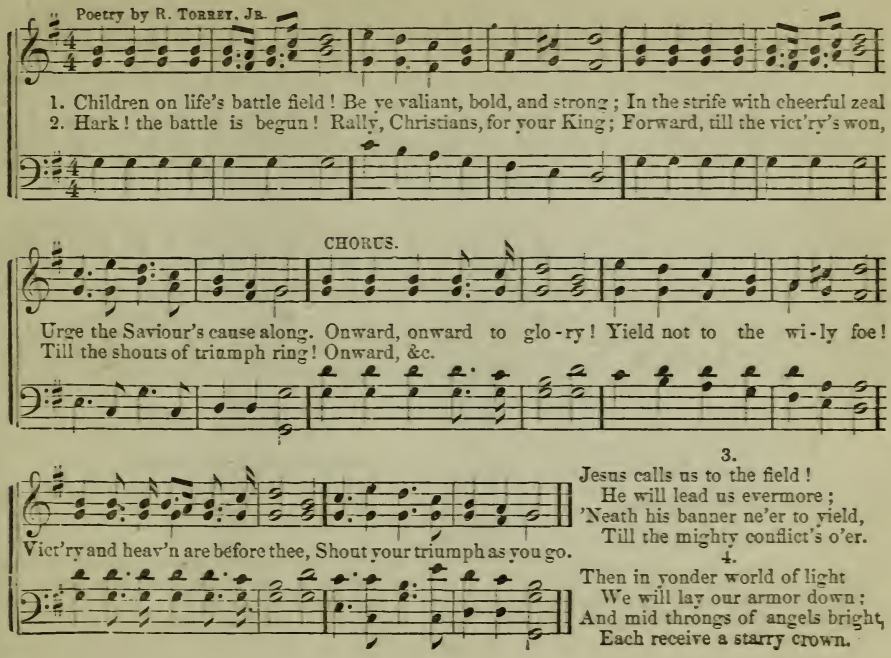
2. Sons of morning, sing his praise,
In the noblest strains you raise;
Man's redemption claims your lays,
Praise the Lamb. *Chorus.*

3. See, in sad Gethsemane,
See, on tragic Calvary,
Sinner, see his love to thee,
Praise the Lamb. *Chorus.*

4. Strike the stoutest sinner through,
Force the cry, "What shall I do?"
Let him weep till born anew,
Blessed Lamb, *Chorus.*

5. Penitents, dry up your tears,
God has heard believing prayers,
He forgives you when he hears
His dear Lamb. *Chorus.*

6. Thus may we each moment feel,
Love him, serve him, praise him still
Till we all on Zion's hill,
See the Lamb. *Chorus*



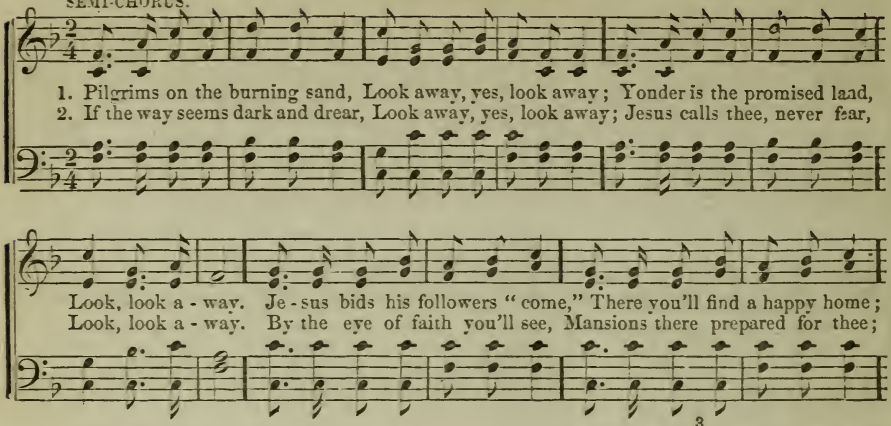
3.

Jesus calls us to the field!
He will lead us evermore;
'Neath his banner ne'er to yield,
Till the mighty conflict's o'er.

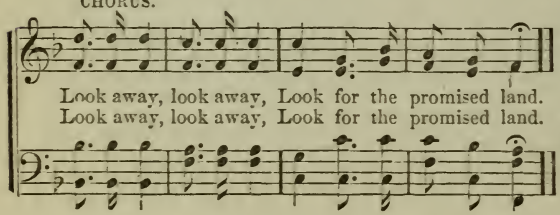
4.

Then in yonder world of light
We will lay our armor down;
And mid throngs of angels bright,
Each receive a starry crown.

SEMI-CHORUS.



CHORUS.



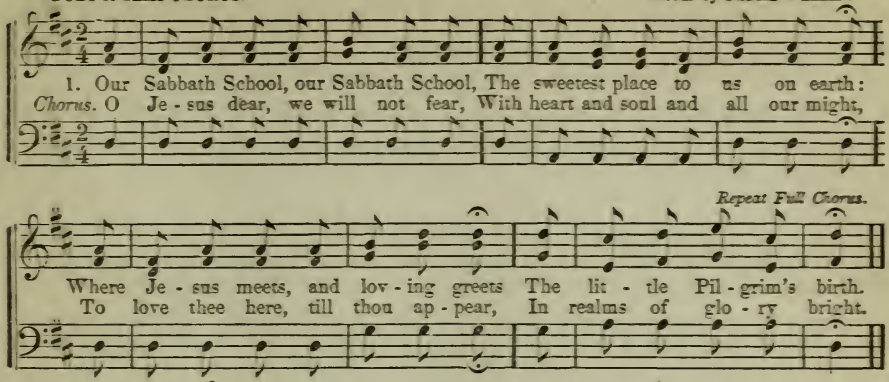
3.

Should your lot be hard to bear, &c.
Jesus will thy burdens share, &c.
With each trial grace is given,
Grace which points thee up to heaven.
Look away, &c.

4.

When the tempest's most severe, &c.
Jesus comes, thy heart to cheer, &c.
Pearly gates you'll soon behold,
Streets all paved with shining gold.
Look away, &c.

DUET or SEMI-CHORUS. Words by DANIEL WARREN.



2.

Each little one, that's just begun,
To walk in wisdom's shining road,
With holy light, he'll guide aright,
Unto his blest abode.
O Jesus dear, &c.

3.

This Sabbath morn, we'll travel on,
Nor leave our glorious King's highway—
With heart and hand, our little band,
Will serve him all the day.
O Jesus dear, &c.

4.

With sweet delight, we'll all unite
To praise our Saviour ever dear;
In pleasant lays we'll sing his praise,
Who loves our praise to hear.
O Jesus dear, &c.

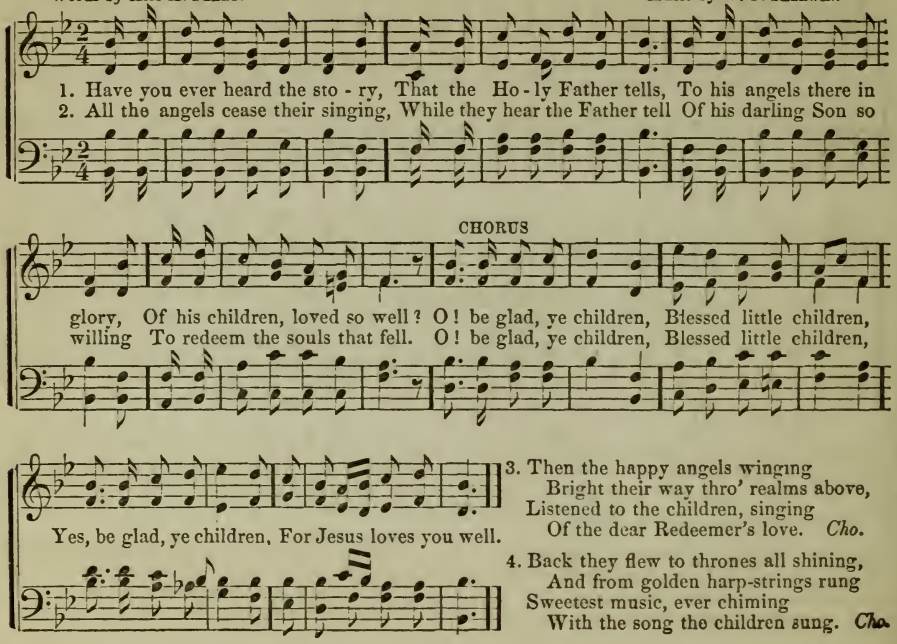
5.

From morning life, to age's strife,
We'll serve and praise our heavenly King;
And then on high, above the sky,
Shall praise eternal ring.
O Jesus dear, &c.

O! BE GLAD, YE CHILDREN.

From "Little Wanderer's Friend," by permission.

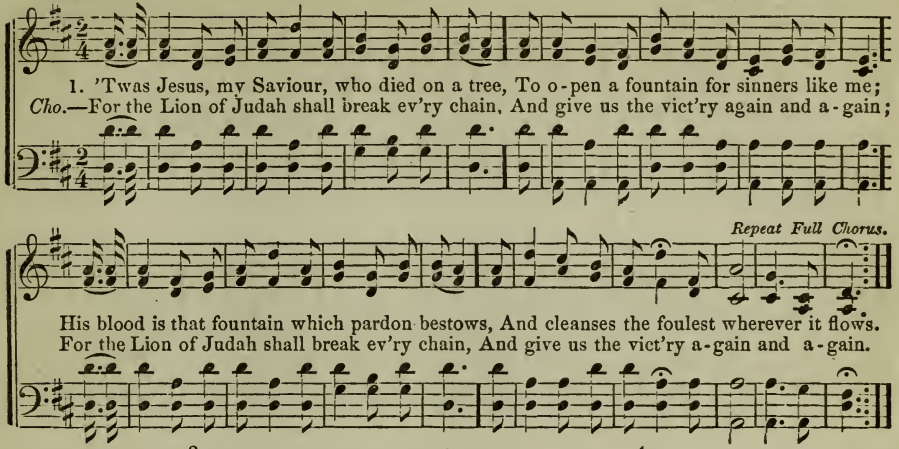
Words by Miss M. Feaby. Music by W. F. Sherwin.



3. Then the happy angels winging
Bright their way thro' realms above,
Listened to the children, singing
Of the dear Redeemer's love. *Cho.*

4. Back they flew to thrones all shining,
And from golden harp-strings rung
Sweetest music, ever chiming
With the song the children sung. *Cho.*

SEMI-CHORUS. Poetry by H. Q. WILSON.



2.

And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty his love in my heart;
So now I am joined with the conquering band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.

3.

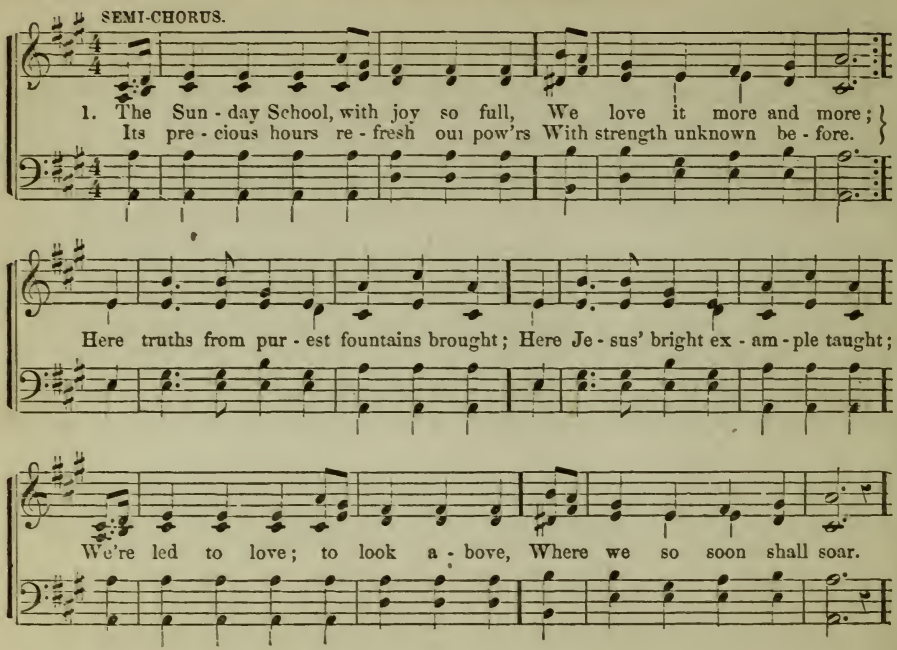
Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss,
My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.

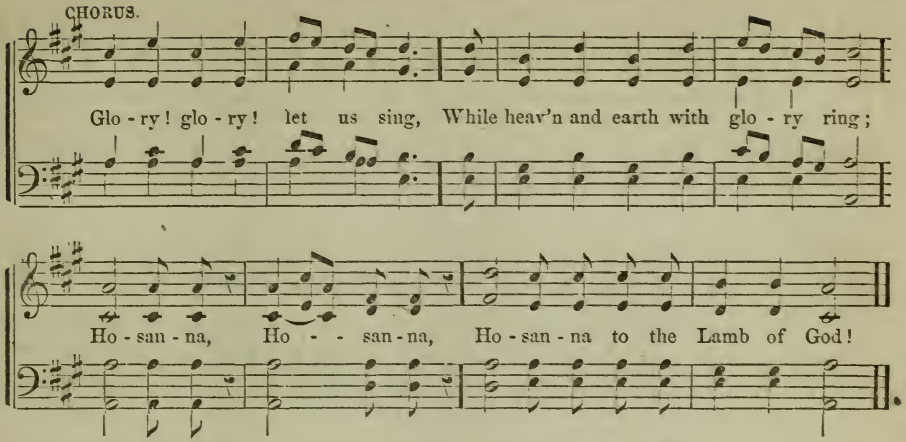
4.

And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound
And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
Then, when heav'n and earth shall be melting away
I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.

5.

And when with the ransomed by Jesus my head,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be led;
I'll fall at his feet, and his mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.


SEMI-CHORUS.
1. The Sun - day School, with joy so full, We love it more and more;
Its pre - cious hours re - fresh our pow'rs With strength unknown be - fore.
Here truths from pur - est fountains brought; Here Je - sus' bright ex - am - ple taught;
We're led to love; to look a - bove, Where we so soon shall soar.



2.

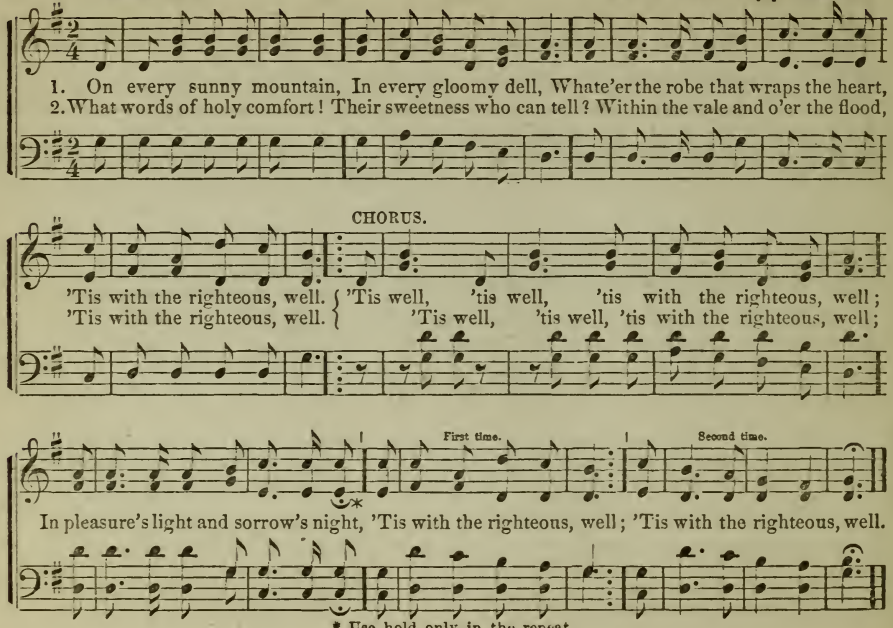
Our Teachers true, we turn to you,
As guides beloved and kind;
In youth and age, on mem'ry's page,
Our thanks shall stand enshrined.
And when 'mid life's gay scenes we stray,
Where duties call, where passions play,
Your counsels wise shall ever rise,
Like guards around the mind.
Cho. Glory! glory! &c.

3.

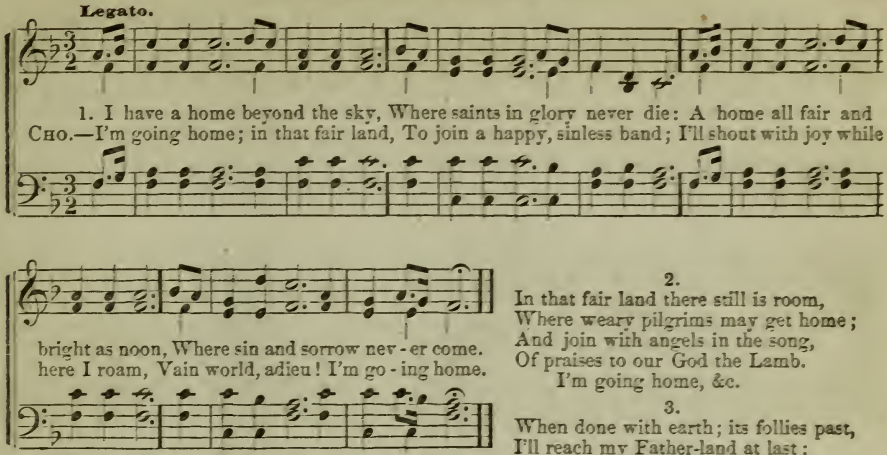
Our Pastor kind, we're e'er inclined
To hear your gladsome voice;
And fondly cling to truths you bring,
They make our hearts rejoice.
And when these youthful days are past,
To riper joys and scenes we'll haste,
We'll gather where the good appear,
And make their ways our choice.
Cho. Glory! glory! &c.

'TIS WELL WITH THE RIGHTEOUS.

DUET or TRIO. Rev. R. LOWRY —By permission.



* Use hold only in the repeat.



'Tis well with the Righteous.

3. Tho' dripping clouds may gather,
And grief the bosom swell,
The trusting heart will ever sing,
'Tis with the righteous, well. *Cho.*

4. And when the strife is over,
And hushed the solemn knell,
Within the gates, around the throne,
'Tis with the righteous, well. *Cho.*

2.

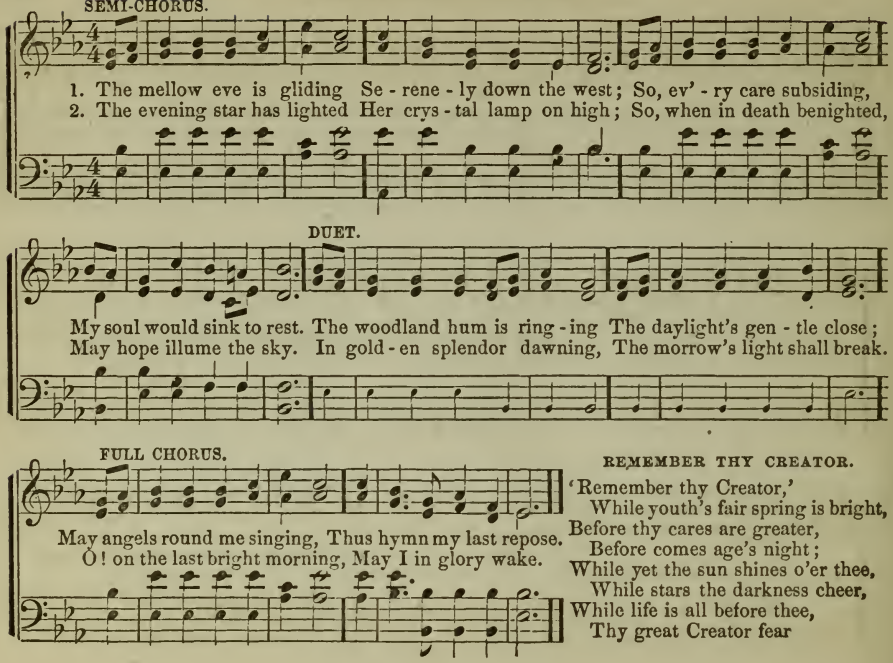
In that fair land there still is room,
Where weary pilgrims may get home;
And join with angels in the song,
Of praises to our God the Lamb.
I'm going home, &c.

3.

When done with earth; its follies past,
I'll reach my Father-land at last;
To sit and sing around the throne,
"Glory to God! I'm safe at home."
I'm going home, &c.

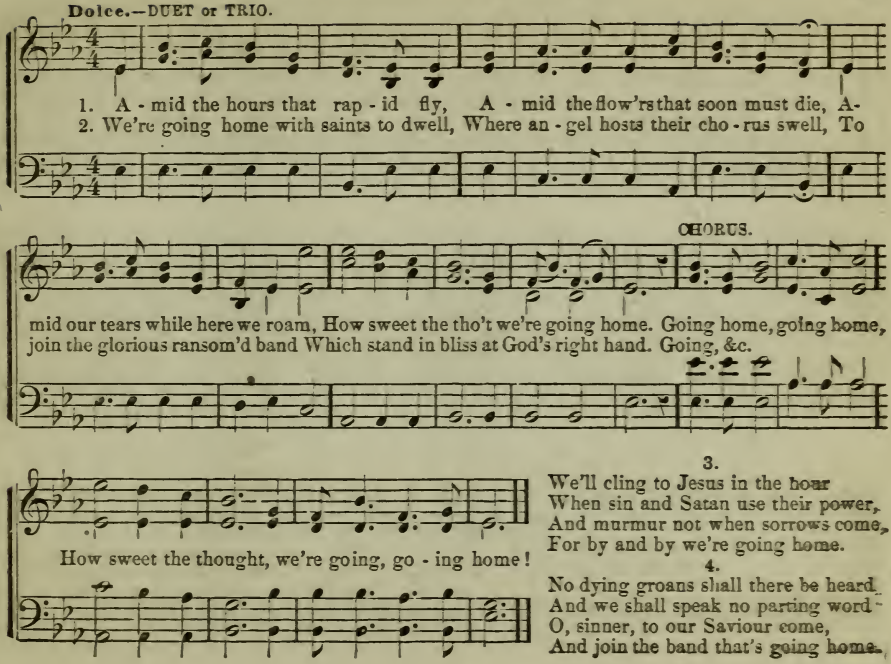
4.

When safe at home, in that fair land,
I'll join the happy sinless band;
And sing with rapture near the throne,
"Vain world adieu! I'm safe at home."
I'm going home, &c.



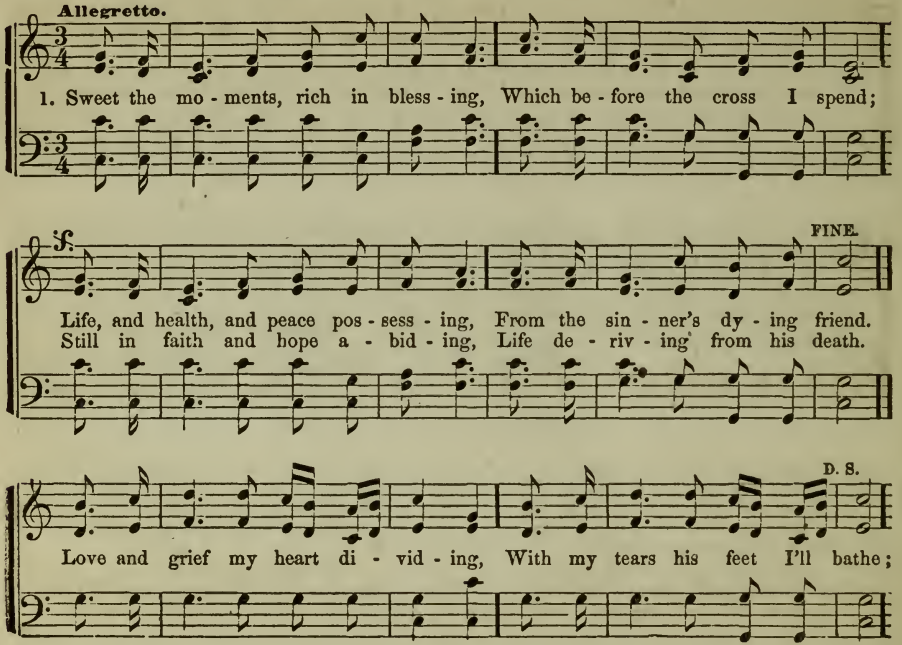
REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

'Remember thy Creator,'
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear

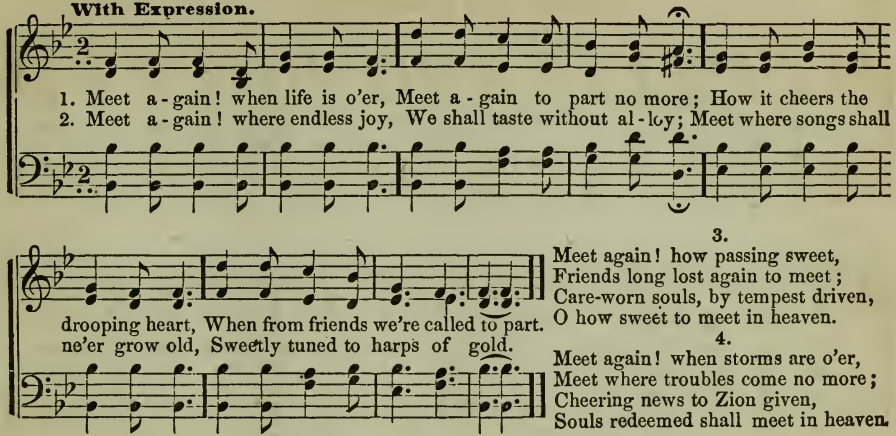


3.
We'll cling to Jesus in the hour
When sin and Satan use their power,
And murmur not when sorrows come,
For by and by we're going home.

4.
No dying groans shall there be heard,
And we shall speak no parting word;
O, sinner, to our Saviour come,
And join the band that's going home.


Allegretto.
1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing friend.
Still in faith and hope a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from his death.
Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
FINE.
D. S.

With Expression.



3.

Meet again! how passing sweet,
Friends long lost again to meet;
Care-worn souls, by tempest driven,
O how sweet to meet in heaven.

4.

Meet again! when storms are o'er,
Meet where troubles come no more;
Cheering news to Zion given,
Souls redeemed shall meet in heaven.

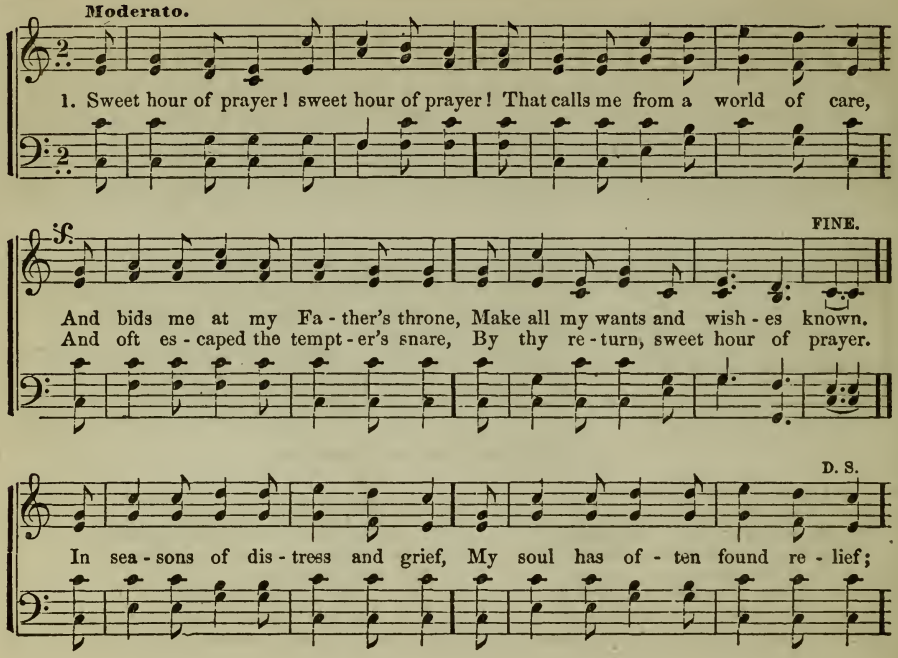
SWEET THE MOMENTS, *Concluded.*

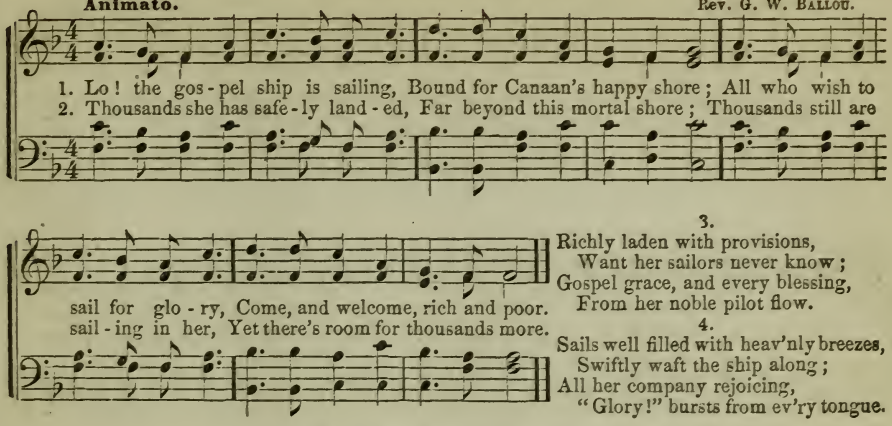
2.

O how blessed is the station,
Low before the cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from his gracious eye.
Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove each day his blood more healing,
And himself more deeply know.


Moderato.
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known.
And oft es - caped the tempt - er's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief;
FINE.
D. S.



3.
Richly laden with provisions,
Want her sailors never know;
Gospel grace, and every blessing,
From her noble pilot flow.

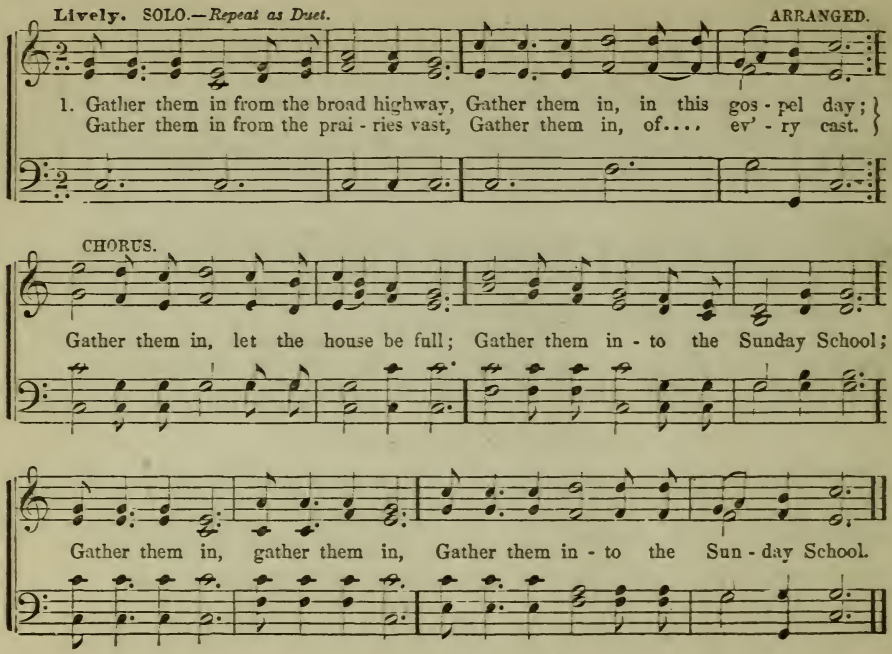
4.
Sails well filled with heav'nly breezes,
Swiftly waft the ship along;
All her company rejoicing,
"Glory!" bursts from ev'ry tongue.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER, *Concluded.*

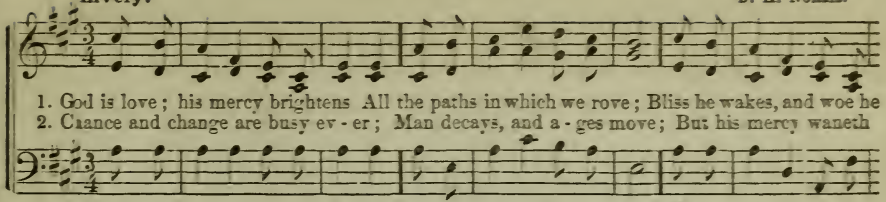
2.
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3.
Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
'Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

GATHER THEM IN.



Lively. D. H. Norris.



3.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Ev'rywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

GATHER THEM IN, *Concluded.*

2.

Gather them in, in numbers bold;
Gather them in, both young and old;
Gather them in from the widow's home;
Gather them in that sigh and groan. *Cho.*

3.

Gather them in from the street and lane;
Gather them in, both halt and lame;
Gather the deaf, the poor, the blind,—
Gather them in with a willing mind. *Cho.*

4.

Gather them in that seek for rest;
Gather them in from East to West;
Gather them in that wander about,
Gather them in from North to South. *Cho.*

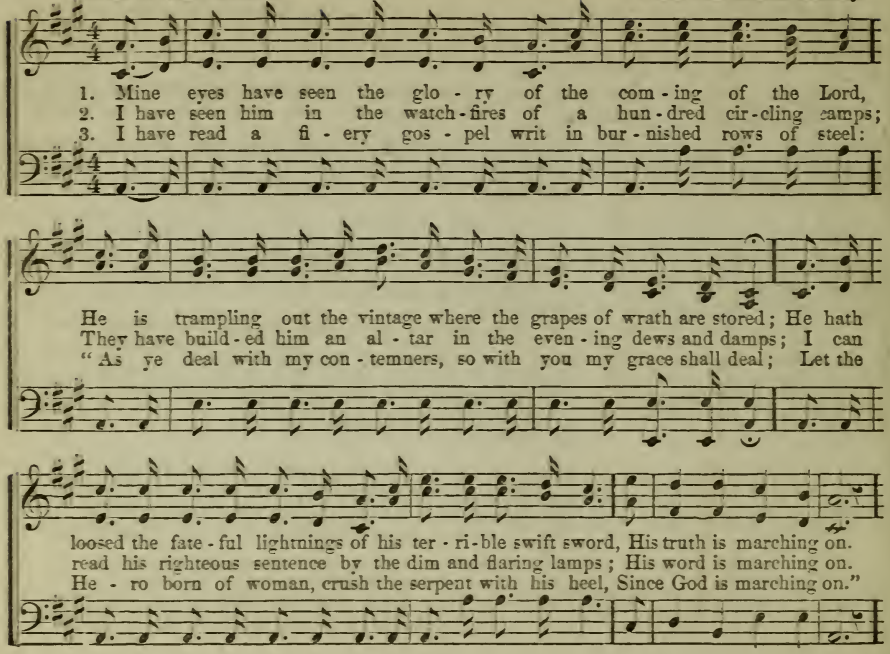
5.

Gather them in from all the land,
Gather them into our noble band;
Gather them in with Christian love—
Gather them in for the Church above. *Cho.*

MARCHING ON.

DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.

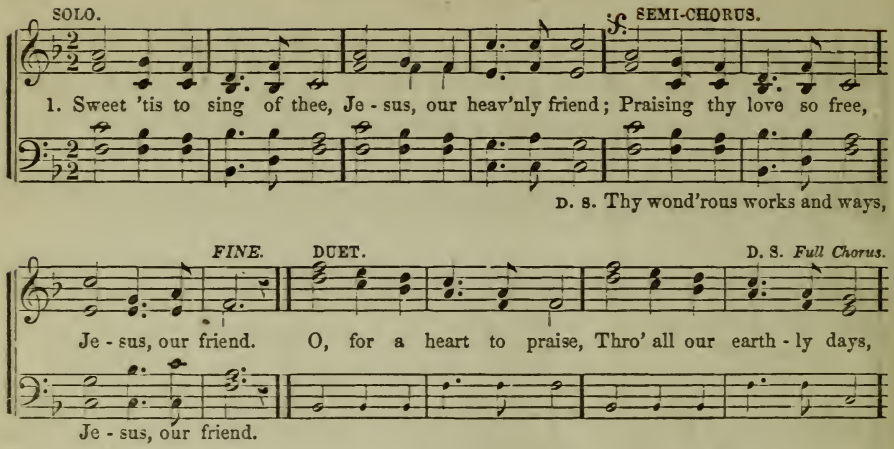
Words from *Atlantic Monthly*.





4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

5. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.



2.

When thou wert here below,
Jesus, our heav'nly friend;
Thou didst our sorrows know,
Jesus, our friend.
Grant to each heart to feel,
That thou hast power to heal,
And O! thyself reveal,
Jesus, our friend.

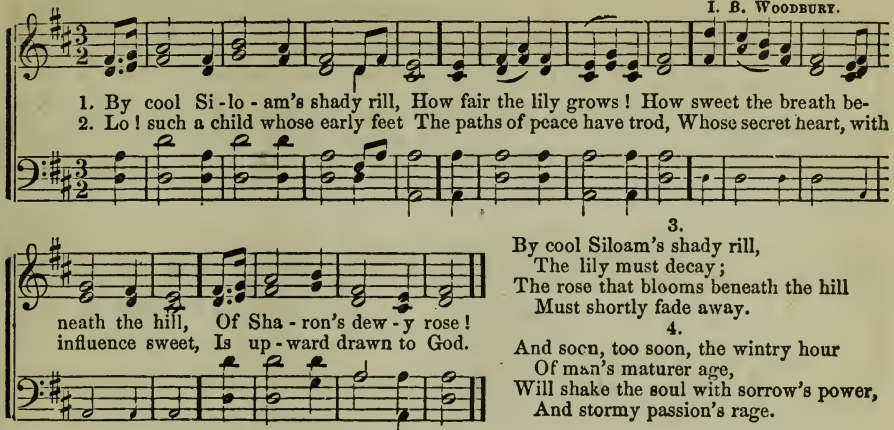
3.

Tender and patient thou,
Jesus, our heav'nly friend;
To thy dear love we bow,
Jesus, our friend.
O, in thy spirit pure,
May we our ills endure,
Trusting thy promise sure,
Jesus, our friend.

4.

By thy redeeming grace,
Jesus, our heav'nly friend
We hope to see thy face,
Jesus, our friend.
Then will we joyful praise,
Throughout eternal days,
Thy wondrous works and ways,
Jesus, our friend.

I. B. Woodbury.



3.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age,
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

Hymn for Tune "Jesus, our Friend."

1.

Kind words can never die,
Cherished and ever blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast;
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Go thro' all lands and climes,
The heart to cheer.

2.

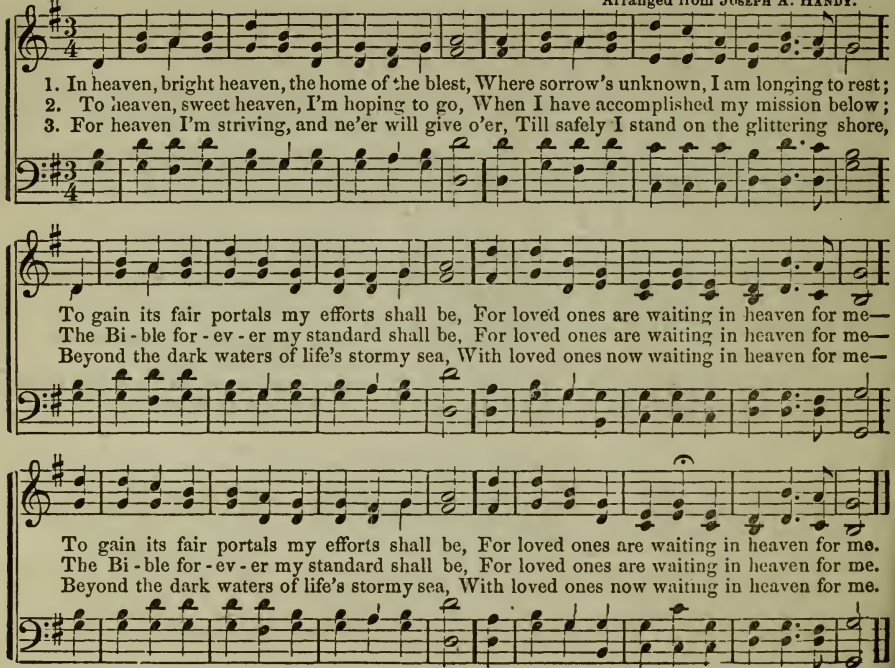
Sweet thoughts can never die,
Tho' like the vernal flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly,
In wintry hours;
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue,
They bloom again.

3.

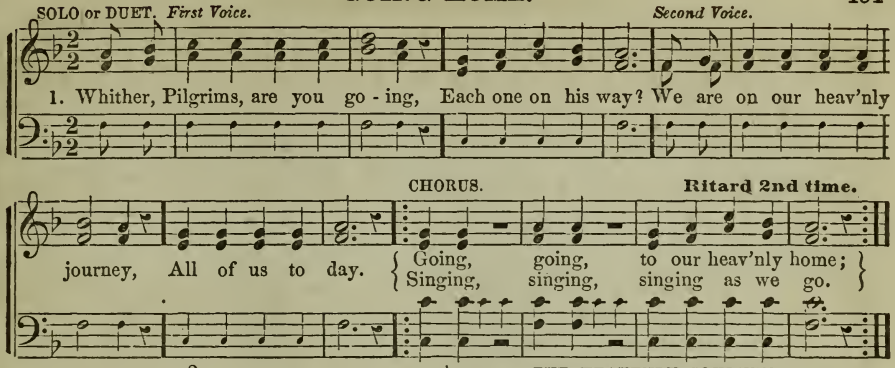
Our souls can never die,
Though in the silent tomb
Our bodies soon shall lie,
Wrapt in its gloom;
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day
With Christ above.

LOVED ONES ARE WAITING.

Arranged from JOSEPH A. HANDY.



GOING HOME.



2.

Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You a feeble band?
No, for friends unseen are near us,
Angels round us stand. Going, &c.

3.

Tell me, Pilgrims, what you hope for,
In that better land?
Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From our Saviour's hand. Going, &c.

4.

Will you let me journey with you,
To that better land?
Come along, we bid you welcome,
To our happy band. Going, &c.

THE HEAVENLY JOURNEY.

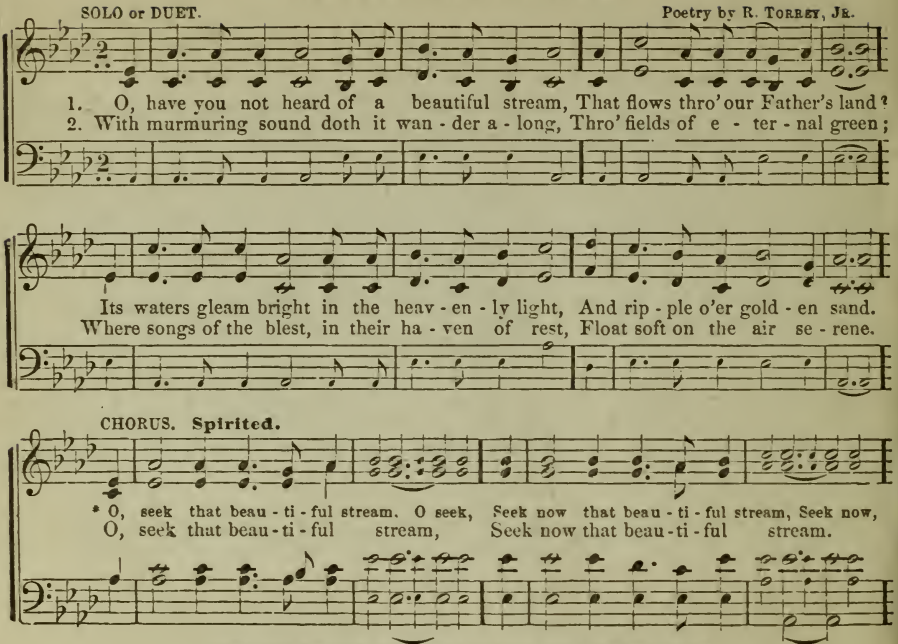
We are going, going, going,
To a land of light;
Where are flowing, flowing, flowing,
Waters pure and bright. Going, &c.

2.

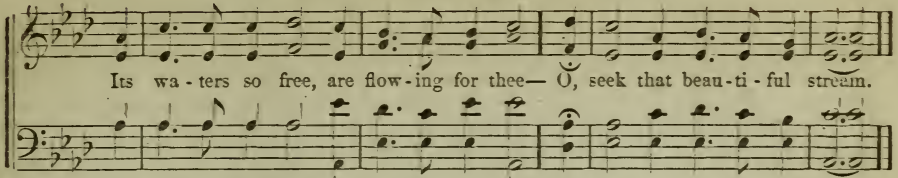
We are singing, singing, singing,
As we pass along;
Hear the ringing, ringing, ringing,
Of triumphant song. Going, &c.

3.

Jesus, Saviour, leave us never,
May we faithful prove;
Then at home with thee forever,
Gathered be above. Going, &c.



* About half the Choir should sing this line, using the small notes.



3. Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone!
O, come where its bright waves roll. *Cho.*

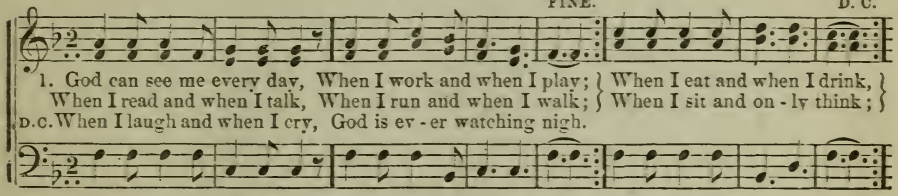
4.

This beautiful stream is the River of Life!
It flows for all nations, free!
A balm for each wound in its water is found;
O, sinner, it flows for thee! *Cho.*

5.

O, will you not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more. *Cho.*

MARTYN.



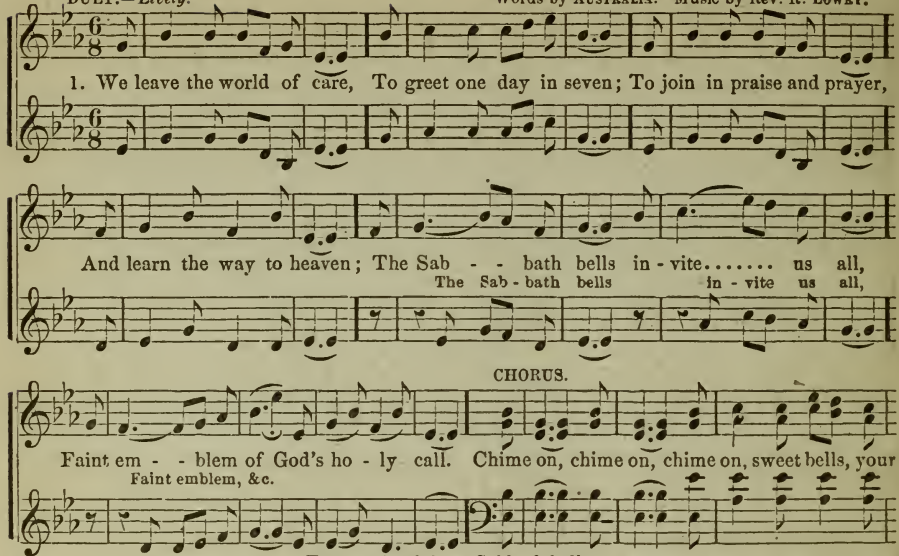
2 When the sun gives heat and light,
When the stars are twinkling bright,
When the moon shines on my bed,
God still watches o'er my head;
Night or day, at church or fair,
God is ever, ever near,
Marking all I do or say,
Pointing to the happy way.

SABBATH BELLS, CHIME ON.

From "S. S. Bell, No 2," by permission.

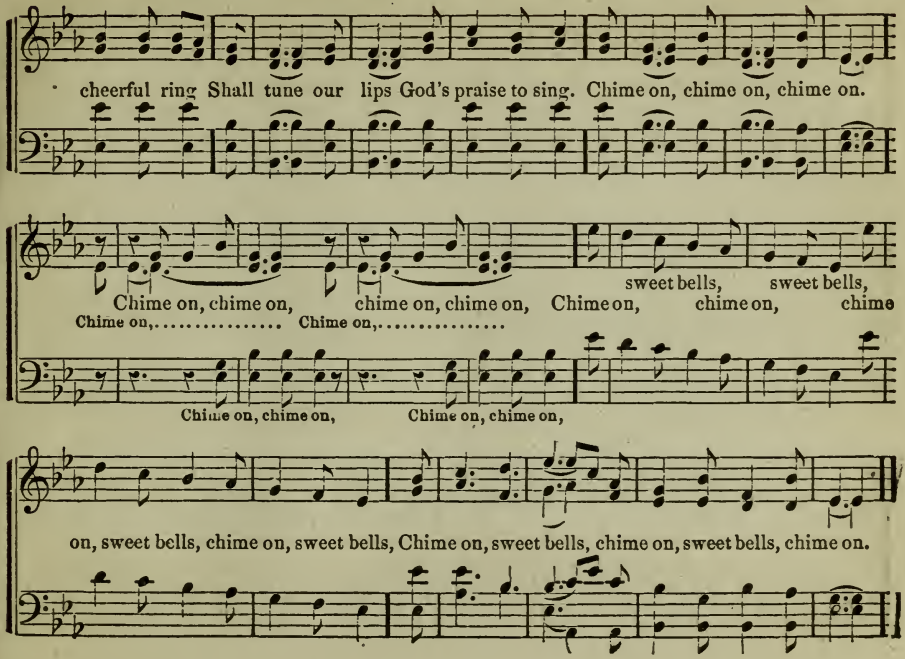
DUET.—*Lively.*

Words by AUSTRALIA. Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

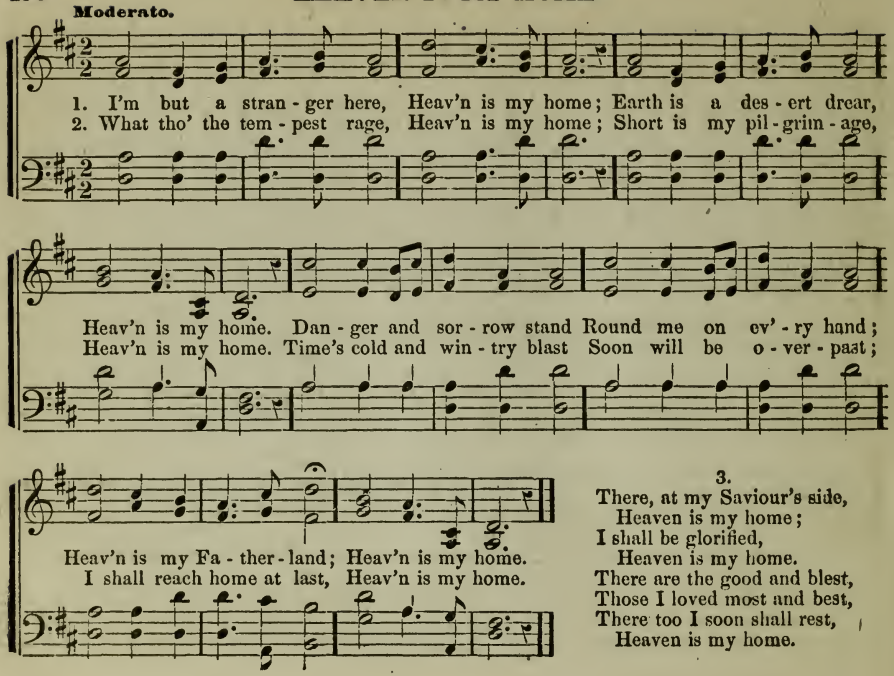


2. We leave our books and play,
To read that "Book divine,"
There we are taught the way
To joys that ne'er decline;
The music of those Sabbath bells,
How sweetly on the ear it swells!

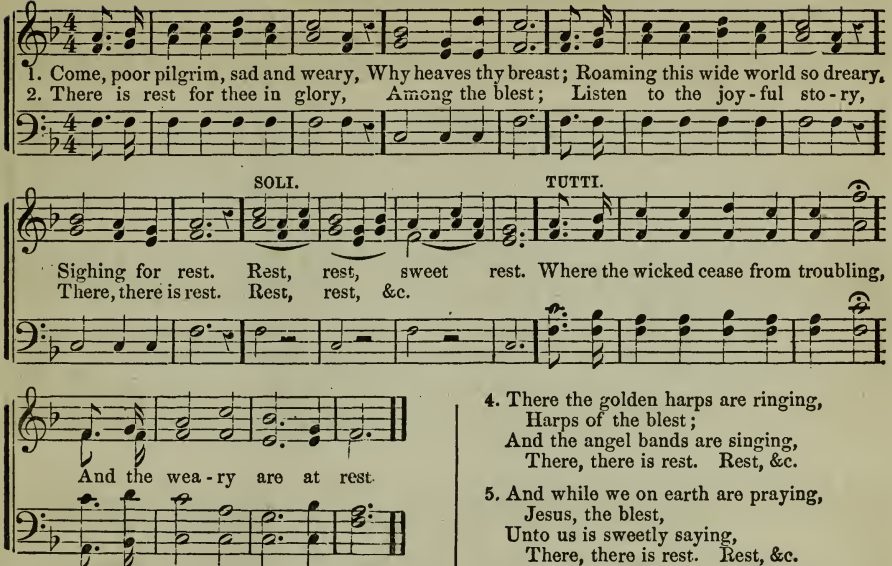
3. We leave our earthly home,
To seek that blest abode,
Where loved companions come
To lift their hearts to God;
List to the joyous sound that tells
The music of those Sabbath bells


cheerful ring Shall tune our lips God's praise to sing. Chime on, chime on, chime on.
sweet bells, sweet bells,
Chime on, chime on, chime on, chime on, Chime on, chime on, chime
Chime on,..... Chime on,.....
Chime on, chime on, Chime on, chime on,
on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, Chime on, sweet bells, chime on, sweet bells, chime on.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.



3.
There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There too I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.



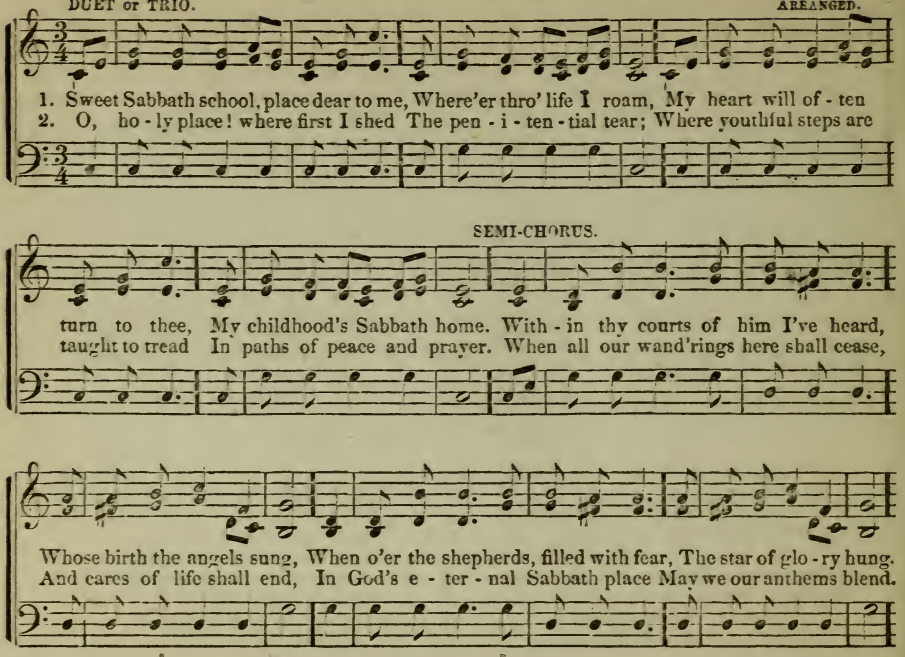
3. There are those who've gone before us,
All who are blest;
Singing now the happy chorus,
There, there is rest. Rest, &c.

4. There the golden harps are ringing,
Harps of the blest;
And the angel bands are singing,
There, there is rest. Rest, &c.

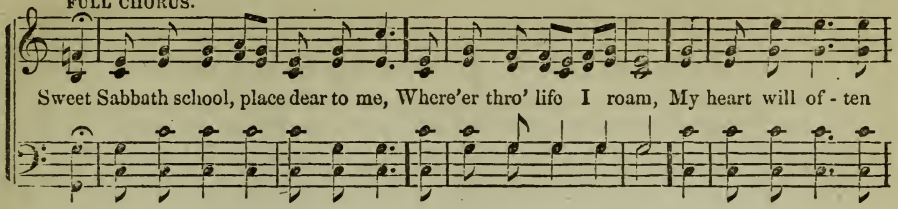
5. And while we on earth are praying,
Jesus, the blest,
Unto us is sweetly saying,
There, there is rest. Rest, &c.

6. We shall meet where parting never
Comes to the blest;
And we'll safely dwell forever,
In heavenly rest. Rest, &c.

DUET or TRIO. ARRANGED.



FULL CHORUS.



3. Then let our grateful tribute rise,
And songs of praise be given
To him who dwells above the skies,
For such a blessing given.
And welcome then the Sabbath School,
We'll read and sing and pray
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.
Sweet Sabbath School, &c.

Love for the Sabbath School.

1.

I love the Sabbath School—the place
My youthful feet have trod,
Where I have heard of wisdom's ways,
That lead to peace with God.
I love the Sabbath School,—'tis there
The praise of God we sing,—
'Tis there we bow the knee in prayer
To God, our heavenly King.
Sweet Sabbath School, &c.

2.

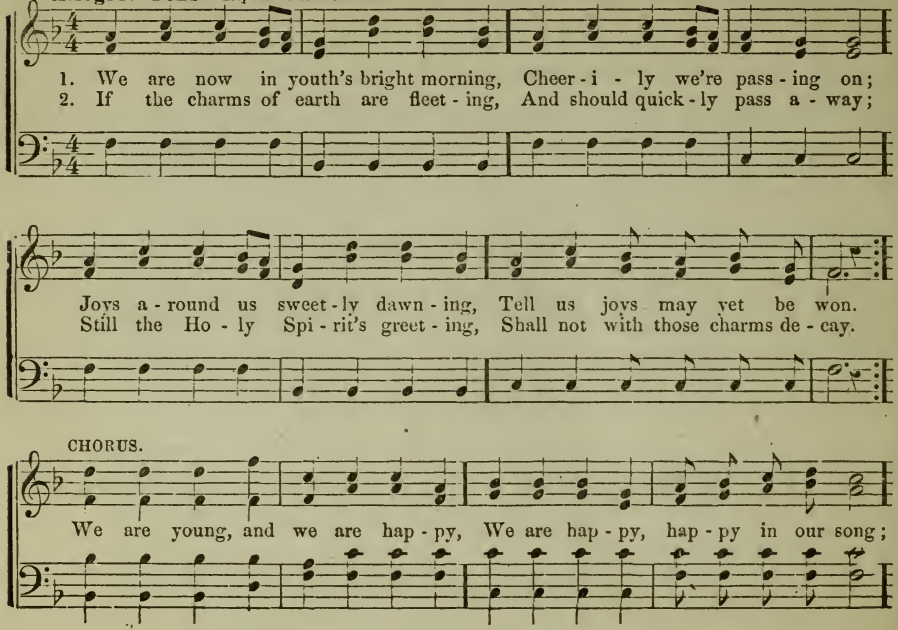
I love the Sabbath School—where we
The Holy Bible read,—
Which tells of Christ, who came to be
A Saviour in our need.
O, that when life's few cares are past
Our teachers we may meet
Upon the blissful plains, and cast
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.
Sweet Sabbath School, &c.

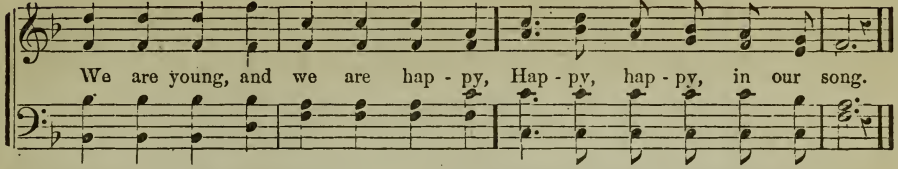
THE HAPPY SONG.

Words by Mrs. L. Baxter. W. B. Bradbury.

From the "Golden Shower," by permission.

Allegro. DUET.—*Repeat Semi-Chorus.*

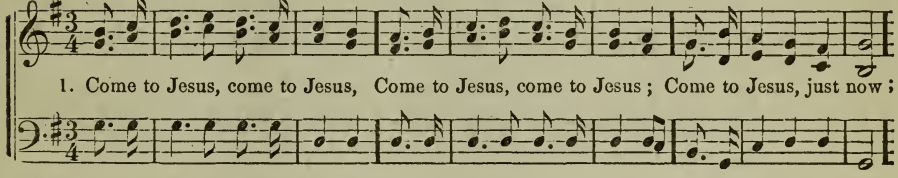


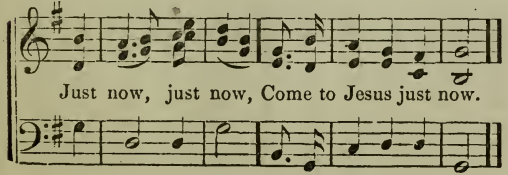


3. Wisdom's cheering voice invites us,
To the feast of Jesus' love,
And a foretaste here delights us,
On our way to realms above. We are, &c.

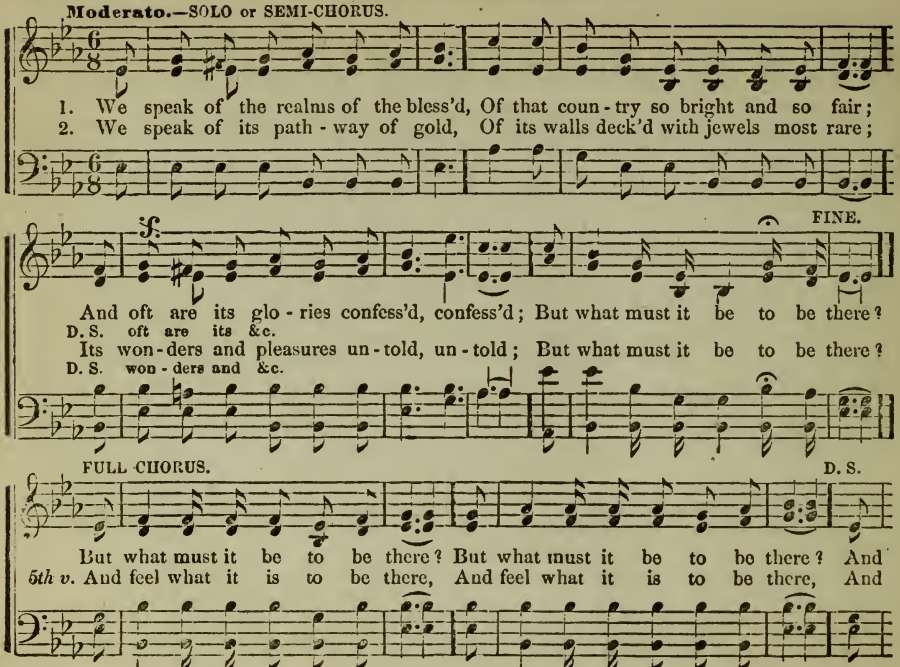
4. When we cross the shining portal,
On the banks of yonder shore,
And are clothed in robes immortal,
We'll be happy evermore. We are, &c.

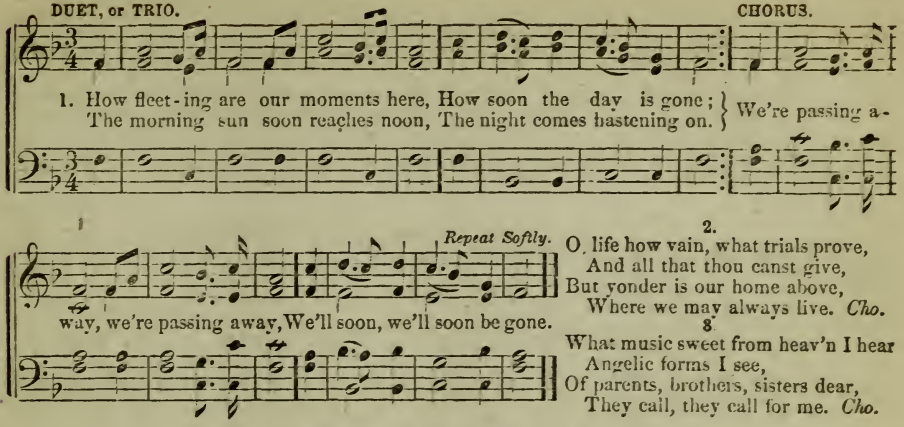
COME TO JESUS.





2.
He will save you, &c. Just now, &c.
3.
He is able, &c. Just now, &c.
4.
He is ready, &c. Just now, &c
5.
He is waiting, &c. Just now, &c.


Moderato.—SOLO or SEMI-CHORUS.
1. We speak of the realms of the bless'd, Of that coun - try so bright and so fair;
2. We speak of its path - way of gold, Of its walls deck'd with jewels most rare;
FINE.
And oft are its glo - ries confess'd, confess'd; But what must it be to be there?
D. S. oft are its &c.
Its won - ders and pleasures un - told, un - told; But what must it be to be there?
D. S. won - ders and &c.
FULL CHORUS.
D. S.
But what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there? And
5th v. And feel what it is to be there, And feel what it is to be there, And



2.
O, life how vain, what trials prove,
And all that thou canst give,
But yonder is our home above,
Where we may always live. *Cho.*

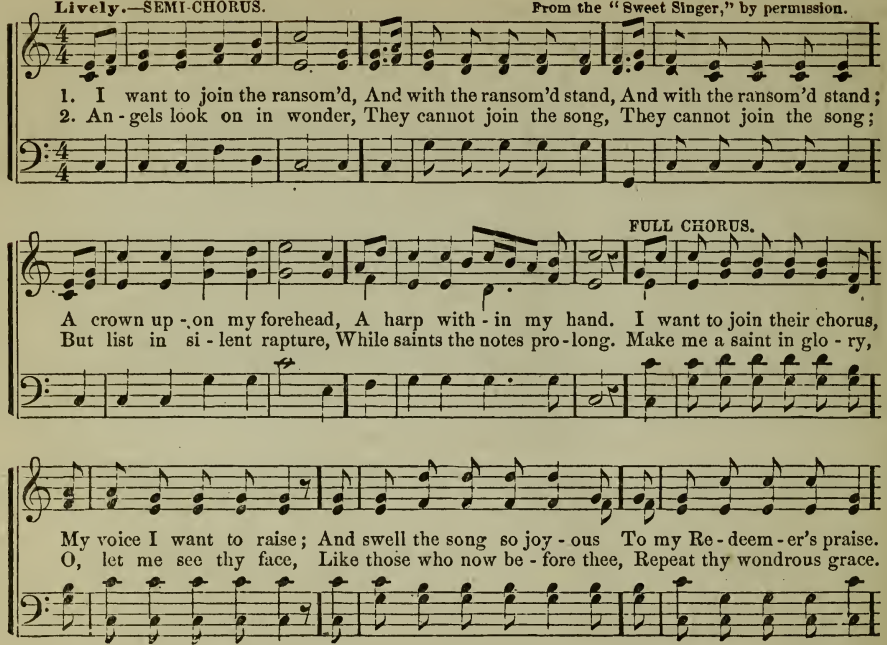
3.
What music sweet from heav'n I hear
Angelic forms I see,
Of parents, brothers, sisters dear,
They call, they call for me. *Cho.*

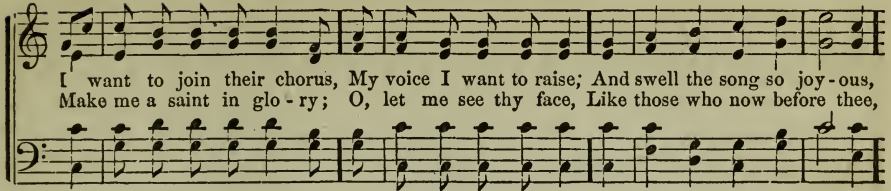
THE REALMS OF THE BLEST, *Concluded.*

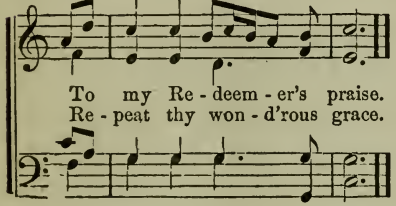
3.
We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care—
From trials without and within, within;
But what must it be to be there?
But what must it be, &c.

4.
We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear;
The Church of the first born above, above;
But what must it be to be there?
But what must it be, &c.

5.
Then let us 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we all shall know, shall know;
And feel what it is to be there.
And feel what it is, &c.


Lively.—SEMI-CHORUS.
From the "Sweet Singer," by permission.
1. I want to join the ransom'd, And with the ransom'd stand, And with the ransom'd stand;
2. An - gels look on in wonder, They cannot join the song, They cannot join the song;
FULL CHORUS.
A crown up - on my forehead, A harp with - in my hand. I want to join their chorus,
But list in si - lent rapture, While saints the notes pro - long. Make me a saint in glo - ry,
My voice I want to raise; And swell the song so joy - ous To my Re - deem - er's praise.
O, let me see thy face, Like those who now be - fore thee, Repeat thy wondrous grace.





3.

They cast their crowns before thee,
They hail thee, Saviour, King;
And while they thus adore thee,
New praises strive to sing.
And thus through endless ages
The blissful rapture grows;
And thus through endless ages
Thy love unchanging flows.

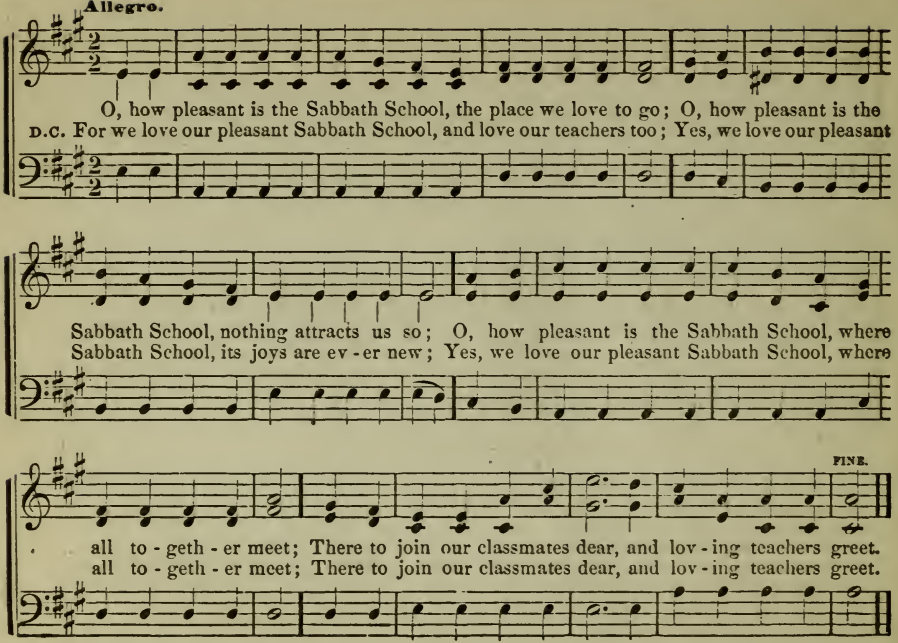
The Universal Anthem.

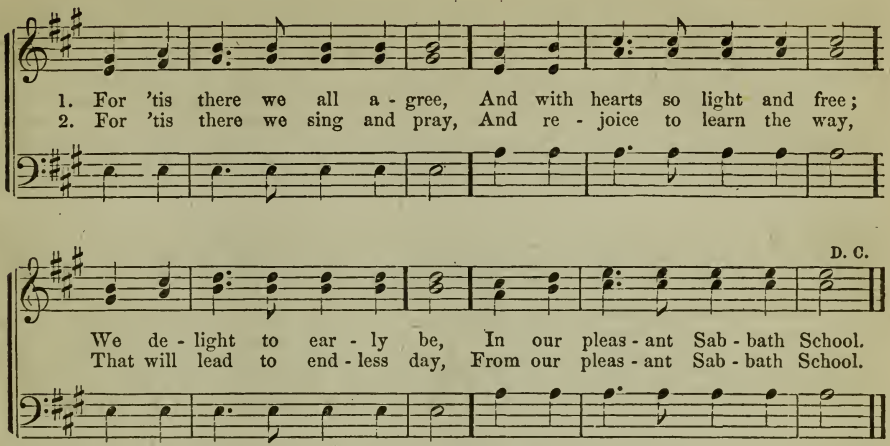
1.

When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And he who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign.

2.

Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound.


Allegro.
O, how pleasant is the Sabbath School, the place we love to go; O, how pleasant is the
D.C. For we love our pleasant Sabbath School, and love our teachers too; Yes, we love our pleasant
Sabbath School, nothing attracts us so; O, how pleasant is the Sabbath School, where
Sabbath School, its joys are ev-er new; Yes, we love our pleasant Sabbath School, where
FINE.
all to-geth-er meet; There to join our classmates dear, and lov-ing teachers greet.
all to-geth-er meet; There to join our classmates dear, and lov-ing teachers greet.



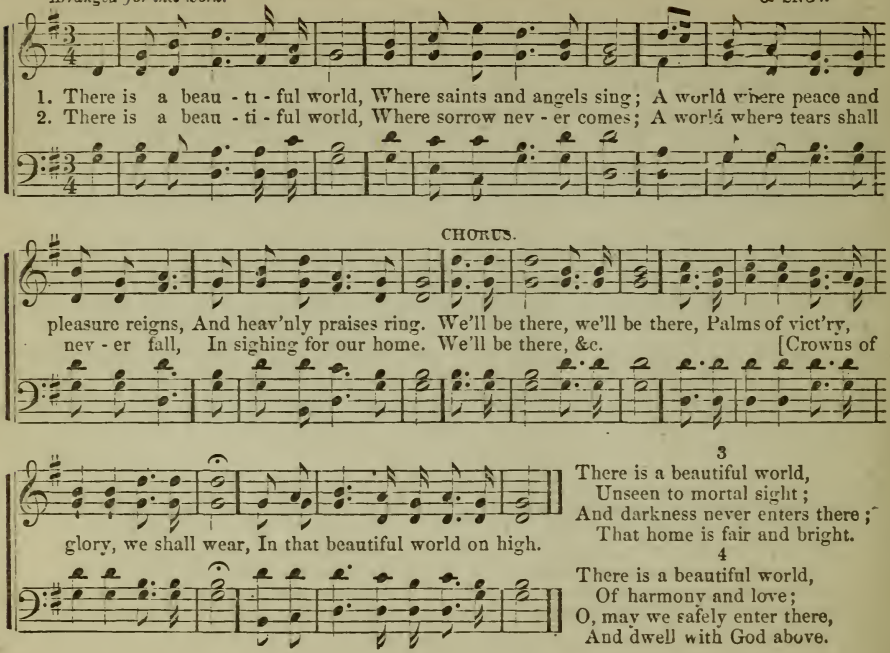
3.

O, how pleasant is the Sabbath School, &c.
For our friends and parents dear,
All will find a welcome here,
When they come our hearts to cheer,
In our pleasant Sabbath School.
For we love our pleasant Sabbath School, &c.

4.

O, how pleasant is the Sabbath School, &c.
Now let all our playmates come,
For we still can find them room,
And a quiet Sabbath home,
In our pleasant Sabbath School.
For we love our pleasant Sabbath

Arranged for this work. O. SNOW

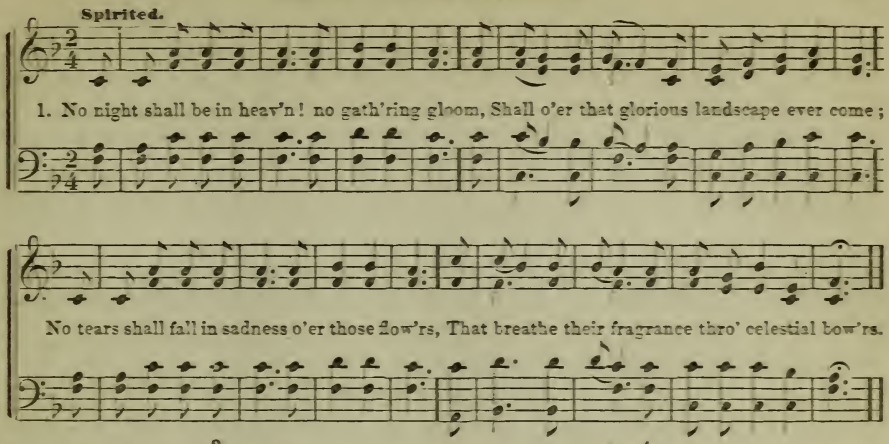


3

There is a beautiful world,
Unseen to mortal sight;
And darkness never enters there;
That home is fair and bright.

4

There is a beautiful world,
Of harmony and love;
O, may we safely enter there,
And dwell with God above.



2.

No night shall be in Heaven—Forbid to sleep,
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep;
Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away,
They gaze undazzled on eternal day.

3.

No night shall be in Heaven—No sorrow's reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there;
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

4.

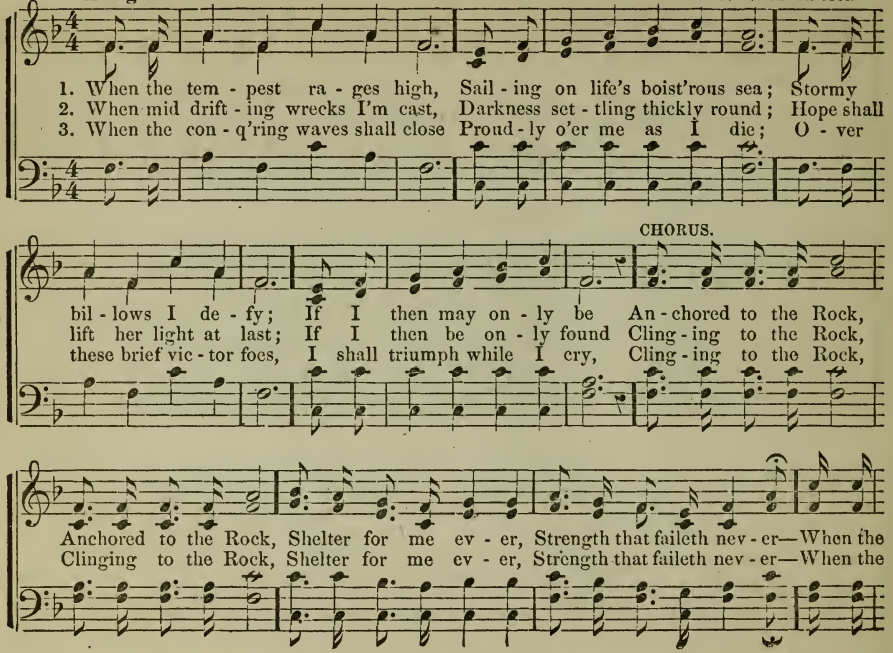
No night shall be in Heaven—but endless noon;
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light;
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

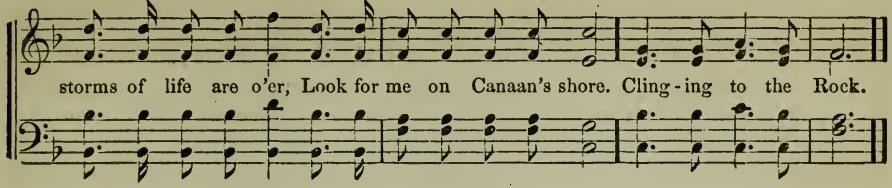
5.

No night shall be in Heaven! O had I faith
To rest in what the faithful Witness saith, [dee,
That faith should make these hideous phantoms
And leave no night, henceforth, on earth to me.

CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

Allegro. Prof. C. S. Harrington.





MISSIONARY HYMN.



2.

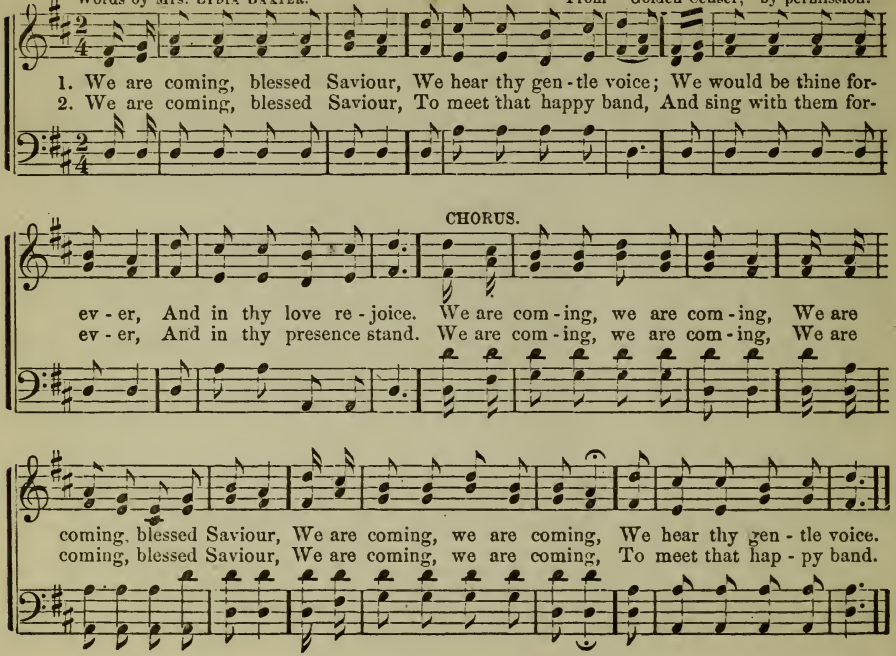
Neither light of Sabbath day,
Nor the sounds of music blend,
Not a voice to lead the way,
To the only Saviour, Friend;
But they grope thro' life and die,
Blinded to their destiny.
But they grope thro' life and die,
Blinded to their destiny.

3.

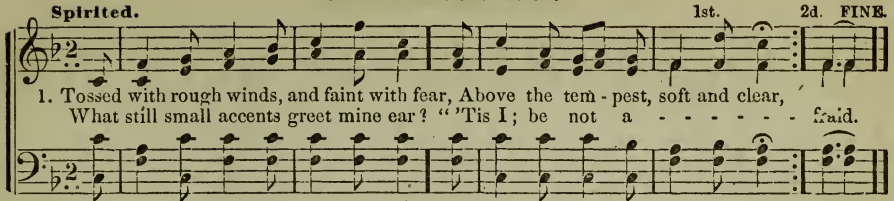
Little child with sparkling eye,
As thou daily kneel'st in prayer,
Wilt thou ask the Lord on high,
That those little ones may share
In those blessings rich and free,
Which he kindly gives to thee?
In those blessings rich and free,
Which he kindly gives to thee?

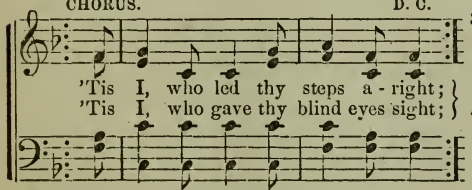
"WE ARE COMING."

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. From "Golden Censer," by permission.



BE NOT AFRAID.





2. These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on me:
'Tis I; be not afraid." *Cho.*

3. Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head.
My blessings are around thee shed
'Tis I; be not afraid. *Cho.*

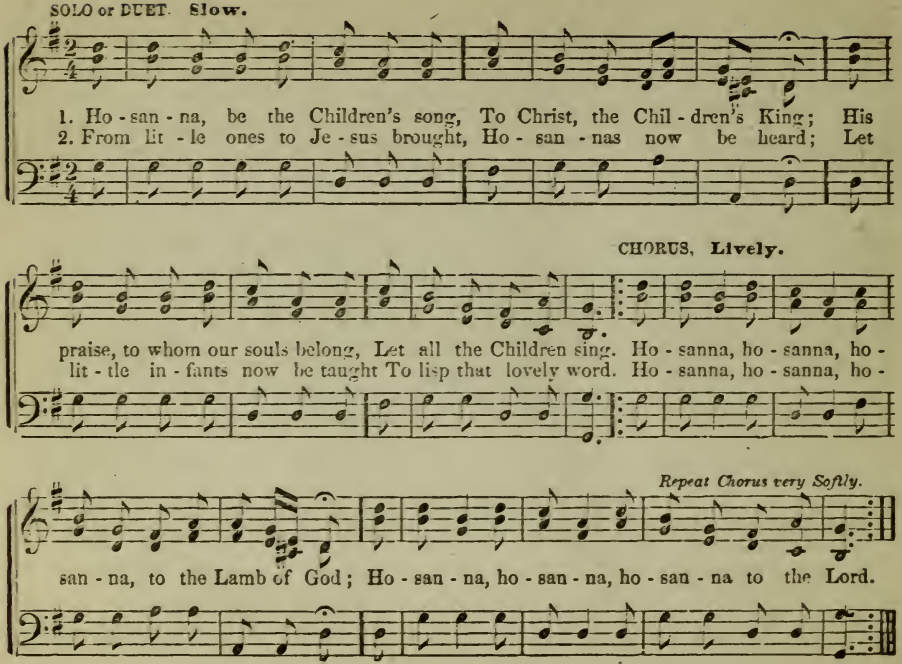
4. When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thine ear will greet;
'Tis I; be not afraid. *Cho.*

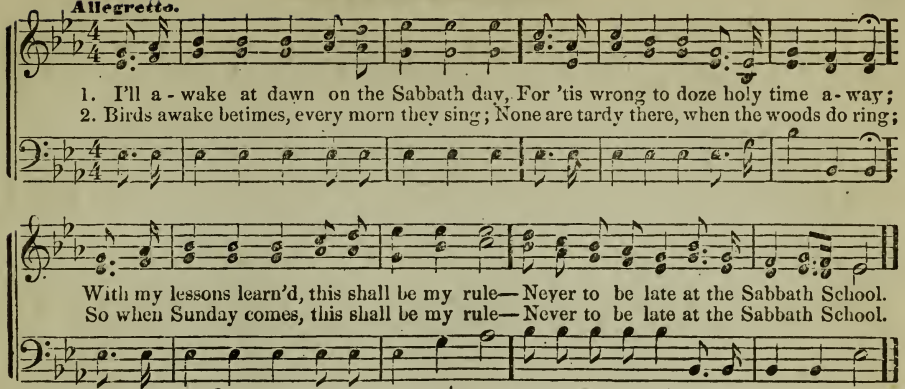
5. From out the dazzling majesty,
Gently he'll lay his hand on thee,
Whispering, "Beloved, lov'st thou me?
'Tis I; be not afraid." *Cho.*

We are Coming. *Concluded.*

3. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house to see—
A glorious mansion ever,
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house to see.

4. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, &c.
To crown our Jesus King.


SOLO or DUET. Slow.
1. Ho - san - na, be the Children's song, To Christ, the Chil - dren's King; His
2. From lit - le ones to Je - sus brought, Ho - san - nas now be heard; Let
CHORUS, Lively.
praise, to whom our souls belong, Let all the Children sing. Ho - sanna, ho - sanna, ho -
lit - tle in - fants now be taught To lisp that lovely word. Ho - sanna, ho - sanna, ho -
Repeat Chorus very Softly.
san - na, to the Lamb of God; Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na to the Lord.



3.

When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
They the call obey—none are tardy then;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

4.

But these Sabbath days will too soon be o'er,
And these happy hours shall return no more;
Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath School.

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE, *Concluded.*

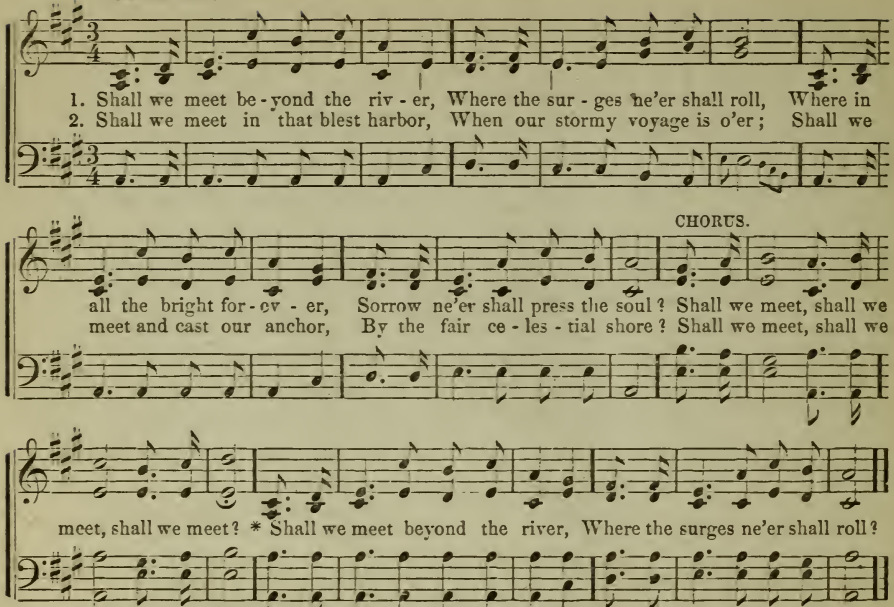
3. Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain. *Chorus*

4. Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply. *Chorus.*

5. Hosanna, then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King:
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing. *Chorus.*

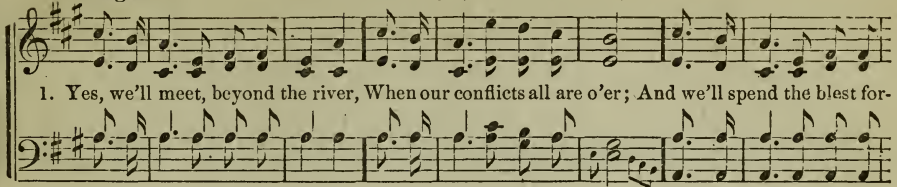
SHALL WE MEET?

DUET or TRIO.



* The last two lines may be omitted and "Yes we'll meet," added as a part of the Chorus for a final ending.

Allegretto. (*Answer to, or Chorus for, "Shall we meet?"*)



2. Yes, we'll meet, in yonder mansions,
Where our wand'rings all shall cease;
There we'll meet our dear companions,
And be crown'd with perfect peace.

3. Yes, we'll meet where bliss immortal,
Sweeter far than rest can be;
And before the throne eternal,
All our earthly triumphs see.

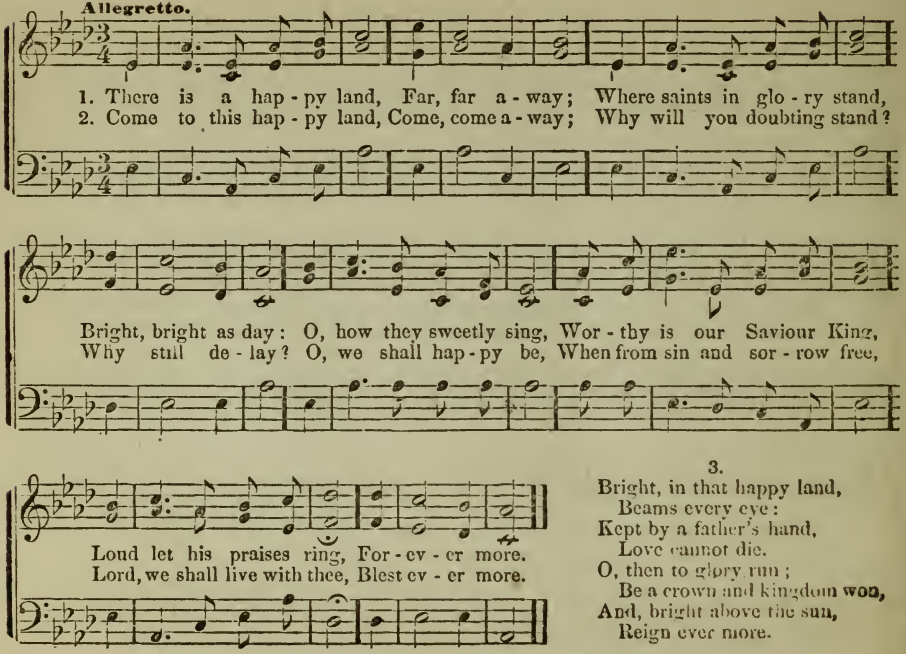
4. We shall meet, where all is onward,
Every change new glories bring;
And the host still moving forward,
Glorify our heav'nly King.

5. We shall meet, O, weary brother,
When the burden we lay down;
We shall change our cross of anguish,
For a bright unfading crown.

SHALL WE MEET? *Concluded.*

3. Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine.

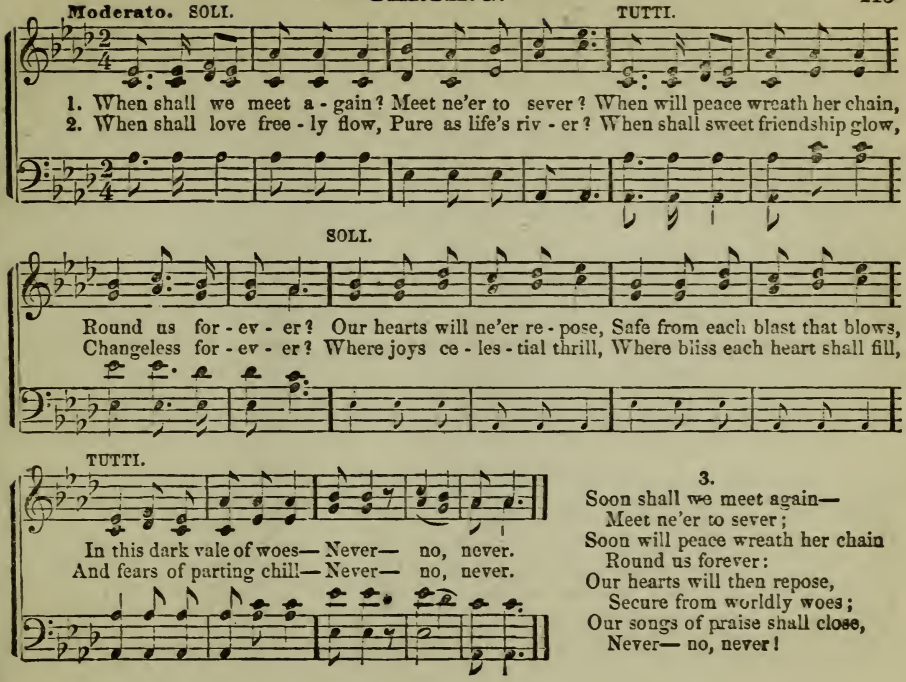
4. Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?



3.

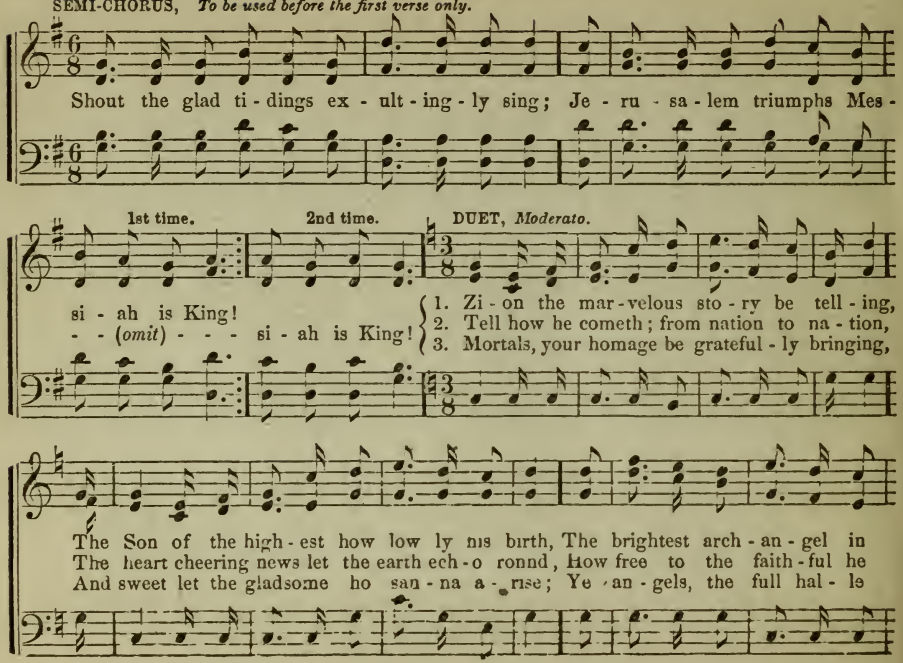
Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye:
Kept by a father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And, bright above the sun,
Reign ever more.

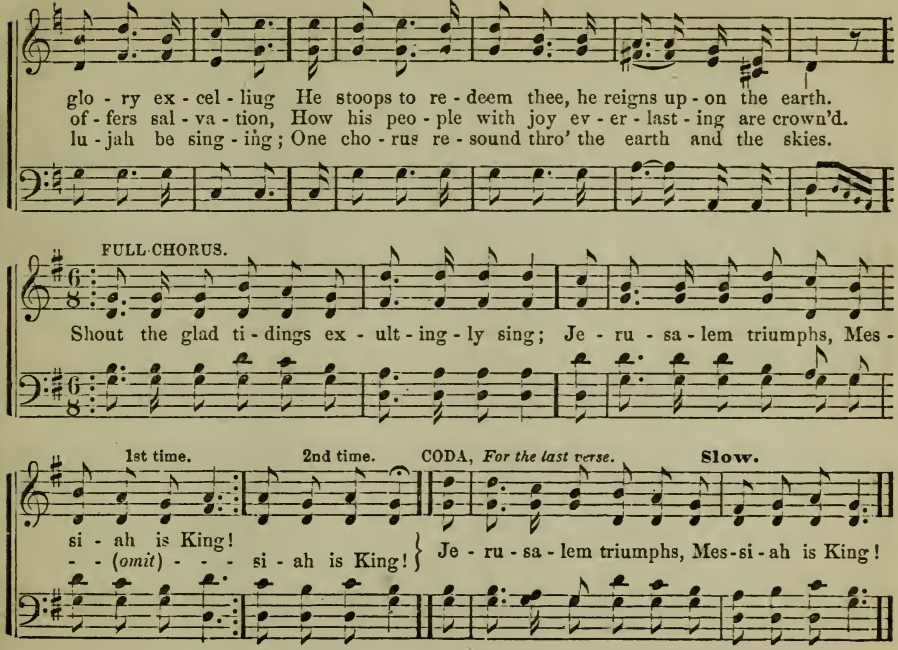
PARTING.



3.

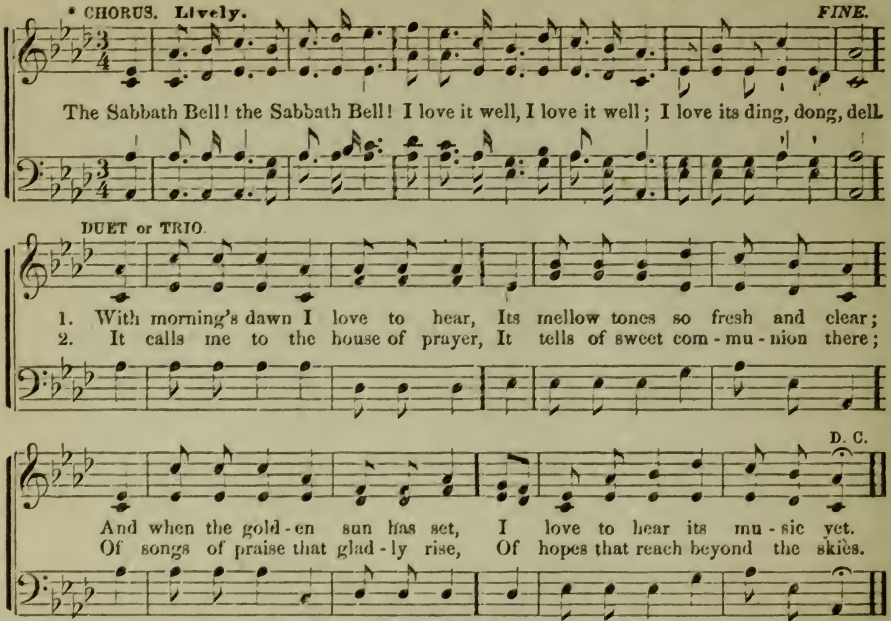
Soon shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never— no, never!


SEMI-CHORUS, To be used before the first verse only.
Shout the glad ti - dings ex - ult - ing - ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs Mes -
1st time.
2nd time.
si - ah is King!
- - (omit) - - - si - ah is King!
DUET, Moderato.
1. Zi - on the mar - velous sto - ry be tell - ing,
2. Tell how he cometh; from nation to na - tion,
3. Mortals, your homage be grateful - ly bringing,
The Son of the high - est how low ly his birth, The brightest arch - an - gel in
The heart cheering news let the earth ech - o ronnd, How free to the faith - ful he
And sweet let the gladsome ho san - na a - rise; Ye an - gels, the full hal - le

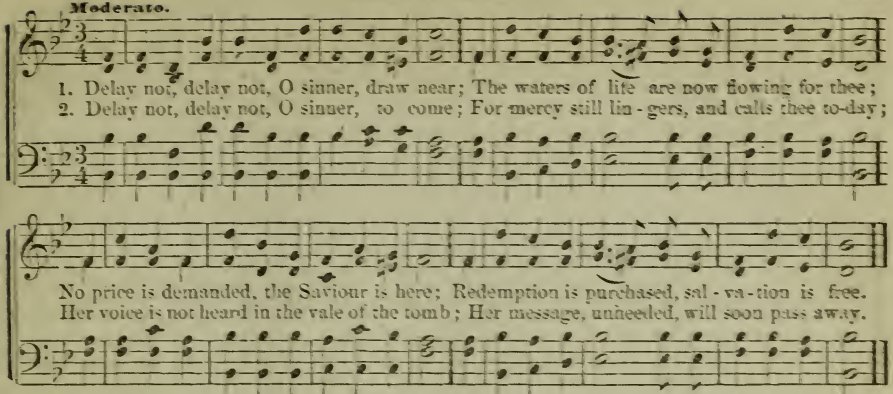

glo - ry ex - cel - liug He stoops to re - deem thee, he reigns up - on the earth.
of - fers sal - va - tion, How his peo - ple with joy ev - er - last - ing are crown'd.
lu - jah be sing - ing; One cho - rus re - sound thro' the earth and the skies.
FULL CHORUS.
Shout the glad ti - dings ex - ult - ing - ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes -
1st time.
2nd time.
CODA, For the last verse.
Slow.
si - ah is King!
- - (omit) - - - si - ah is King!
Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-si - ah is King!

SABBATH BELLS.

Poetry by Rev. E. H. Nevin.



* Use Chorus *before* first verse only, but *after* all the verses.



3.

Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long griev'd and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

4.

Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand,
What pow'r then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid!

SABBATH BELLS, *Concluded.*

It makes the young hearts leap and sing,
With sound of soft and pleasant ring,
For when it falls upon their ear,
They know the Sabbath school is near. *Cho.*

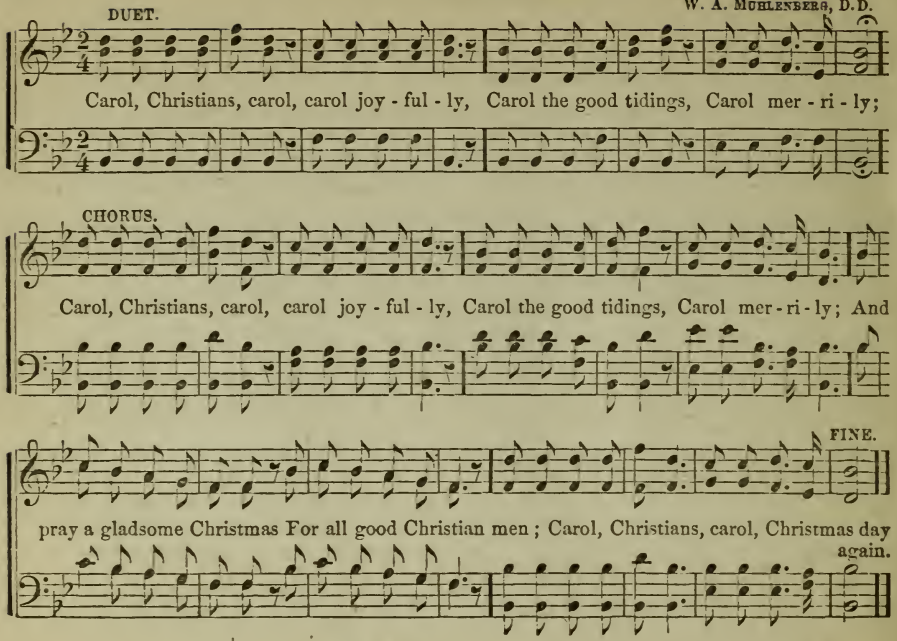
4.

It calls the weary ones to rest,
And calms the sad and troubled breast;
With stirring peals that float abroad,
It makes the careless think of God. *Cho.*

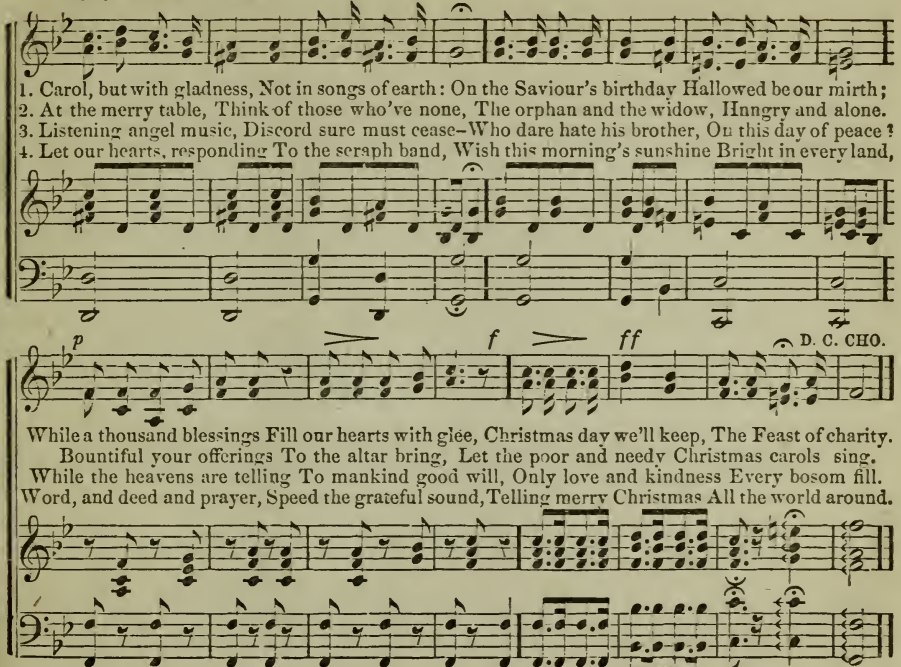
5.

O, may it ring, till everywhere
Its welcome music fills the air,
And earth, now wrapt in gloomy night,
Be crown'd with Sabbath's holy light. *Cho.*

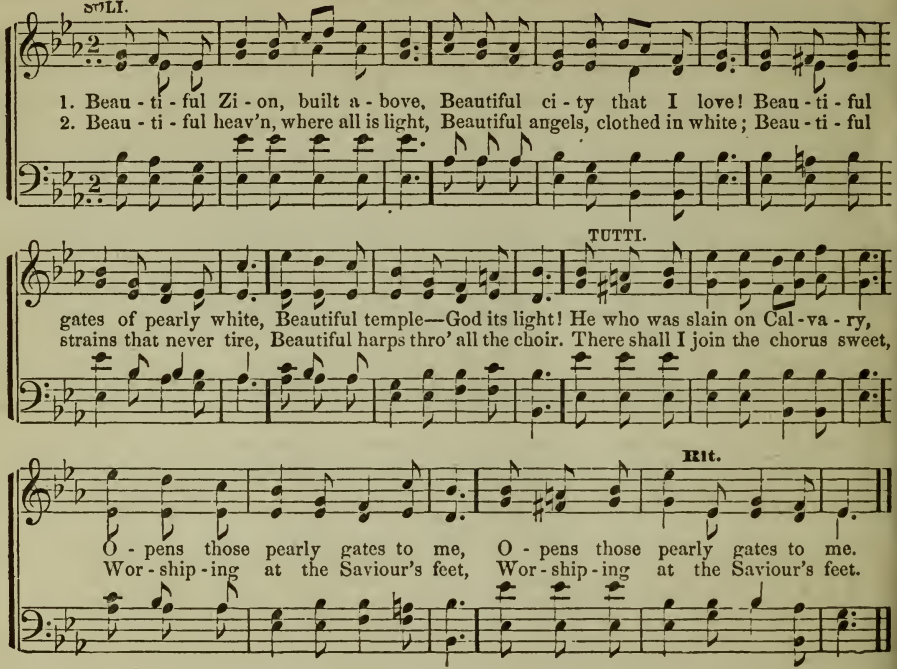
W. A. Muhlenberg, D.D.

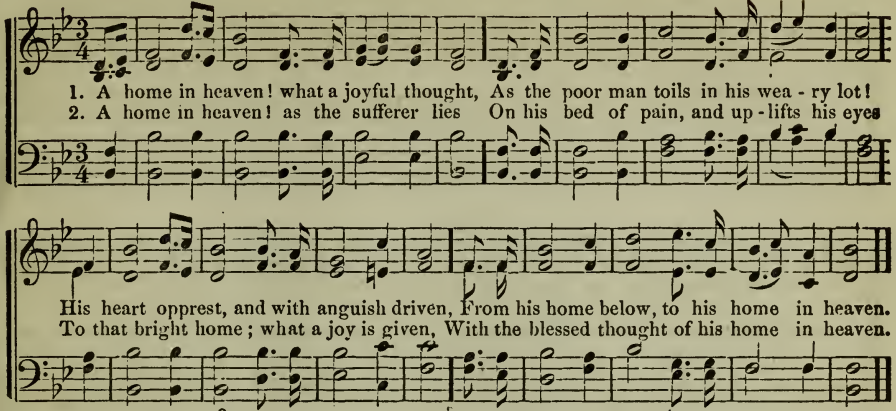


SOLO or DUET. *Andante.*



MOUNT ZION.


SOLI.
1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beautiful ci - ty that I love! Beau - ti - ful
2. Beau - ti - ful heav'n, where all is light, Beautiful angels, clothed in white; Beau - ti - ful
TUTTI.
gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple—God its light! He who was slain on Cal - va - ry,
strains that never tire, Beautiful harps thro' all the choir. There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Rit.
O - pens those pearly gates to me, O - pens those pearly gates to me.
Wor - ship - ing at the Saviour's feet, Wor - ship - ing at the Saviour's feet.



3.

A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4.

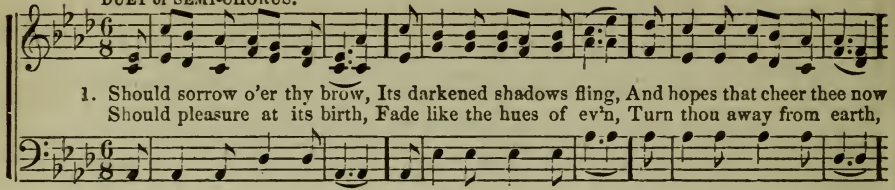
A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given,
To meet them all in our home in heaven.

MOUNT ZION, *Concluded.*

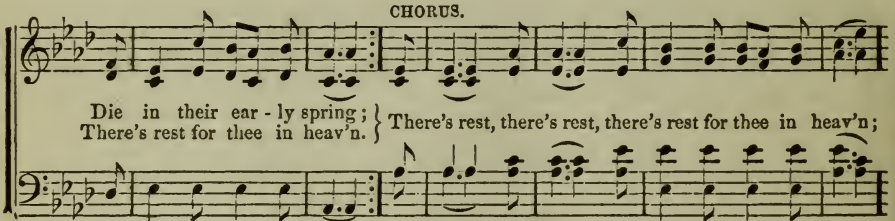
3. Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I go with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

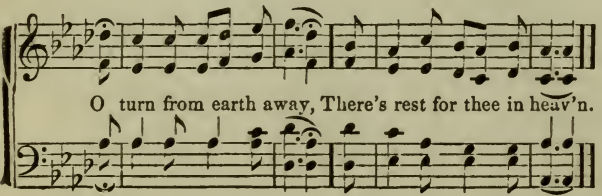
4. Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see—
Haste to his heavenly home with me.

DUET or SEMI-CHORUS.



CHORUS.

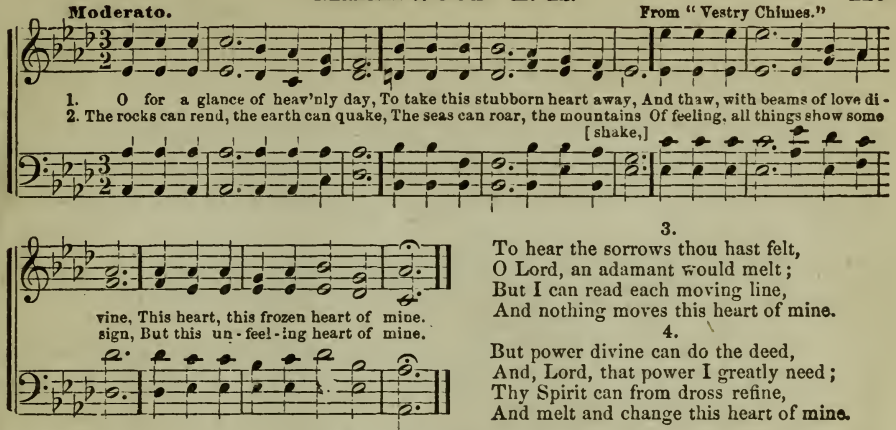




2.

If ever life should seem
To thee a toilsome way,—
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If like the weary dove,
O'er shoreless oceans driven;
Raise thou thine eyes above,
There's rest for thee in heaven.

GREENWOOD. L. M.



3.

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4.

But power divine can do the deed,
And, Lord, that power I greatly need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

Rest in Heaven. *Concluded.*

3.

But O, if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,—
And joyf'ly fleet the hours,
Unstained by earthly gloom;—
Still, let not ev'ry thought
To this poor world be given;
Nor always be forgot
Thy better rest in heaven.
There's rest, &c.

4.

When sickness pales thy cheek,
And dims thy lustrous eye,
And pulses low and weak,
Tell of a time to die;—
Sweet hope will whisper then,
Though thou from earth be riven,
There's bliss beyond the ken,
There's rest for thee in heaven!
There's rest, &c.

LIFE'S FLOWING RIVER.

Words by J. G. Percival.





Hymn for "Life's Flowing River."

Prayer for Divine Guidance.

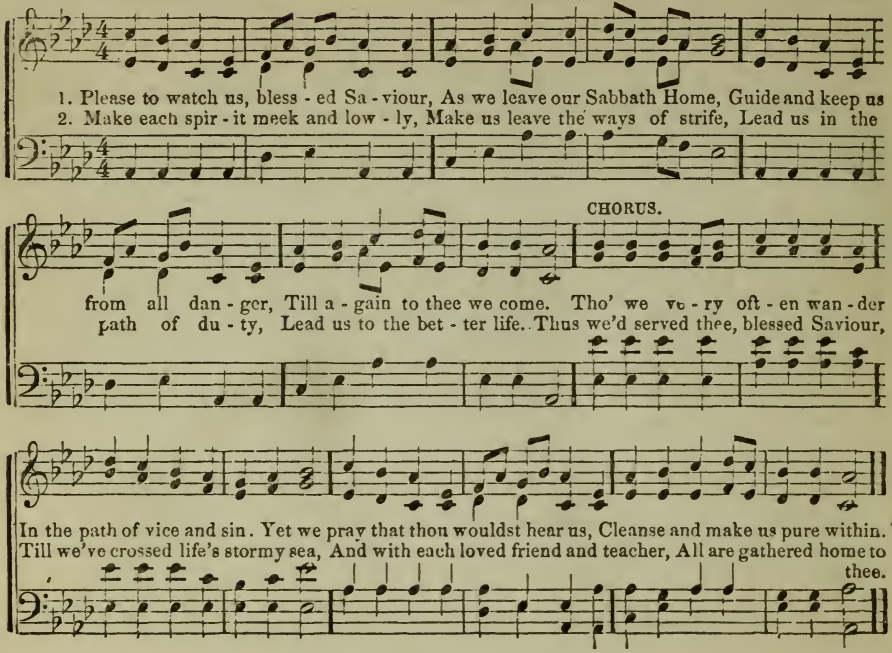
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this gloomy vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

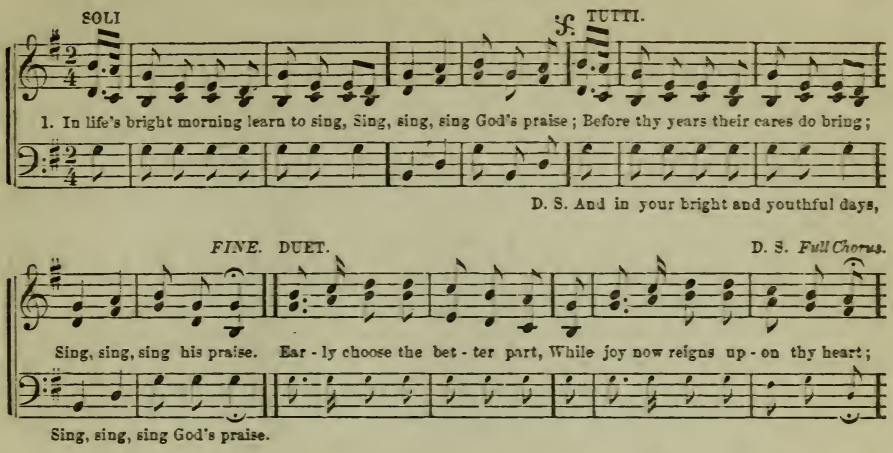
2.

In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

PARTING HYMN.

SEMI-CHORUS. From "Silver Fountain." A. J. ABBEY.





2.

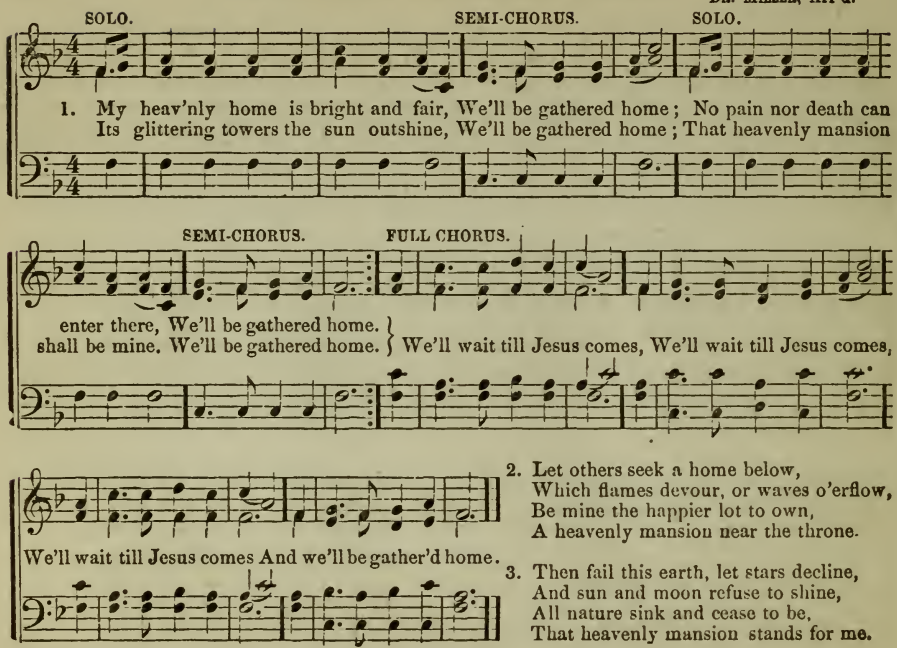
When age appears and shadows come,
Sing, sing, sing God's praise;
And as you near your heavenly home,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.
Ever keep his promise near,
And walk with humble godly fear—
And in thy calm and riper days,
Sing, sing, sing God's praise.

3.

Let all unite to praise the Lord,
Sing, sing, sing God's praise;
For all the blessings of his word,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.
Sound aloud your Maker's name,
And all his mercies now proclaim—
Let heart and voice in joyful lays,
Sing, sing, sing God's praise.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

Dr. Miller, Arr'd.

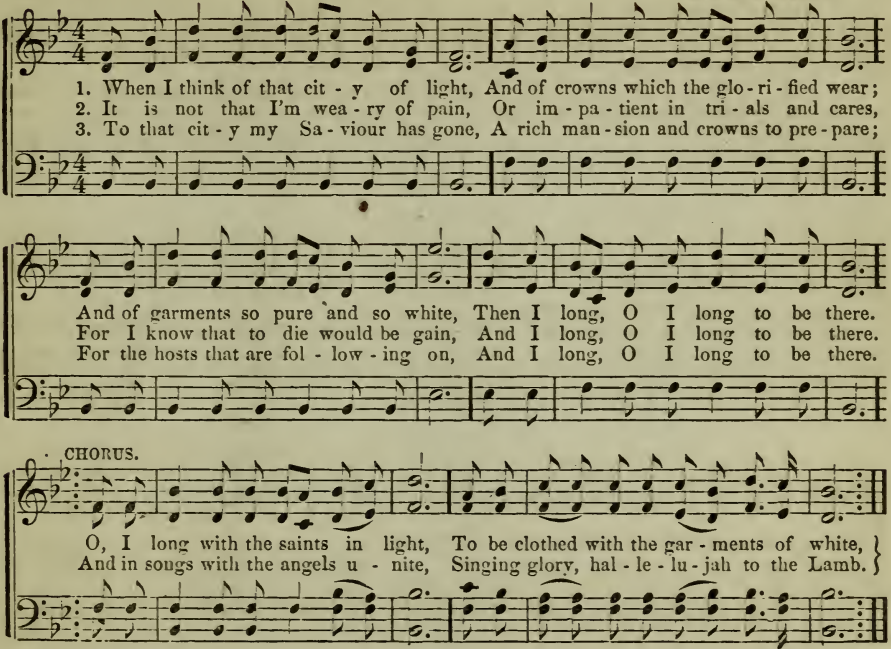


2. Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

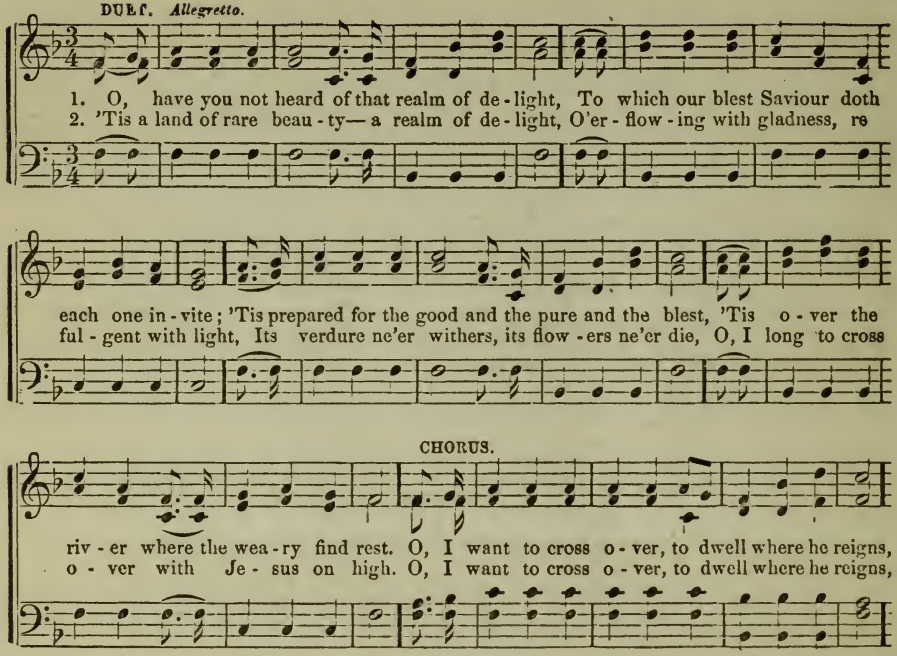
3. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

I LONG TO BE THERE.

Rev. G. D. Browne.



I WANT TO CROSS OVER.





3.

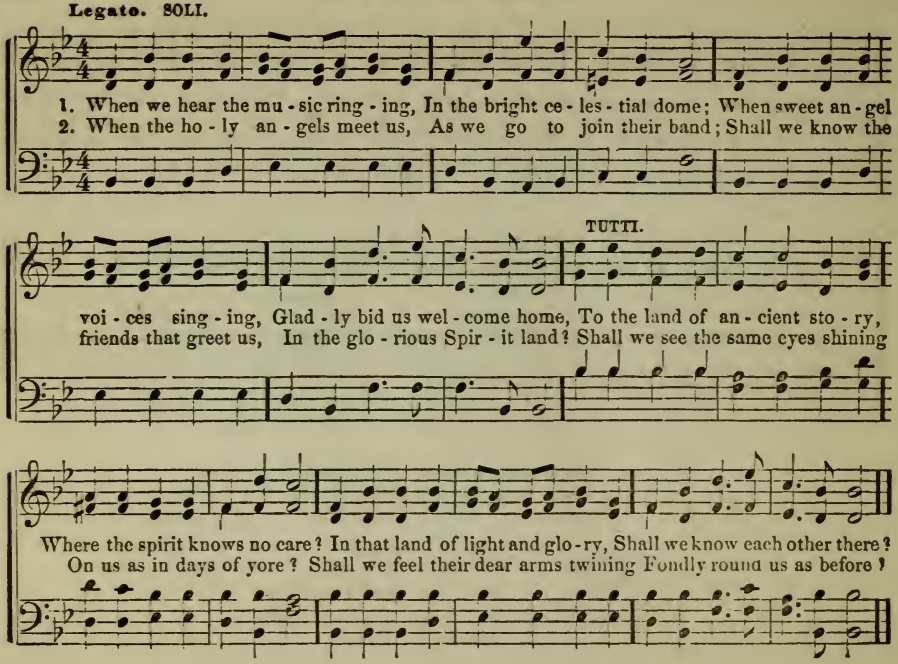
There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come;
There the saints are all safe in their heavenly home;
With their harps and their crowns they forever are seen,
Away o'er the river where the valleys are green.

O, I want to cross over, &c.

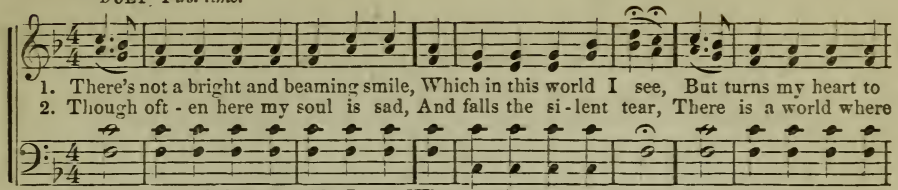
4.

'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,
To reign with him ever, all happy and free;
I'll join with the ransomed and with them abide,
I'll cross the dark river,—bright angels will guide.

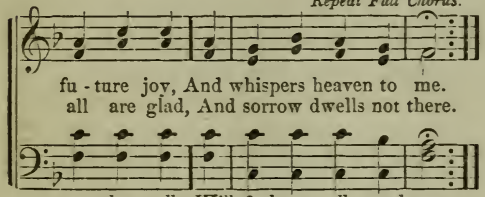
O, I want to cross over, &c.


Legato. SOLI.
1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing, In the bright ce - les - tial dome; When sweet an - gel
2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band; Shall we know the
TUTTI.
voi - ces sing - ing, Glad - ly bid us wel - come home, To the land of an - cient sto - ry,
friends that greet us, In the glo - rious Spir - it land? Shall we see the same eyes shining
Where the spirit knows no care? In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each other there?
On us as in days of yore? Shall we feel their dear arms twining Fondly round us as before?

DUET. *First time.*



Repeat Full Chorus.



3.

I never clasp a friendly hand
In greeting or farewell,
But thoughts of my eternal home
Within my bosom swell. *Chorus.*

4.

A prayer to meet in heaven at last,
No thoughts of parting come,
But never ending ages still
Shall find us all at home. *Chorus*

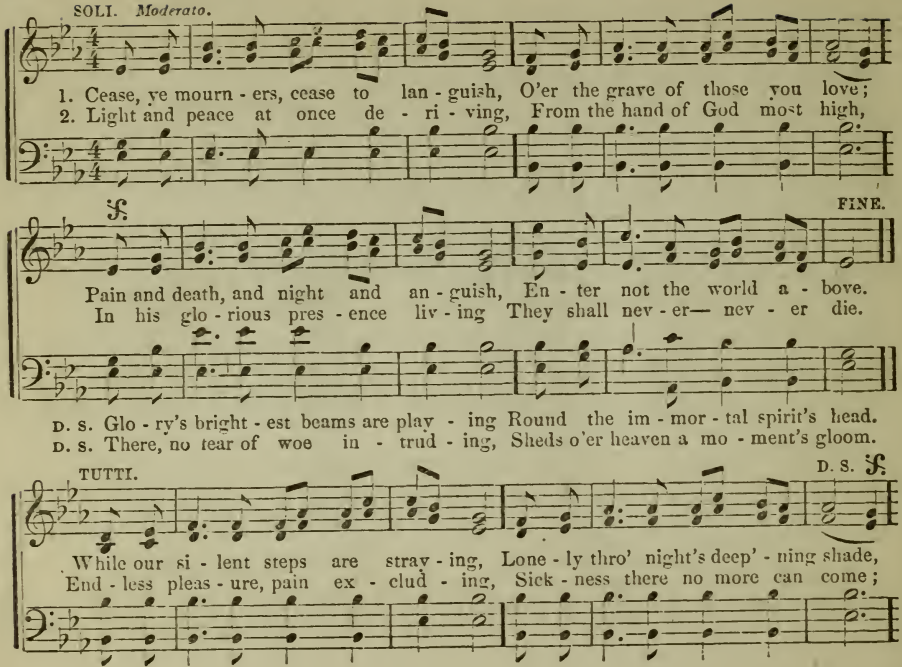
THE SPIRIT LAND *Concluded.*

3.

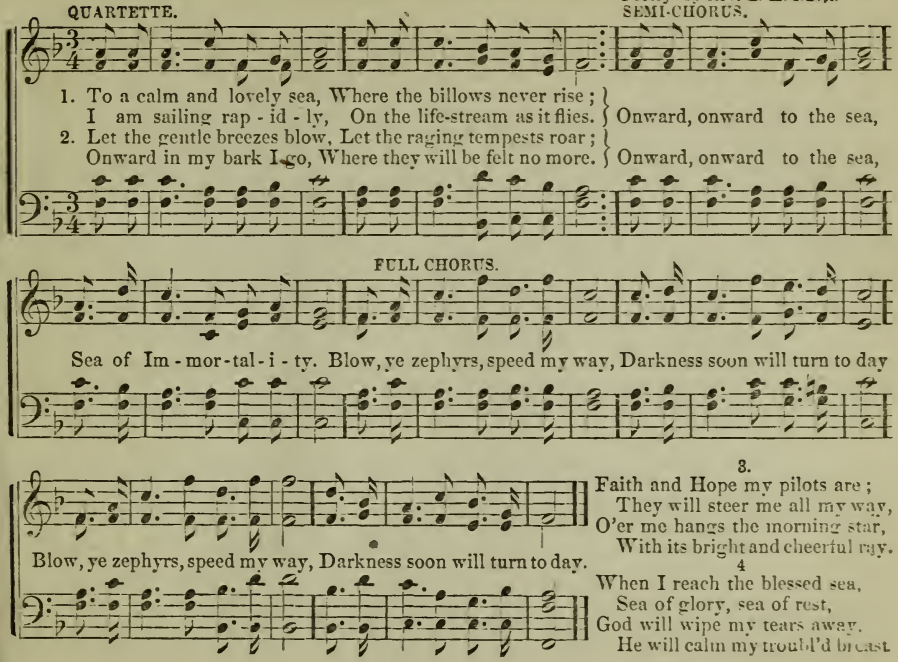
Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

4.

O, ye weary, sad. and toss'd ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the lov'd and lost ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there!"


SOLI. Moderato.
1. Cease, ye mourn - ers, cease to lan - guish, O'er the grave of those you love;
2. Light and peace at once de - ri - ving, From the hand of God most high,
Pain and death, and night and an - guish, En - ter not the world a - bove.
In his glo - rious pres - ence liv - ing They shall nev - er— nev - er die.
FINE.
D. S. Glo - ry's bright - est beams are play - ing Round the im - mor - tal spirit's head.
D. S. There, no tear of woe in - trud - ing, Sheds o'er heaven a mo - ment's gloom.
TUTTI.
D. S.
While our si - lent steps are stray - ing, Lone - ly thro' night's deep' - ning shade,
End - less pleas - ure, pain ex - clud - ing, Sick - ness there no more can come;

Poetry by Rev. E. H. Nevin



3.

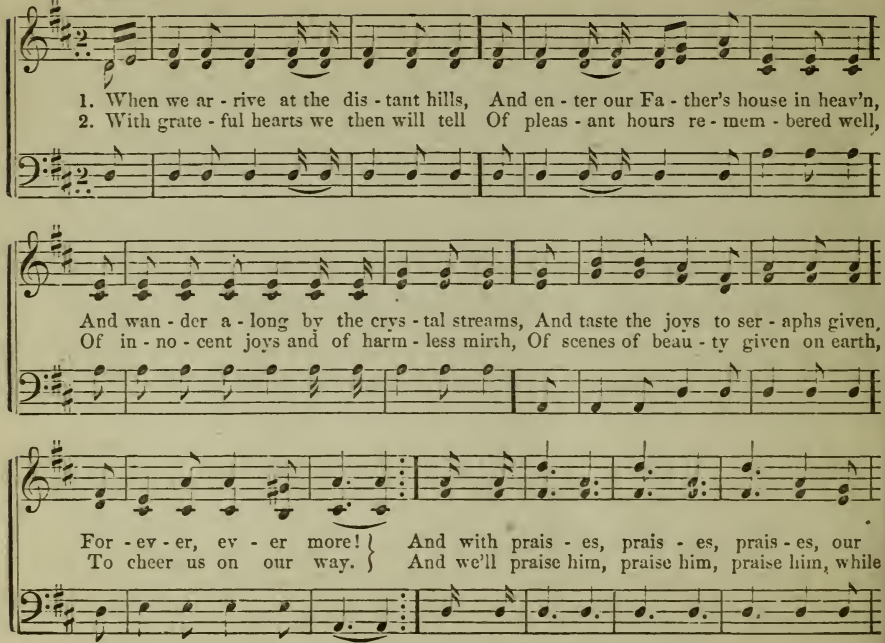
Faith and Hope my pilots are ;
They will steer me all my way,
O'er me hangs the morning star,
With its bright and cheerful ray.

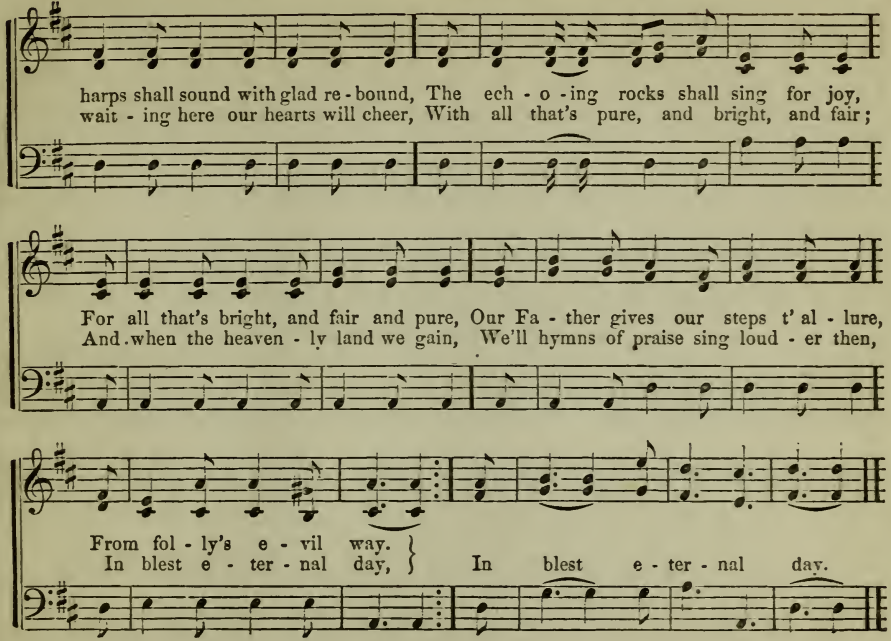
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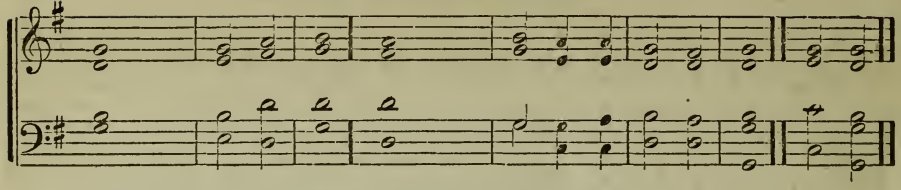
When I reach the blessed sea,
Sea of glory, sea of rest,
God will wipe my tears away,
He will calm my troubl'd breast.

THE CRYSTAL STREAM.

Maestoso. ARRANGED.

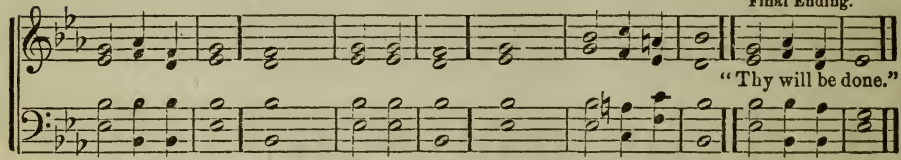



harps shall sound with glad re - bound, The ech - o - ing rocks shall sing for joy,
wait - ing here our hearts will cheer, With all that's pure, and bright, and fair;
For all that's bright, and fair and pure, Our Fa - ther gives our steps t' al - lure,
And when the heaven - ly land we gain, We'll hymns of praise sing loud - er then,
From fol - ly's e - vil way.
In blest e - ter - nal day,
In blest e - ter - nal day.

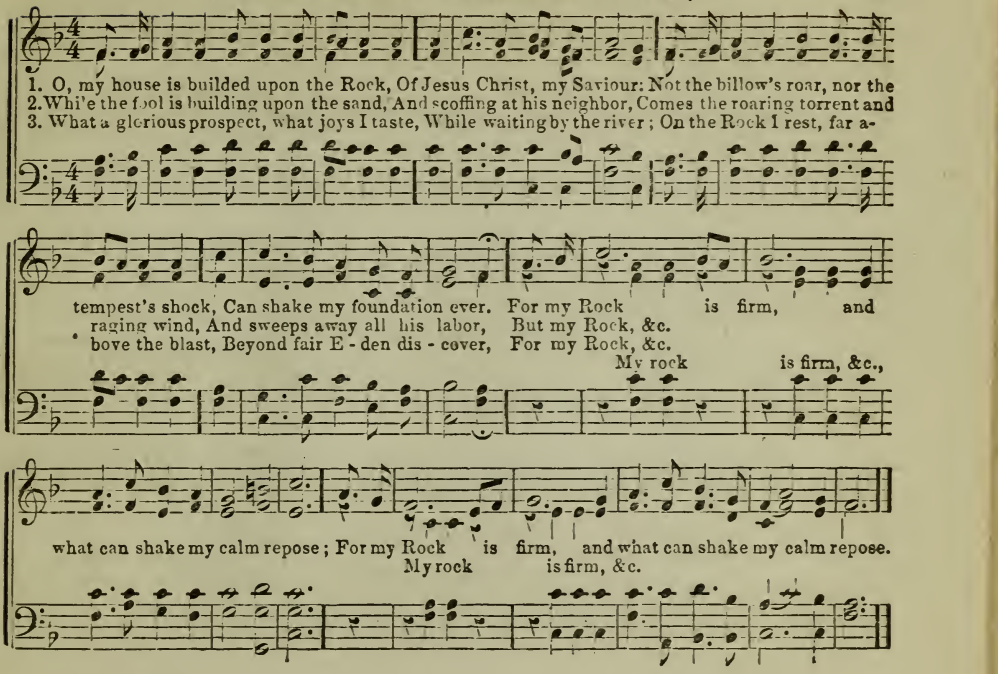


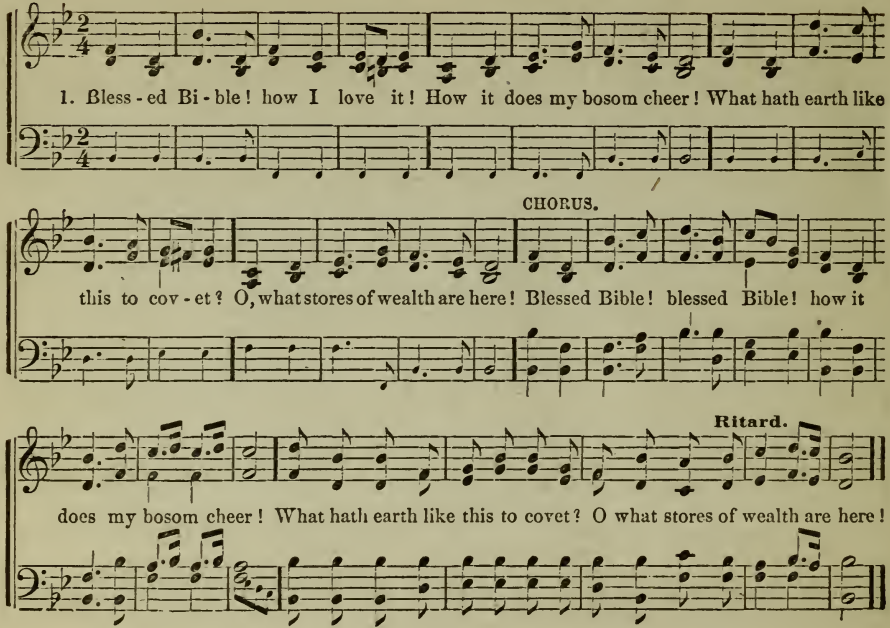
1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name;
   Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, – as it | is in | heaven;
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread;
   And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who | tres-pass a- | gainst – | us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;
   For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for | ev – | er. A – | men.

THY WILL BE DONE.



1. "Thy will be done!" In devious ways the hurrying stream of | life may | run;
   Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, "Thy will be done."
2. "Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine a gladd'ning and a | prosp'rous | sun,
   This prayer will make it more divine: "Thy will be done."
3. "Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er our | path with | gloom,
   One comfort – one is ours, – to breathe while we adore, "Thy will be done."


1. O, my house is builded upon the Rock, Of Jesus Christ, my Saviour: Not the billow's roar, nor the
2. Whi'e the fool is building upon the sand, And scoffing at his neighbor, Comes the roaring torrent and
3. What a glorious prospect, what joys I taste, While waiting by the river; On the Rock I rest, far a-
tempest's shock, Can shake my foundation ever. For my Rock is firm, and
raging wind, And sweeps away all his labor, But my Rock, &c.
bove the blast, Beyond fair E - den dis - cover, For my Rock, &c.
My rock is firm, &c.,
what can shake my calm repose; For my Rock is firm, and what can shake my calm repose.
My rock is firm, &c.


1. Bless - ed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it does my bosom cheer! What hath earth like
CHORUS.
this to cov - et? O, what stores of wealth are here! Blessed Bible! blessed Bible! how it
Ritard.
does my bosom cheer! What hath earth like this to covet? O what stores of wealth are here!

2.
Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,
Not one ray of light or bliss
Could he from earth's treasure borrow,
Till his way was cheered by this.
Blessed Bible, &c.

3.
Yes! I'll to my bosom press thee;
Precious word, I'll hide thee here!
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "good cheer!"
Blessed Bible, &c.

4.
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings:
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book bro't back thy wand'rings,
Speaking life as from the dead.
Blessed Bible, &c.

5.
Yes! sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep—yes! deeper in this heart!
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.
Blessed Bible, &c.

6.
Part in death? No, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, forever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.
Blessed Bible, &c.

SECOND HYMN.

Book of Grace, and Book of Glory,
Gift of God to age and youth,
Wondrous is thy sacred story;
Full of grace and bright with truth.
Blessed Bible, &c.

2.
Book of Love! in accents tender,
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
Supreme love and praise to thee.
Blessed Bible, &c.

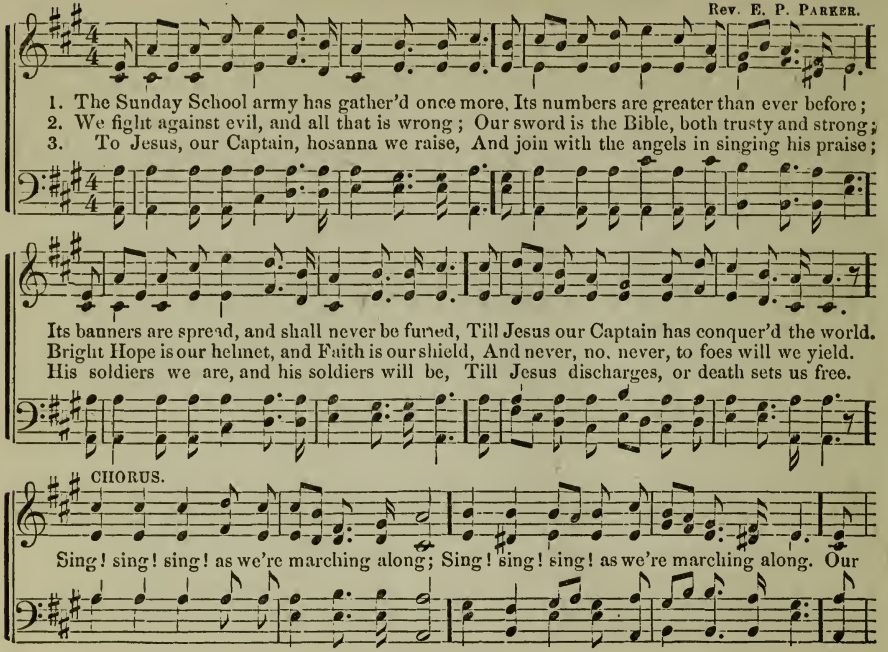
3.
Book of Hope! the spirit sighing,
Consolation finds in thee,
As it hears the Saviour crying
Come ye weary ones to me.
Blessed Bible, &c.

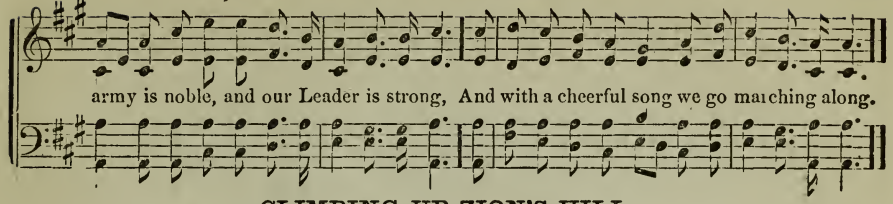
4.
Book of Peace! when nights of sorrow
Fall upon us drearily,
Thou wilt bring a shining morrow,
Full of hope and full of thee.
Blessed Bible, &c.

5.
Book of Life! when we reposing
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us for the life then closing,
Life and joy in realms above.
Blessed Bible, &c.

THE NOBLE ARMY OF CHILDREN.

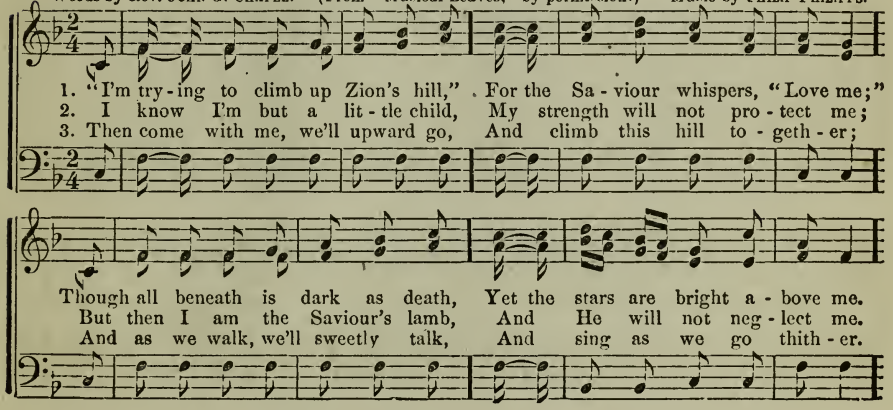
Rev. E. P. Parker.

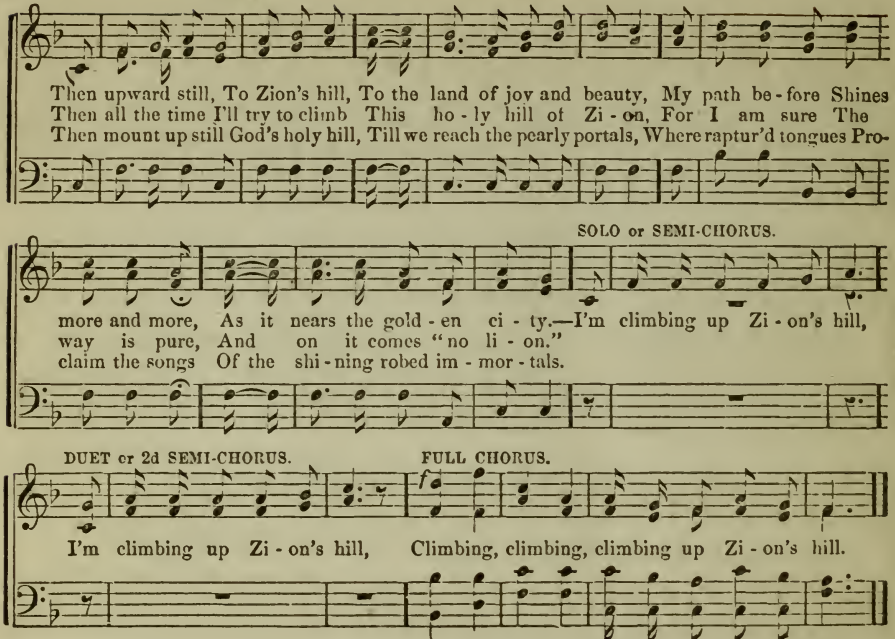




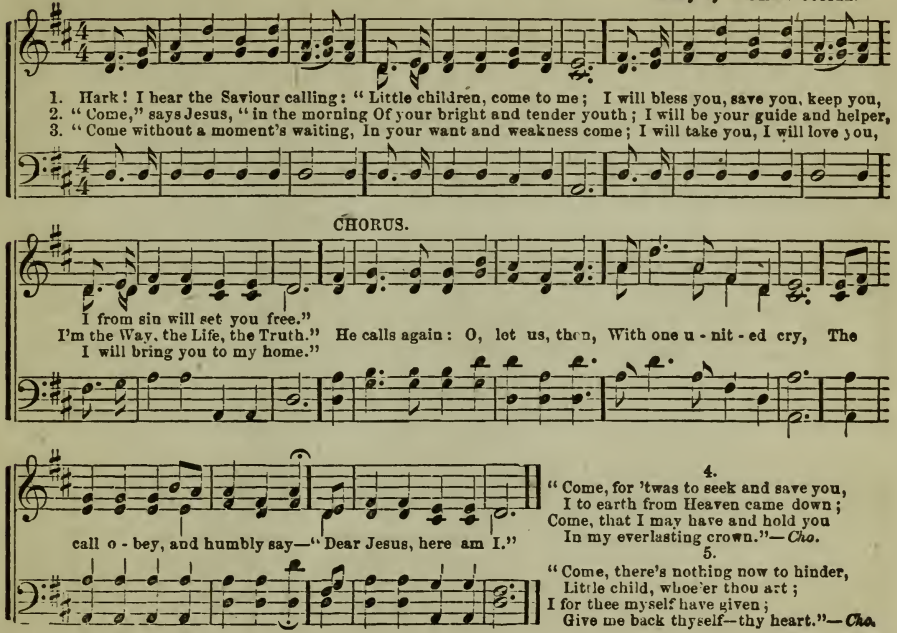
CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

Words by Rev. JOHN G. CHAPEE. (From "Musical Leaves," by permission.) Music by PHILIP PHILIPPS.




Then upward still, To Zion's hill, To the land of joy and beauty, My path be - fore Shines
Then all the time I'll try to climb This ho - ly hill of Zi - on, For I am sure The
Then mount up still God's holy hill, Till we reach the pearly portals, Where raptur'd tongues Pro-
SOLO or SEMI-CHORUS.
more and more, As it nears the gold - en ci - ty.—I'm climbing up Zi - on's hill,
way is pure, And on it comes "no li - on."
claim the songs Of the shi - ning robed im - mor - tals.
DUET or 2d SEMI-CHORUS.
FULL CHORUS.
I'm climbing up Zi - on's hill, Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zi - on's hill.

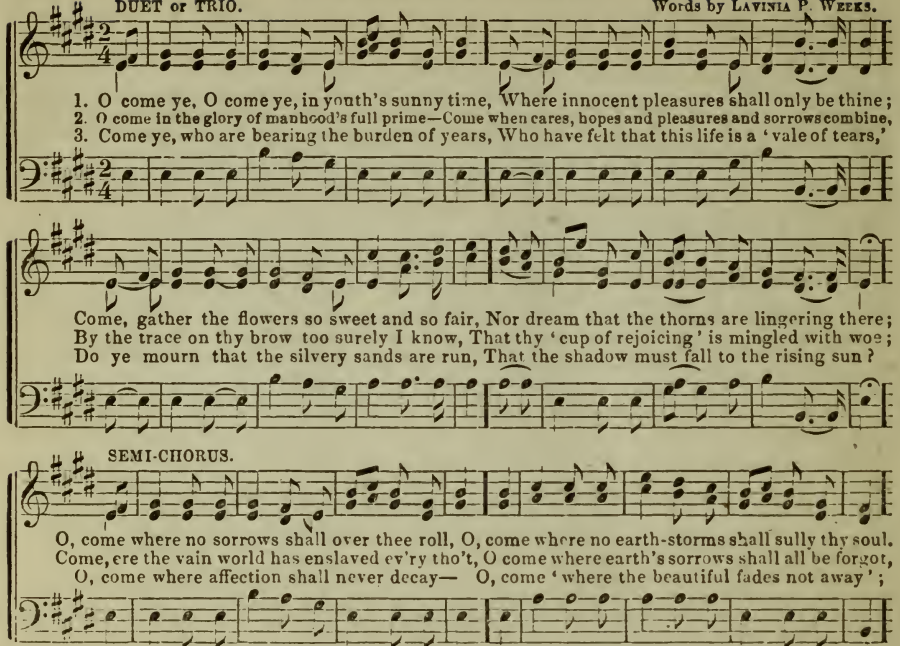
Poetry by WILLIAM COTTER.

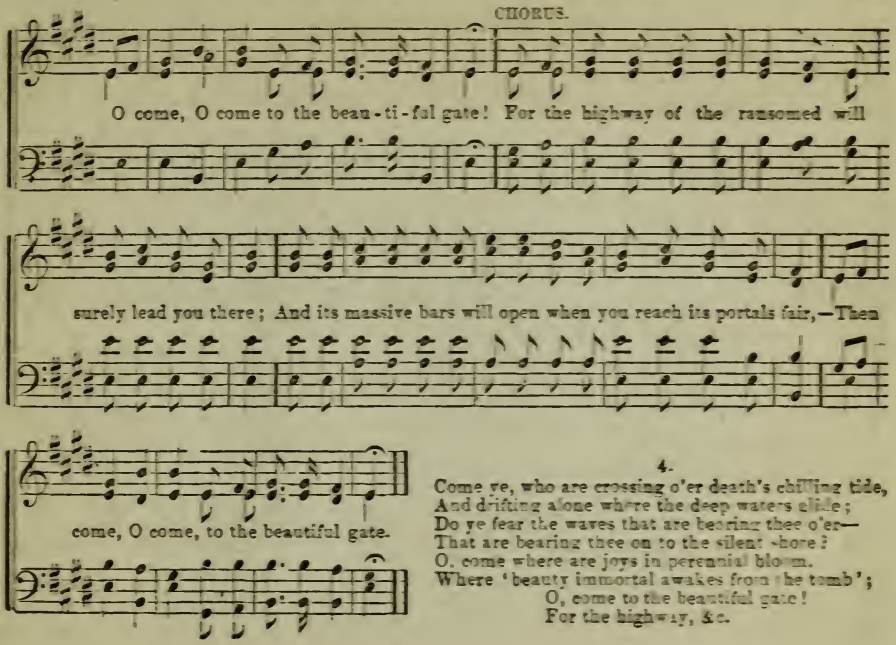


4.
"Come, for 'twas to seek and save you,
I to earth from Heaven came down;
Come, that I may have and hold you
In my everlasting crown."—*Cho.*

5.
"Come, there's nothing now to hinder,
Little child, whoe'er thou art;
I for thee myself have given;
Give me back thyself—thy heart."—*Cho.*

DUET or TRIO. Words by LAVINIA P. WEEKS.



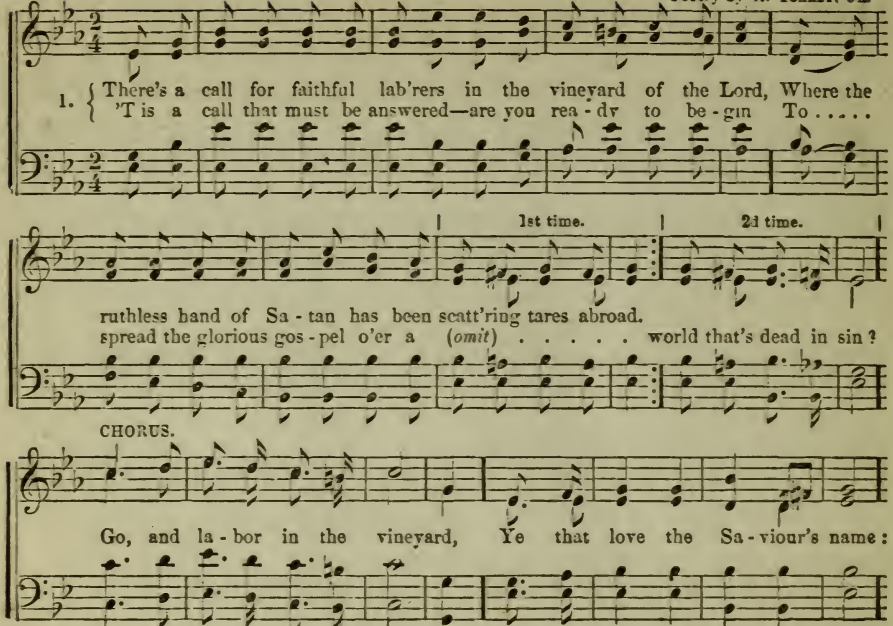


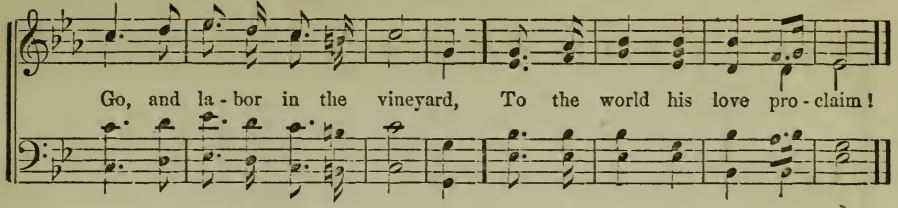
4.

Come ye, who are crossing o'er death's chilling tide,
And drifting alone where the deep waters glide;
Do ye fear the waves that are bearing thee o'er—
That are bearing thee on to the silent shore?
O, come where are joys in perennial bloom,
Where 'beauty immortal awakes from the tomb';
O, come to the beautiful gate!
For the highway, &c.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

Poetry by R. Torrey, Jr.





2. Hark! a cry comes o'er the ocean, from the islands of the sea,
From the heathen and the savage in their dark idolatry—
"Come and help us in our blindness—clear the mists of sin away,
Let the lands that lie in darkness see the gospel's glorious ray!" CHO.

3. But the call for help sounds nearer, in the city's noisy street—
From the friendless and the homeless, who with weary aching feet
Tread the ways of death unheeded, save by His all seeing eye
That can count the stars of heaven, and yet marks the sparrow die! CHO.

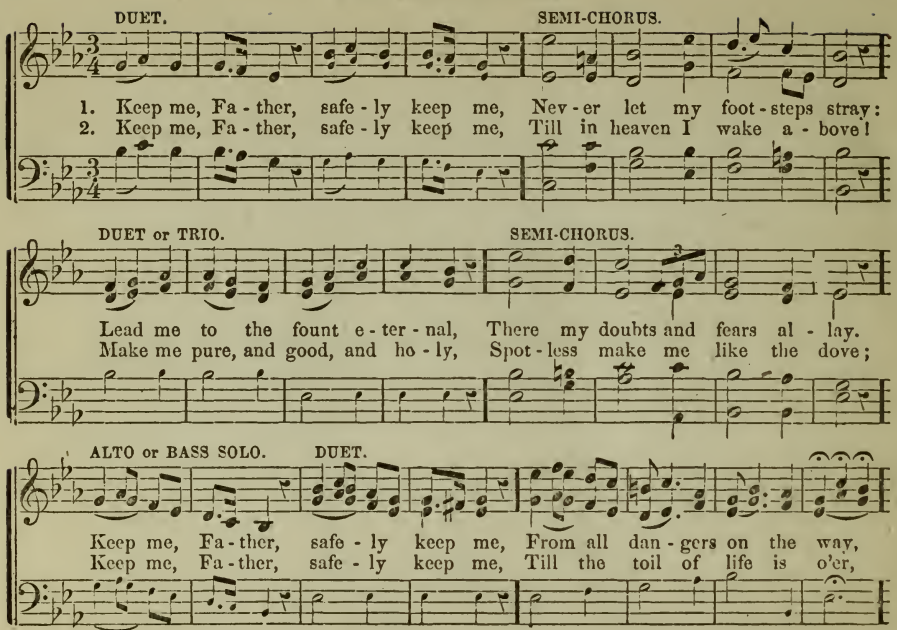
4. Lo! the field is white for harvest, but the reapers they are few,
And the hand that wields the sickle must be bold and strong and true;
For the fields in which we labor spread far over sea and land,—
"Preach my gospel to all nations," was our Saviour's great command! CHO.

5. All around us and about us there is work for us to do—
We that call the Lord our Saviour must e'en labor for him too;
Till our day of life is over,—then how great is the reward
Of the faithful who have labored in the vineyard of the Lord!

CHORUS.—Go and labor in the vineyard,
Ye that love the Saviour's name!
Go and labor in the vineyard
To the world His love proclaim!

KEEP ME, FATHER.

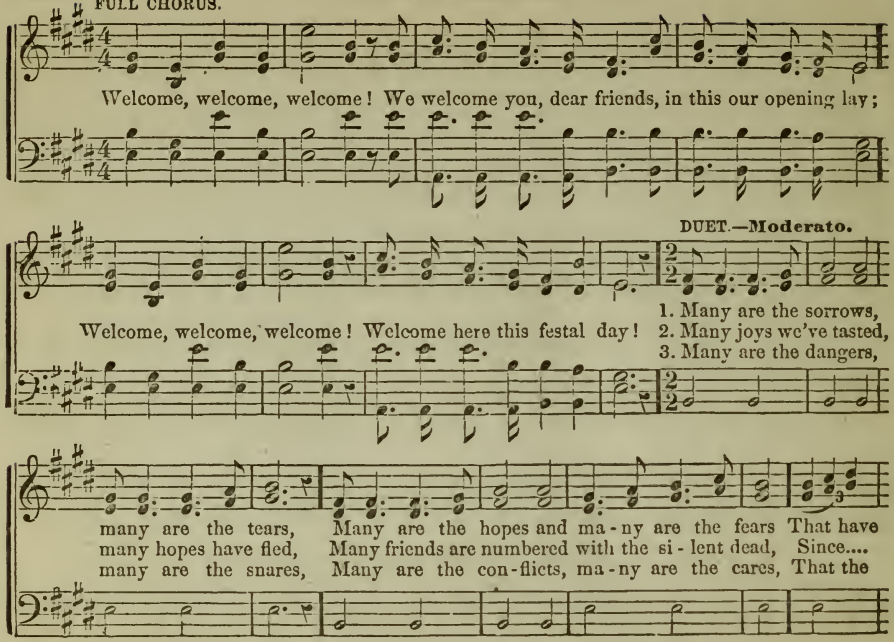
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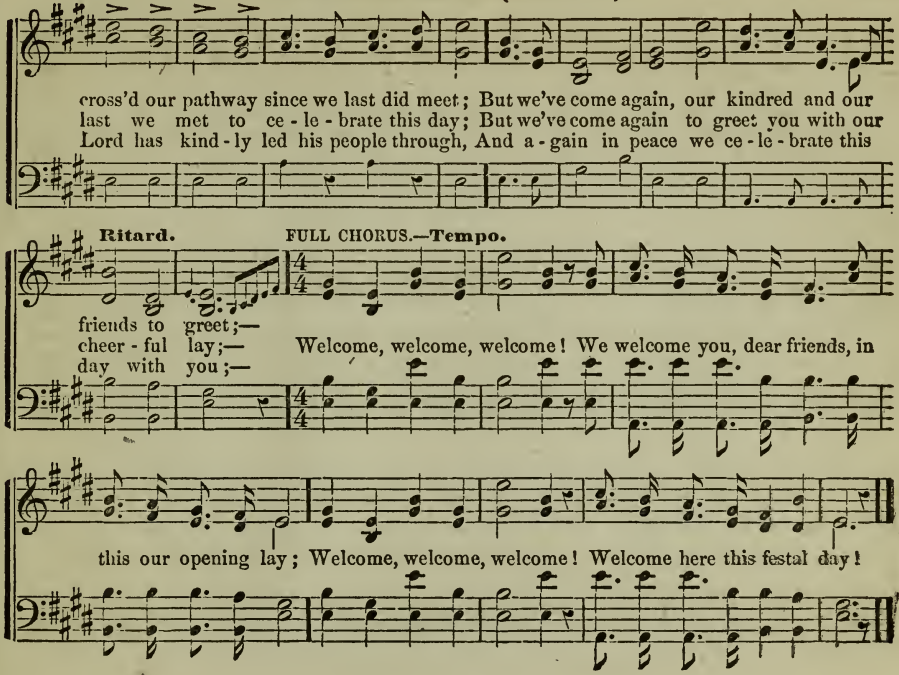



SEMI-CHORUS.
DUET.
From all dan-gers on the way, While I tread the path-way rug-ged,
Till the toil of life is o'er, Till the an-gels home shall bear me
Ad Lib.
FULL CHORUS.—Tempo.
Climb the hills to last-ing day. While I tread the path-way rug-ged,
Safe-ly up-on Jor-dan's shore. Till the an-gels home shall bear me
Ritard.
Climb the hills to last-ing day, Climb the hills to last-ing day.
Safe-ly up-on Jor-dan's shore, Safe-ly up-on Jor-dan's shore.

OPENING LAY.

FULL CHORUS.

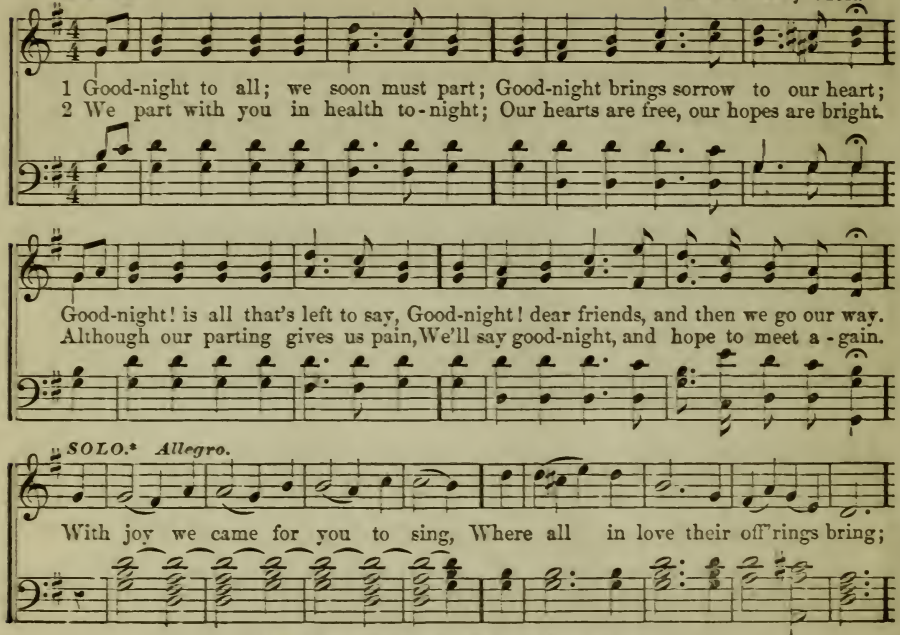



cross'd our pathway since we last did meet; But we've come again, our kindred and our
last we met to ce - le - brate this day; But we've come again to greet you with our
Lord has kind - ly led his people through, And a - gain in peace we ce - le - brate this
Ritard.
FULL CHORUS.—Tempo.
friends to greet;—
cheer - ful lay;—
day with you;—
Welcome, welcome, welcome! We welcome you, dear friends, in
this our opening lay; Welcome, welcome, welcome! Welcome here this festal day!

GOOD-NIGHT.

Moderato.

Words and Music by A. HULL.

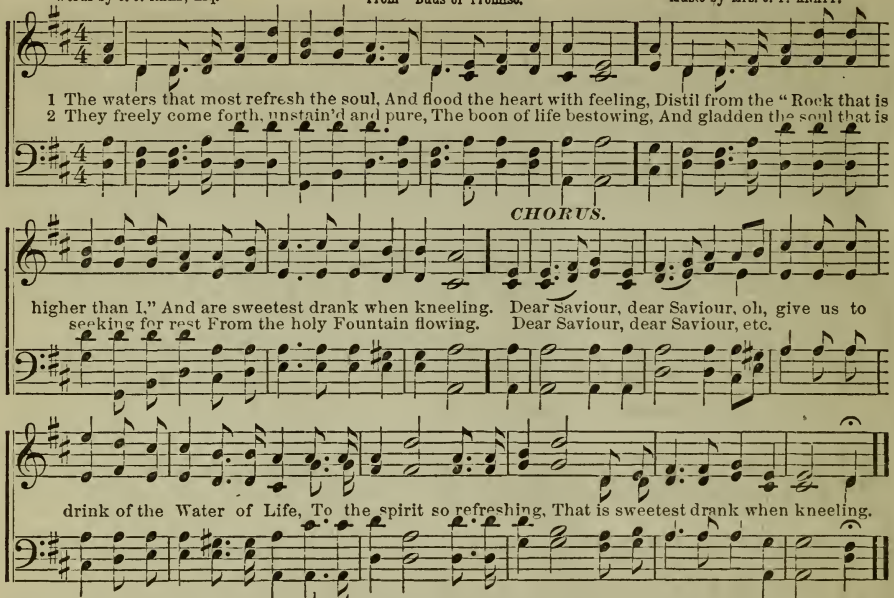


* Omit Solo second time, and close with the Coda.


So pleasantly the time has flown, That quite too soon our parting song has come.
D. C. to 2d verse.
INSTR.
Coda.
Rall.
p
pp
Good-night! Good-night!
Good-night, we now must say, good-night! Good-night, we now must say, good-night!----

THE WATERS THAT MOST REFRESH THE SOUL.

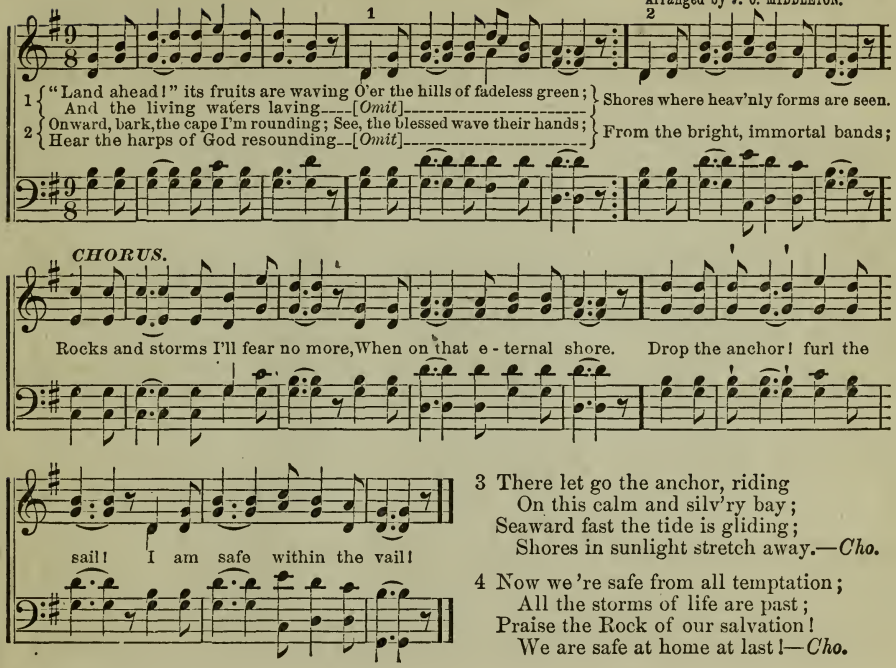
Words by J. J. READ, Esq. From "Buds of Promise." Music by Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



3 When sorrows oppress, and days are dark, And hope seems almost dying, Then forth from the Rock flow the waters of bliss, In the gloom our wants supplying.

4 The spirit that drinks shall thirst no more, Nor faint nor sigh for ever, But soar to the Rock on the glorified shore, And rest by the crystal river.—*Cho.*

Arranged by J. C. MIDDLETON.

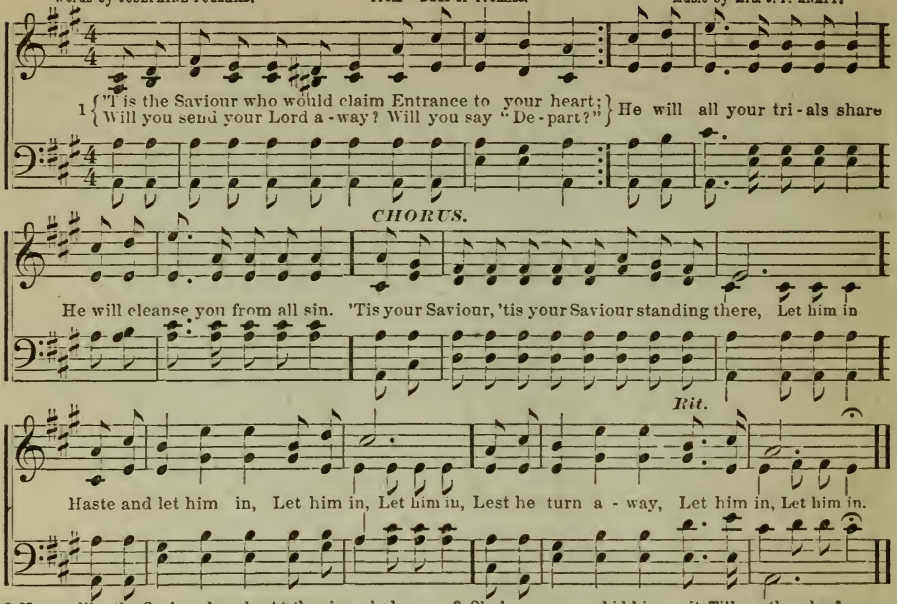


3 There let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding;
Shores in sunlight stretch away.—*Cho.*

4 Now we 're safe from all temptation;
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation!
We are safe at home at last!—*Cho.*

LET THE SAVIOUR IN.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. From "Buds of Promise." Music by Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



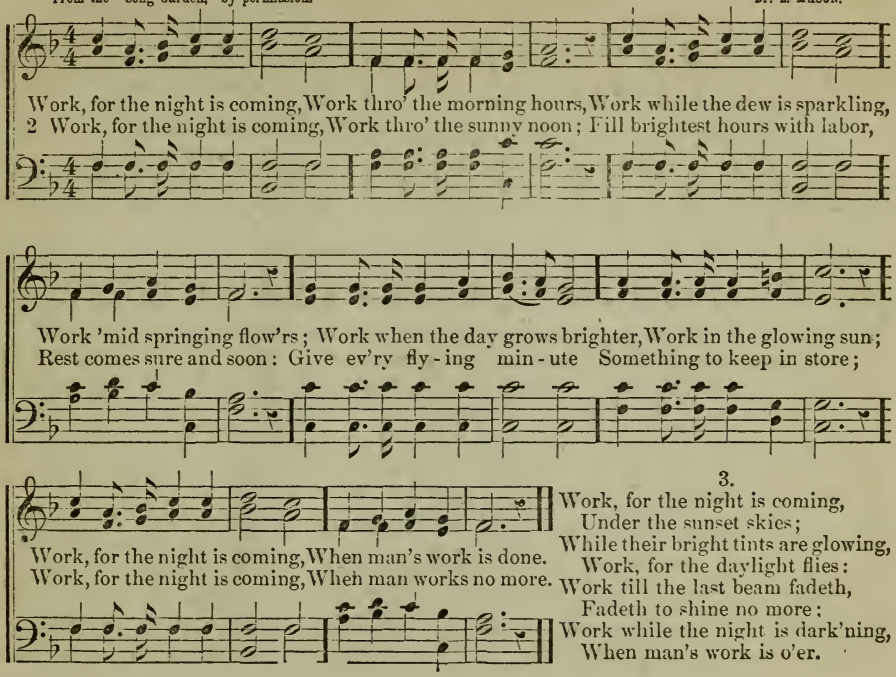
2 No one like the Saviour knocks At the sinner's door;
'T is no stranger that implores, He has knock'd before:
He has often sought your heart; Shall he cleanse it now
from sin?—*Cho.*

3 Oh, how can you bid him wait Till another day?
When already Jesus weeps At the long delay;
'T was for you that Jesus died And 't is you he longs to
win.—*Cho.*

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

From the "Song Garden," by permission.

Dr. L. MASON.

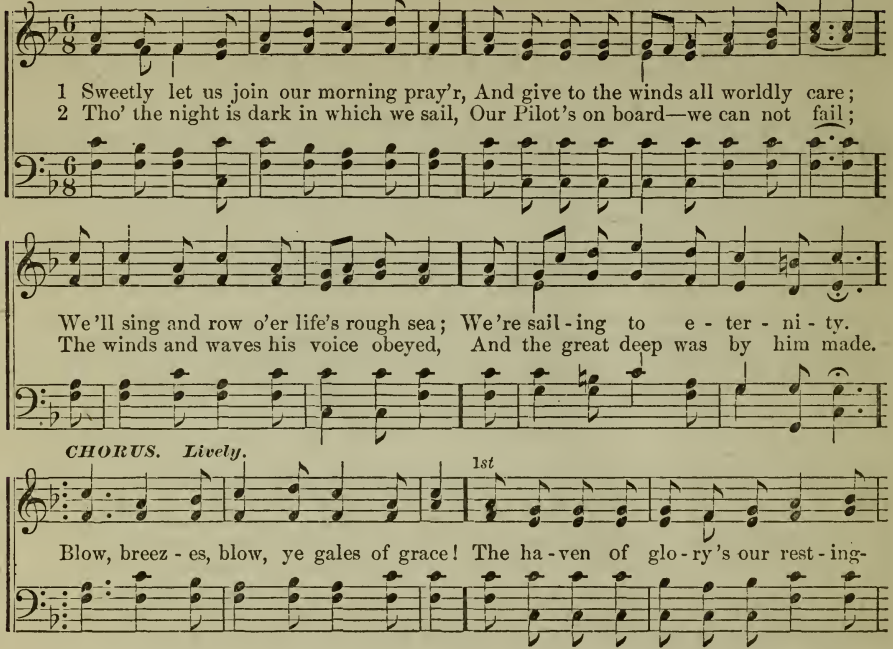


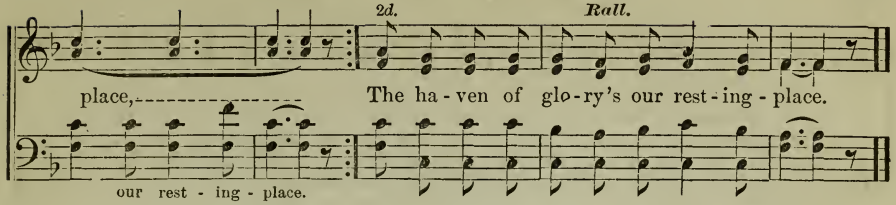
3.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies:
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

GALES OF GRACE.

Moderato. A. HULL.





3 Blessed Jesus, ever be our Guide,
And pilot us over the swelling tide;
We'll dread no ill while thou art near,—
Thy presence will dispel all fear.—*Cho.*

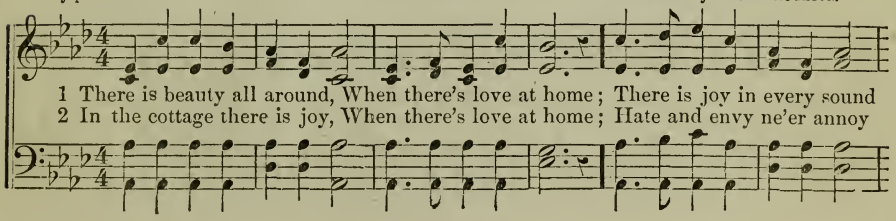
4 We will take our chart, God's holy word,
And steer for the kingdom of our Lord;
We'll dare the tempest's rudest blast,
For heav'n's our resting-place at last.—*Cho.*

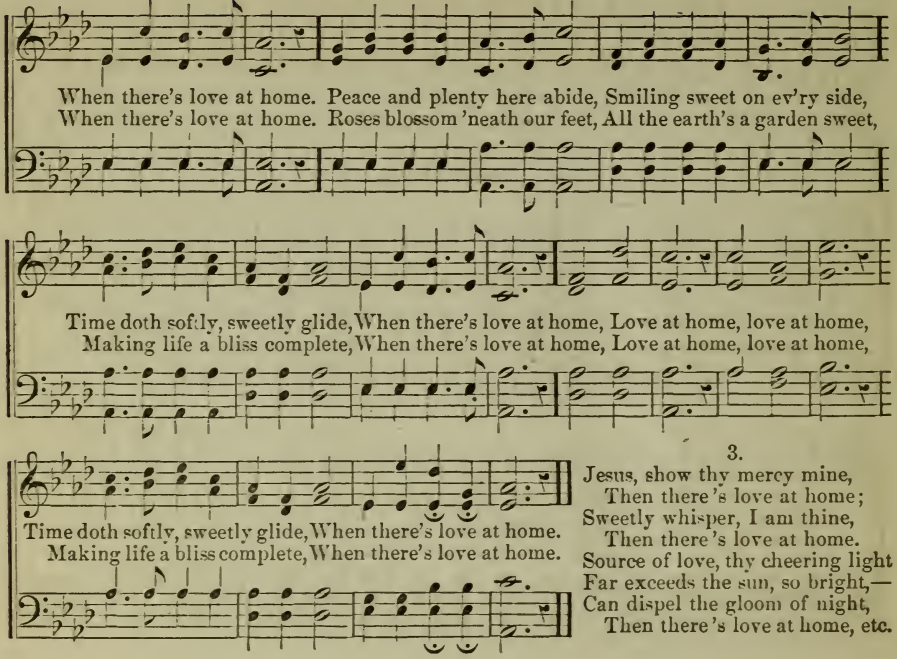
5 We will make the port, the tide runs high
Unfurl the white sails, the hav'n is nigh;
The hills and dales of life look dim;
We'll sing our friends the farewell hymn.—*Cho.*

6 When the port of glory we have gained,
And final redemption we 've obtained,
With saints and angels we will sing
The wonders of our God and King.—*Cho.*

LOVE AT HOME.

By permission. Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON.





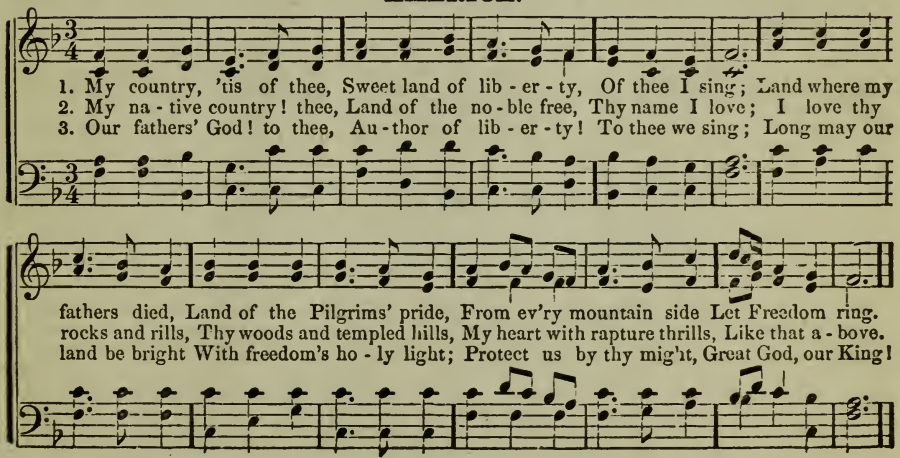
3.

Jesus, show thy mercy mine,
Then there's love at home;
Sweetly whisper, I am thine,
Then there's love at home.
Source of love, thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun, so bright,—
Can dispel the gloom of night,
Then there's love at home, etc.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

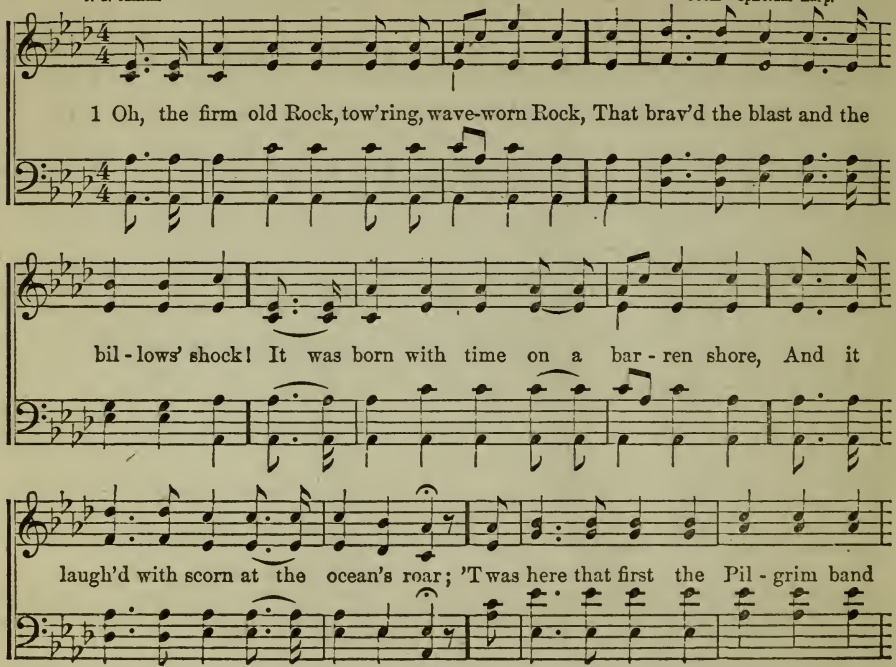
SUITABLE FOR ANNIVERSARIES AND WEEK-DAY CONCERTS.

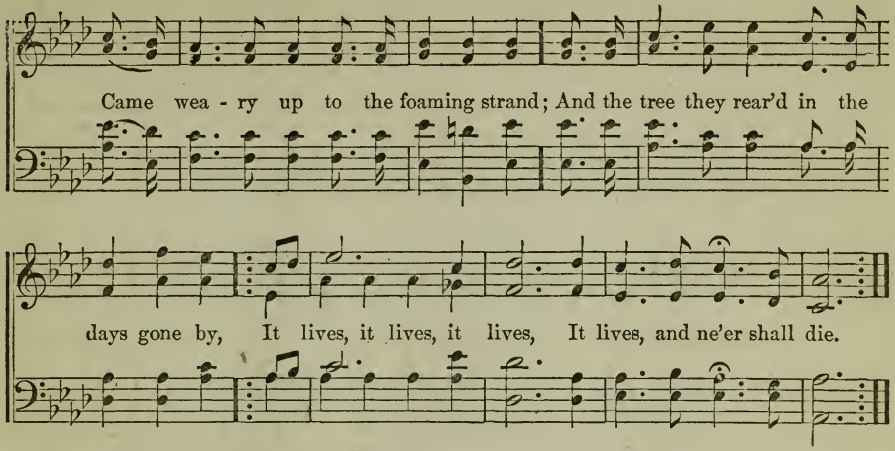
AMERICA.



ROCK OF LIBERTY.

J. G. CLARK. From "Spiritual Harp."



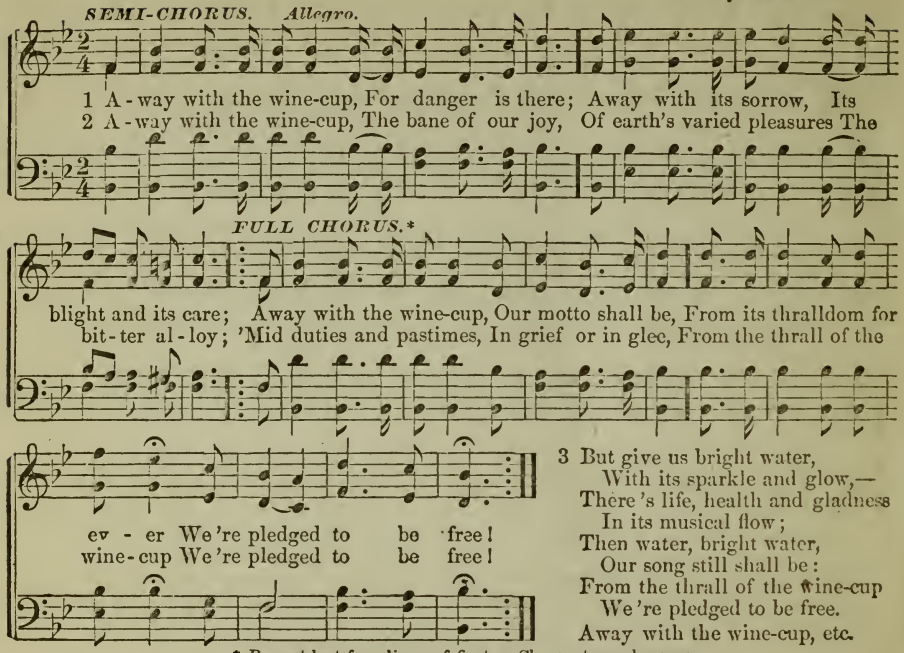


2 O thou stern old Rock, in the ages past
Thy brow was bleached by the warring blast,
But thy wintry toil with the wave is o'er,
And the billows beat thy base no more;
Yet countless as thy sands, old Rock,
Are the hardy sons of the Pilgrim stock;
And the tree they reared in the days gone by,
It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

3 Ever rest, old Rock, on the sea-beat shore;
Thy sires are lull'd by the breakers' roar;
'Twas here that first their hymns were heard,
O'er the startled cry of the ocean bird:
'Twas here they lived, 'twas here they died;
Their forms repose on the green hill's side;
But the tree they reared in the days gone by,
It lives, it lives, and ne'er shall die.

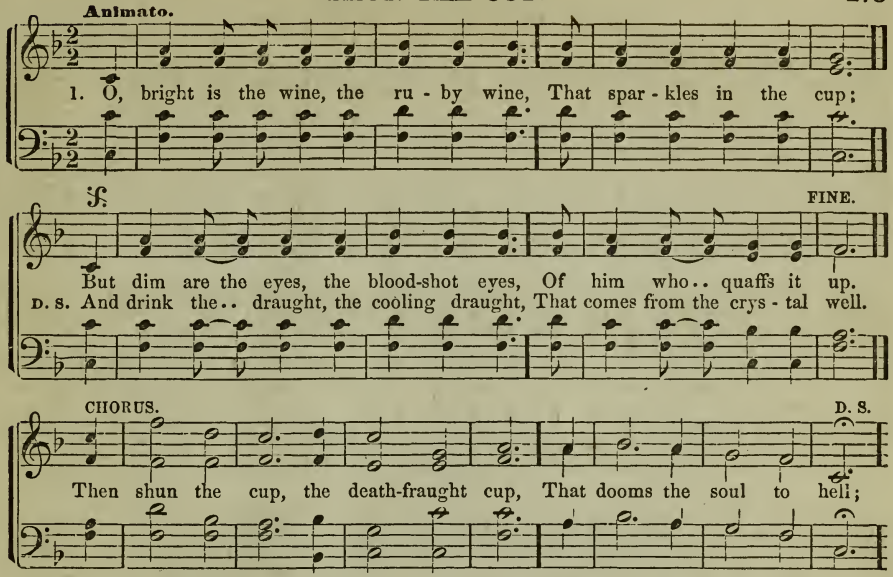
AWAY WITH THE WINE-CUP.

Words by MARY P. GRIFFIN.



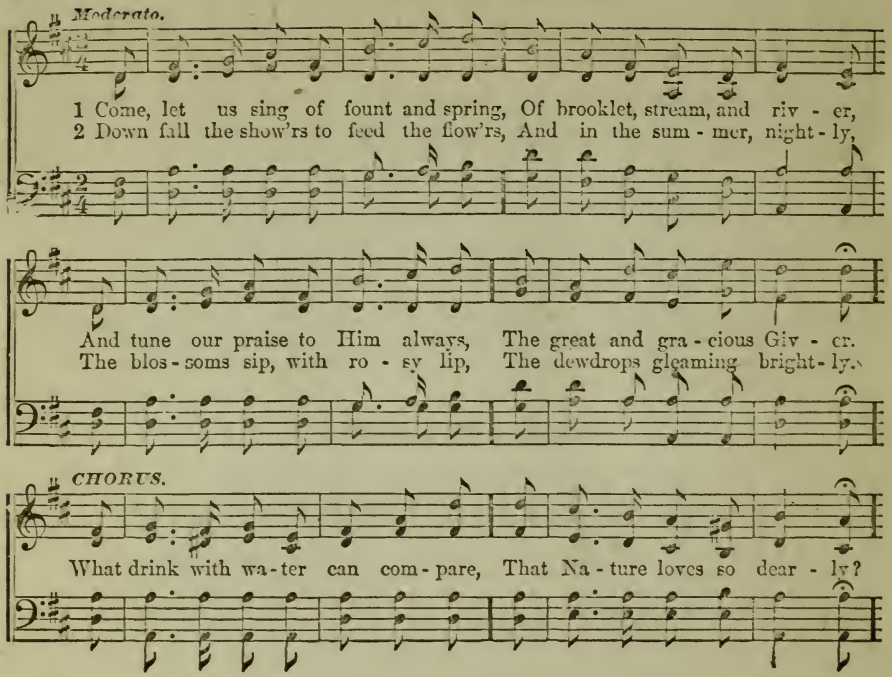
3 But give us bright water,
With its sparkle and glow,—
There's life, health and gladness
In its musical flow;
Then water, bright water,
Our song still shall be:
From the thrall of the wine-cup
We're pledged to be free.
Away with the wine-cup, etc.

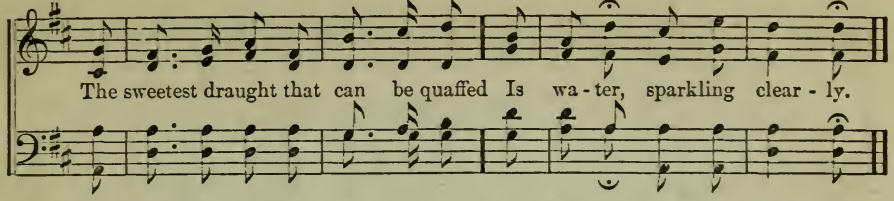
* Repeat last four lines of first as Chorus to each verse.



2. Oh, bright is the glow, the rosy glow,
As on the eye it gleams;
But pure is the light, the diamond light,
Of nature's crystral streams. Then shun, &c.

3. Oh, sad is the end, the dreadful end,
Of him who heedeth not;
To shun the cup, the treach'rous cup,
So full of danger fraught. Then shun, &c


Moderato.
1 Come, let us sing of fount and spring, Of brooklet, stream, and riv - er,
2 Down fall the show'rs to feed the flow'rs, And in the sum - mer, night - ly,
And tune our praise to Him always, The great and gra - cious Giv - er.
The blos - soms sip, with ro - sy lip, The dewdrops gleaming bright - ly.
CHORUS.
What drink with wa - ter can com - pare, That Na - ture loves so dear - ly?



3 Each little bird whose song is heard
Through grove and meadow ringing,
At streamlet's brink will blithely drink,
To tune its voice to singing.—*Cho.*

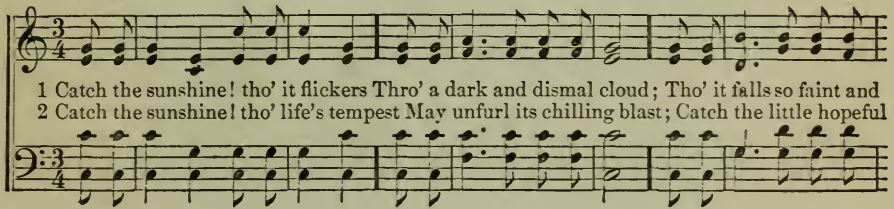
4 The sheep and kine in fallow fields,
The deer on mountains lonely,
The neighing steed, in sorest need,
Will drink of water only.—*Cho.*

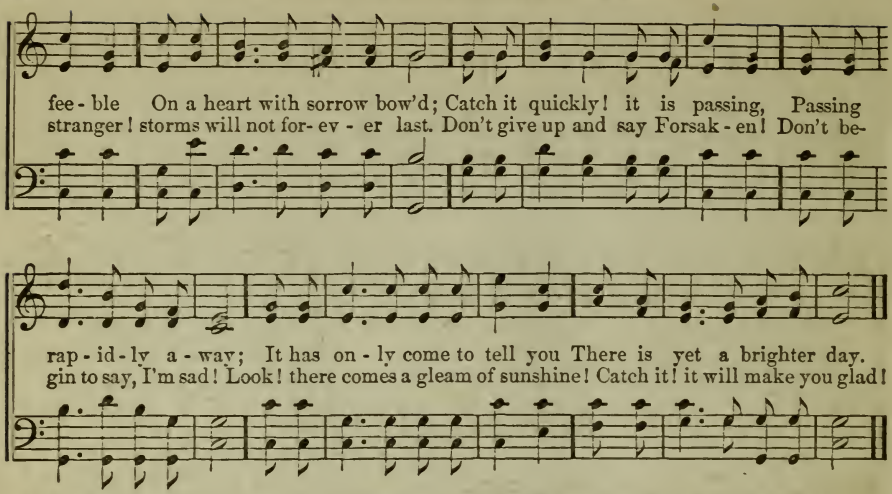
5 Away, all drink that man distils,
So fraught with sin and sadness!
We'll drain the cup that brings no ills—
The draught of health and gladness.

Cho.—Then welcome water everywhere,
In fountain, well, or river!
And, as we drink, still let us think
Upon the gracious Giver.

CATCH THE SUNSHINE.

Allegretto.



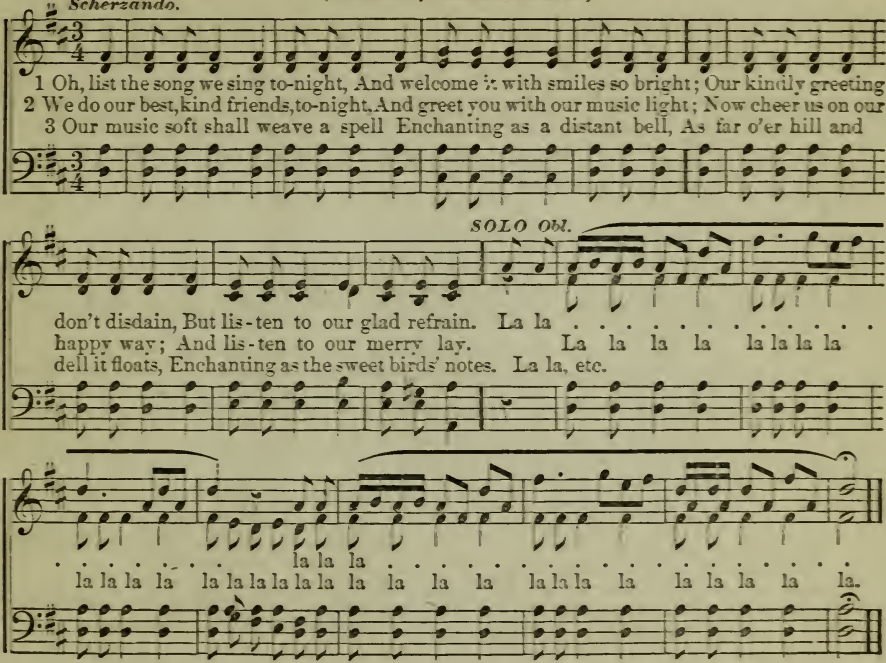


3 Catch the sunshine! don't be grieving;
O'er thy sorrows ne'er despair;
Life's a sea of stormy billows—
We must meet them everywhere;
Pass right through them! do not tarry;
Overcome the heaving tide;
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
Waiting on the other side.

4 Catch the sunshine, catch it gladly;
Messenger in hope's employ,
Sent thro' clouds, thro' storms and billows,
Bringing you a cup of joy.
Up and doing, do not trifle!
Life, you know, will soon be o'er;
In a world of glorious sunshine
You may dwell for evermore.

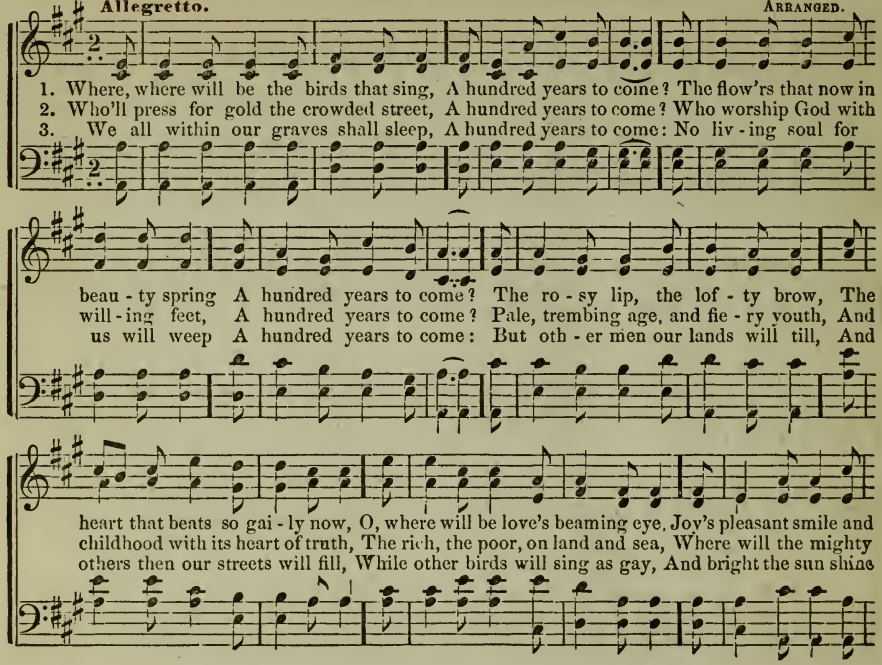
OH, LIST THE SONG WE SING TO-NIGHT.

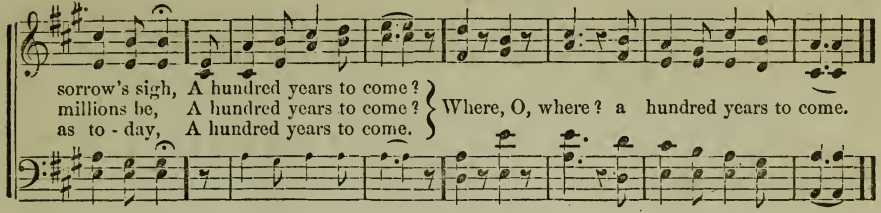
(Introductory Chorus and Refrain.)



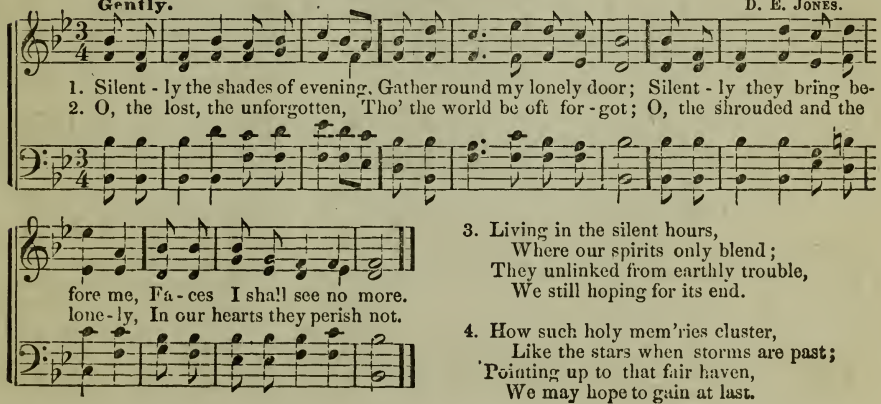
A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Allegretto. ARRANGED.



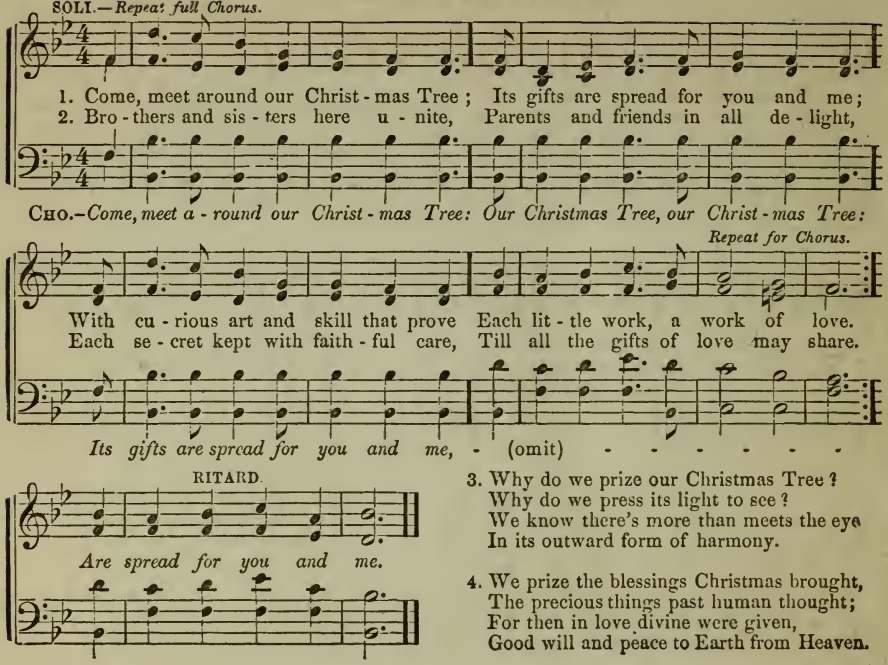


EVENING SHADES.



3. Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They unlinked from earthly trouble,
We still hoping for its end.

4. How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that fair haven,
We may hope to gain at last.



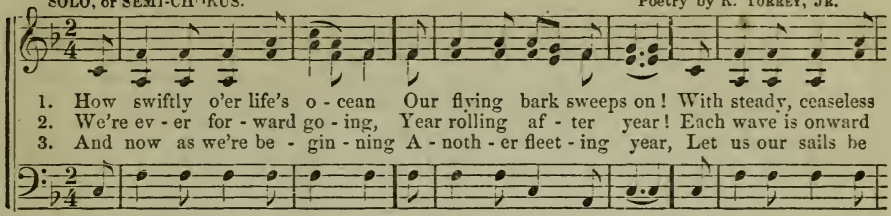
3. Why do we prize our Christmas Tree ?
Why do we press its light to see ?
We know there's more than meets the eye
In its outward form of harmony.

4. We prize the blessings Christmas brought,
The precious things past human thought;
For then in love divine were given,
Good will and peace to Earth from Heaven.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

SOLO, or SEMI-CHORUS.

Poetry by R. TORREY, JR.

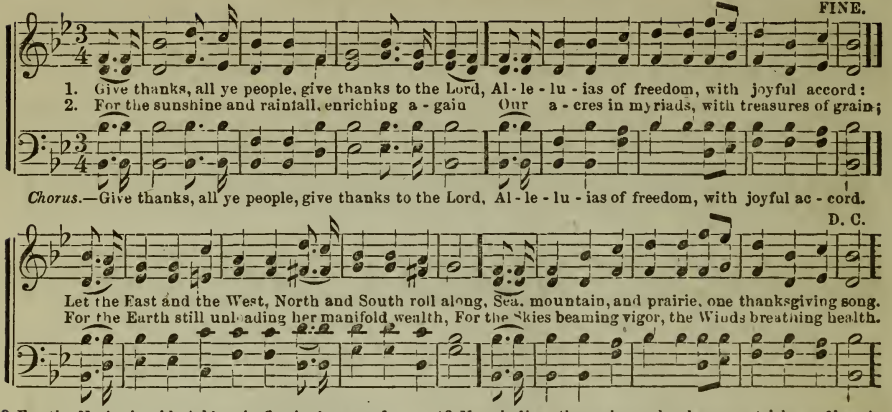


4. We'll spread our chart before us,
   Our Father's word, our guide,
   And though rude storms sweep o'er us,
   We'll safely stem the tide. *Chorus.*

5. And when our barks are stranded
   Upon the distant shore,
   May we in heav'n be landed,
   To dwell there evermore. *Chorus.*

GIVE THANKS, ALL YE PEOPLE.

Poetry by Dr. MUHLENBURG.



3 For the Nation's wide table, o'erflowingly spread,
Where the many have feasted, and all have been fed,
With no bondage their God-given rights to enthrall,
But Liberty guarded by Justice for all:
Give thanks—

4 In the realms of the Anvil, the Loom and the Plow,
Whose the mines and the fields, to Him gratefully bow;
His the flocks and the herds, sing ye hill-sides and vales,
On His Ocean domain chant His name with the gales,
Give thanks—

5 Brave men of our forces, Life-guard of our coasts,
To your Leader be loyal, Jehovah of Hosts:
Glow the Stripes and the Stars aye with victory bright,
Reflecting His glory—He crowneth the Right.
Give thanks—

6 Nor shall ye through our borders, ye stricken of heart,
Only wailing your dead in the joy have no part:
God's solace be yours, and for you there shall flow
All that honor and sympathy's gifts can bestow.
Give thanks—

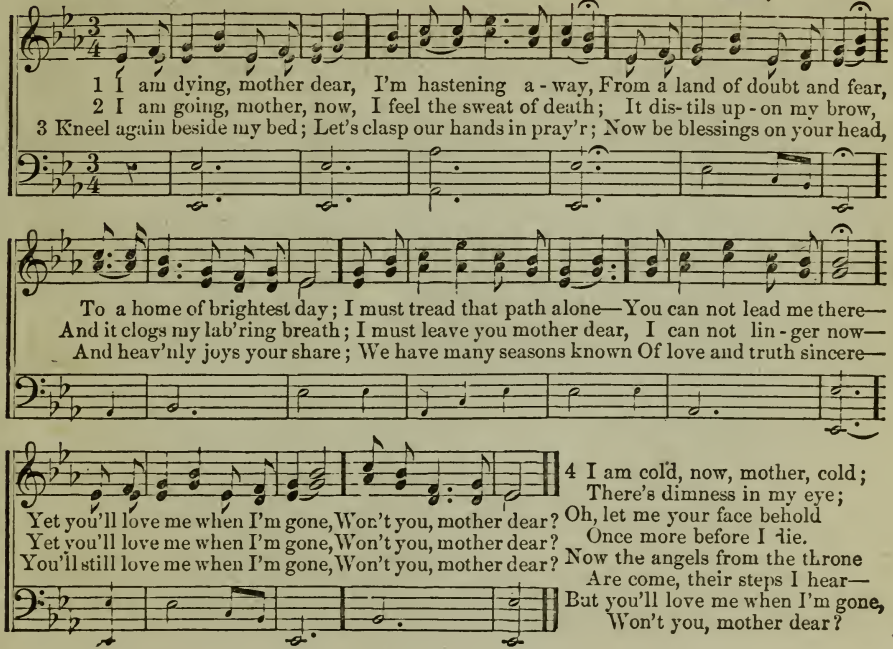
7 In the Domes of Messiah, ye worshiping throngs,
Solemn litanies mingle with jubilant songs;
The Ruler of Nations beseeching to spare,
And our Union to keep the Elect of His care.
Give thanks—

8 Our guilt and transgressions remember no more;
Peace, Lord! righteous Peace, as Thy gift we adore,
‖: And the Banner of Union, restored by Thy Hand,
Be the Banner of Freedom o'er all in the Land. :‖
Give thanks—

WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M GONE?

Words partly by D. C. B.

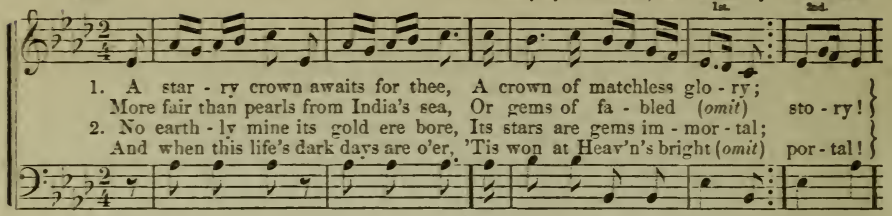
Music by D. C. BRICK.

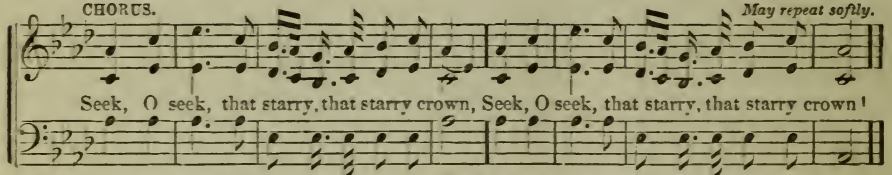


4 I am cold, now, mother, cold;
There's dimness in my eye;
Oh, let me your face behold
Once more before I die.
Now the angels from the throne
Are come, their steps I hear—
But you'll love me when I'm gone,
Won't you, mother dear?

THE STARRY CROWN.

SOLO. Poetry by R. Torrey, Jr.—Music by Von Weber.





3. No mortal eye hath ever seen
Its matchless splendor shining,
Its pearly light, its starry sheen—
Its gold needs no refining!—Seek &c.

4. If you this starry crown would wear
Beyond death's darksome river,
The cross of Christ you here must bear—
Then it is yours forever!—Seek &c.

THE ROSY CROWN.

1. A rosy crown we twine for thee,
Of Flora's richest treasure;
We lead thee on with joy and glee,
To mirth and youthful pleasure.
Cho. Take, O, take, the rosy, the rosy crown, &c.

2. We bade the fairest flowers that blow.
Their varied tributes render;
To shine above that brow of snow,
With soft and lovely splendor. *Cho.*

3. Then wear, dear maid, the wreath we twine,
Thy fairy ringlets shading;
And be its charms the type of thine,
In all except in fading. *Cho*

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